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INTERLUDE
REBELLION
FROM SHAKESPEARE TO O. HENRY
THE EDUCATION OF A PHILANDERER
BOOKS AND THEIR WRITERS
LOVERS OF SILVER
A SCHOOLMASTER'S DIARY
UNCLE LIONEL
COLOUR-BLIND
BREAKING COVERT
WHY WE SHOULD READ——
AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR SCHOOLS
AN ENGLISH COURSE FOR EVERYBODY
CAGED BIRDS
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OH! TO BE IN ENGLAND
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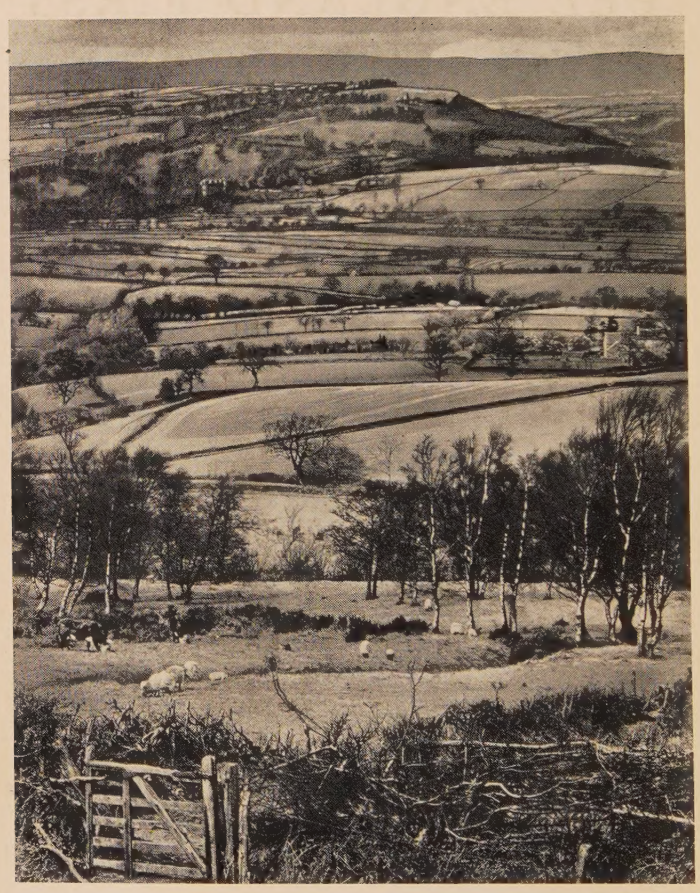

What are those blue remembe'r'd hills,
What spires, what farmes are those?

A. E. Housman.

942

SEE ENGLAND FIRST

BY

S. P. B. MAIS

So they went forth and walked awhile, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the shepherds, "Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders?"

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

"Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?"

II Kings v. 12

With twelve illustrations from photographs by Edgar and Winifred Ward

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TO
JILL

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PREFACE

Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky.
W. E. Henley.

IT was owing, I think, initially to Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, so far as books are concerned, that I was first tempted to run away from England. It is only fitting, so far as books are concerned, that it should be Mr. H. M. Tomlinson who has reconciled me to the land of my birth. It was Mr. Tomlinson's " The Sea and the Jungle " which made me feverishly seek for a way of going up the Amazon without paying for it : it was Mr. Tomlinson's " Gifts of Fortune " which consoled me for my failure to find that way. I have hitherto refuted those friends who complained of my narrowness of vision consequent upon my ignorance of foreign lands with the argument (when I was younger) that I could get no cricket abroad, and (when I was older) that with only three weeks' holiday in the whole year it was worth neither the time nor the money to go far afield for so short a period. That this argument was specious became evident when at a moment's notice I found myself out of work with all time on my hands and the only offers of a job coming from the Orient. However much I might find England desirable, there seemed to be no desire on the part of England to keep me. I felt like the unbearable Bassington. With a startling unanimity my friends urged me to accept £2,500 a year in Singapore, £2,000 a year in Calcutta. " You would be a raving lunatic to refuse such offers," ran their

letters, " remember to book a cabin on the port side." Never was man so situated. Here was Conrad, here was Kipling inspiring me with the glamour of the East, here was the *Encyclopædia Britannica* warning me of the humidity and heat of Bengal and the Federated Malay States. The sun so kindly in Great Britain becomes apparently a foe further south. If travellers' tales are to be believed, it is easy to have more than enough of a good thing. We may have our influenza but the tropics have their malaria. Gnats may tease, but one does not flee from them in terror as one does from the mosquito or the trypanosome of sleeping sickness.

I have no languages beyond a little Latin and less Greek and am therefore at a complete loss even before I arrive at Calais, Boulogne or Dieppe. I dislike asking my way even in London where I can count more or less on being understood. In France I keep silence even from good words and my consequent pain and grief can readily be imagined. I hate the thought of being ill or of dying out of England, an illogical feeling but a very real one. I want to travel but lack the courage to do so. In the presence of the Customs I feel as if I were in the presence of Inquisitors. The thumbscrew and the stake have been succeeded by tortures no less terrifying to a sensitive mind. Yet returned travellers exercise a morbid fascination over me. I always meet Rosita Forbes when I can, and Jan and Cora Gordon excite in me the liveliest interest. I met Alec Waugh on his return from Tahiti and found to my astonishment that he was going back there.

" I can't work in England," he said. " In Tahiti one doesn't have to. I'm terribly restless here. I want to get back."

" But what about your cricket ? " I asked this fanatic about the king of games.

" I'm fed up with cricket," he said.

Sadly I searched for reasons.

" I suppose it's the wonderful bathing," I said. " The bathing's rotten," was his answer. He had no reason. He just preferred Tahiti to Tooting. I too want to go to Tahiti, but not for ever. I envy enormously actors and dancers who are paid to visit Buenos Ayres and Mexico City, and schoolmasters who indulge in Mediterranean cruises in order to improve their Hellenic studies. For my part, fond as I am of ski-running, I find the Swiss mountains more depressing than exciting; fond as I am of variety I find something sinister in the French peasants' dress and something tawdry in too much of the architecture of Flanders. Just as I am surprised to find a foreigner preferring to speak his own language rather than mine, so do I live in a continual state of wonder at his choice of a home. My heart warms towards dogs abroad because they do at any rate bark in English. I have long believed that there is a conspiracy of silence on the part of all returned travellers. They all come back disappointed, but they dare not confess that their time was wasted, their money ill-spent. No man goes out of his way to confess himself a fool. Only Mr. H. M. Tomlinson and Mr. Aldous Huxley have had the pluck to tell us how the world really strikes them. What I would know is this: When the woods in April are star-whitened with anemones or outrival the azured air with the blueness of their bluebells, when hedges are yellow with cowslips and primroses and the banks of trout-streams are lit up with the golden splendour of marsh-marigolds, has the world elsewhere anything to show more fair ? Has

Tahiti a fairer flower than the periwinkle? Is there in Arabia a scent comparable with that of wild thyme or sweet briar? Should we count the Colossus of Rhodes as one of the Seven Wonders of the world if it had been erected in Wigan? We call no man civilised until he has admired the frescoes in the villa of the Vettii at Pompeii, but who in England worries about Borcovicus, or that much more ancient circle at Arborlow? *Ignotum pro magnifico.* The converse is equally true. While we exaggerate the wonders of the unknown, we do scant justice to the glories of the more familiar. I should like to see the Acropolis and the Parthenon, but I doubt whether they really would have the power to affect me more deeply than Haddon Hall or Salisbury Cathedral. England is full of treasures which only the American and the Australian will ever appreciate at their true value. How can the National Gallery be worth a visit when it only costs a penny bus fare and only takes five minutes to reach it?

There is a law of appreciation no less certain, if less measurable, than the laws of heat and light. Our sense of values varies not inversely but directly with the square of the distance from the object. If we obey the behest of Hazlitt's sundial and count only those hours that are sunny, we are yet inclined to believe that the sun shines less in England than anywhere else, forgetful of the fact that it is quite a normal thing in spring and summer to enjoy eleven hours of sunshine daily at Brighton for weeks together. Advisedly do I say "enjoy," for the sun which is so much the friend of man in England that we spend every leisure hour in searching for him is so much his enemy in most other lands that people spend half their income and energy in trying to avoid him. Nowhere else so far as climate is concerned is the Greek

motto of perfection μὴδεν ἄγαν so nearly obeyed. Moderate in all things, the English weather, like the Church of Laodicea, blows neither too hot nor too cold. Our storms are storms in a tea-cup, our snow a picturesque powdering, our gales just Eolus in sportive mood. If a man desires the most reasonable climatic conditions he might surely go much farther than England only to fare much worse. Until one goes abroad one takes it for granted that all the rain in the world concentrates on Great Britain. To discover that an umbrella might be useful on the Riviera comes with something of the shock with which one discovers imperfections in the character of the best beloved. To discover on the way from Newhaven to Victoria the railway banks yellow with primroses and blue with forget-me-nots and violets must come with quite another sort of surprise to foreigners who have been led to expect a grey land of fog and wet resembling nothing so much as a freshly-opened oyster.

"When," says the returned exile accentuating the "when" with a fine contempt, "When the sun shines in England there is nowhere else in the world to beat it." He feels somehow cheated if the rain does not fall incessantly for twenty-three out of the twenty-four hours so that he can look out of his club window and sigh for Nairobi.

There is too this business of the sea. I suppose there is no sight so lovely as one of the old-time clippers in full sail. Even in harbour her medley of slim masts and multitudinous ropes has stirred the imagination of poets and artists since writing and painting began.

> "I cannot tell their wonder nor make known
> Magic that once thrilled through me to the bone.
> But all men praise some beauty, tell some tale,

> Vent a high mood, which makes the rest seem pale.
> Pour their heart's blood to flourish one green leaf ;
> Follow some Helen for her gift of grief,
> And fail in what they mean, whate'er they do :
> You should have seen, man cannot tell to you
> The beauty of the ships of that my city."

But while I might at a pinch have roused myself to accompany Dauber I am much less certain about the ocean travel of to-day. Once the mighty liner is explored what remains but a first-class hotel? I hate staying in hotels at any time, but the thought of being a prisoner in one for six weeks appals me. I am not, in the hotel sense, sociable. I cannot pretend to an interest in bridge; with a grimace I might resign myself to a game of chess or snooker once a week, preferably once a month, but if I were expected to spend all my waking hours trying to become proficient at deck quoits I should quickly feign an illness to prevent a real one. I am not clubbable.

What do people do on long voyages? Philander? Read? Sleep? Eat? Drink? Cannot all these things be done more comfortably on the firm earth? The thought of spending forty days in a wilderness where there was no hill to climb, no horse to ride, no hounds to follow, no grass to walk over and no mud to traverse makes me shudder. And yet travel broadens the mind. How? By limiting its horizon? By forcing you into the society of people from whom you would fly in any other circumstances? We are constantly reminded that man is so terrified of Nature that he always takes his holiday in battalions lest he should be left alone with her for a moment, but I am a true Baconian in that I am never less alone than when I am alone and so far from finding a crowd company it

makes me feel my isolation more acutely than anything else.

If I had Mr. Aldous Huxley's gift for satire, my time *en voyage* might be spent in bottling or empinning specimens for my collection of "footling-acea," but lacking that I should spend my time apprehensively calculating my chances of being drowned and of escaping sea-sickness. I would give a good deal to have been able to share the spirit of Hakluyt and the merchant venturers who set off across uncharted seas with as little dismay as I undertake a voyage across unknown streets in modern London, but my lack of courage with regard to the sea is excusable. Does not Mr. Tomlinson also voice the opinion of the whale-hunter who said, "I'm a little bit afraid of the sea"? What I find less excusable in myself is my definite fear of trespassing. No one but a lunatic would walk along the high roads of England to-day. That is the quickest way to dusty death. But I am one of those timid creatures who keep to the field-path until hunting comes round again. I detest being asked by a farmer why I am crossing his land. Stephen Graham would have me believe that trespassers are positively welcomed and advocates walking by the compass if you really wish to see England. He is perfectly right. The real England is only to be seen by a wayward cross-country tramp, but it is only when I am chasing the fox or the hare that I really enjoy seeing it in this manner. In the summer I look out for farmers with something of the same fear that I look out for bulls and adders.

I suppose there is no man whose temerity I envy more than Stephen Graham. Glibly he talks about tramping in the Caucasus and then recommends a quick departure from the villages. "The guest is

sacred only as long as he is under the roof. Next morning, after an hour's grace wherein to hide his tracks, he may become the quarry of mine host." My yearning for the Caucasus loses some of its urgency on reading that. I prefer to risk the wrath of the Rutland farmer.

Graham is one of your whole hoggers. In his most delightful book on the gentle art of tramping, he leaves us in no doubt as to his contempt for my sort of person. Unless, for instance, you sleep out of doors every night, you are not of his company at all. He talks more of coffee-pots than I altogether like. He gives advice about knapsacks that almost amounts to a military order. I am no knapsack walker, no sleeper under haystacks, no feeder out of doors. If I carry sandwiches I invariably have to give them to the birds. Out hunting I always sigh for a flask, but the only one I ever carried I left in the snows under the Eiger. It was valuable and not mine. I prefer meals in an inn to a picnic. The only disadvantage is that you have to go out of the sun, but for the greater part of the year it is too cold to eat comfortably out of doors and in the summer too uncomfortably hot. But even the contemptible "walking tourist" can glean something of profit from the tramper. Here, for instance, is a passage that one ought to learn by heart.

"Quality makes good tramping, not quantity. The virtue to be envied in tramping is that of being able to live by the way . . . I listen with pained reluctance to those who claim to have walked forty or fifty miles a day. But it is a pleasure to meet the man who has learned the art of going slowly, the man who disdained not to linger in the happy morning hours, to listen, to watch, to exist. . . .Fallen trees are to be sat on, laddered

trees to climb, flowers to be picked, nests to be looked into, song-birds to hear, falcons to be watched . . . the grand desideratum is to have found an agreeable spot. 'We can put in forty minutes here!'—'My friend, *hours!*'"

For years I have walked alone over England. I have beaten records for time and distance and seen nothing. It is only now that I am beginning to moderate my pace that I am beginning to see any of the colours and shapes and hear any of the music.

Again, I have forgotten most of the places that I have seen for want of taking Graham's advice about keeping a day-book of the soul, but this I am at last beginning to recognise, that when the travellers come back from Samarkand and far Cathay they have nothing to tell me which makes me feel that I have missed anything for which I would miss an English spring. What have they to tell that compares with the first sight of lilac and laburnum, of woods carpeted with anemones and bluebells, of days spent partly browning on the beach and partly diving into deep water, of games of tennis under a blue sky, of bowling at the nets, of sailing up and down the creeks of Bosham, of footpaths when the moon is up and all the air is still, of lazing on green lawns, or dozing in hammocks soothed by the hum of bees and the pleasant warm scent of mignonette and wall-flowers? Leland is the sort of man I would like to emulate. It was Leland you remember who told Henry VII that he "had had such desire to see the different parts of his realm of England that there was almost neyther cape nor baye, crekes or pere, ryver or confluence of ryvers, beeches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, hethes, forestes, woodes, cyties, burghs, castels, and principall manor places, monasteryes and colleges,"

but he had seen them and "noted in so doing a whole world of thynges very memorable." I have noted a whole world of thynges very memorable to myself. I am not, alas, Leland or Fuller or Camden, I have not traversed the whole of England, nor have I traversed even a corner of it methodically. I should have seen perhaps finer things if I had trodden the Pilgrim's Way or Ermine Street or the Icknield Way or Stane Street from one end to the other, if I had followed one river to its source or even tramped with a knapsack the sign-post way. All I have done is to fit in a sort of jig-saw. I have not limited myself to a village as Gibbs did in "A Cotswold Village," or Gilbert White did in "Selborne." I have not ambitiously tried to embrace the world after the manner of Sir Walter Raleigh, Jules Verne or the ordinary tourist. I have contented myself with the South Country, and there quite accidentally found a picture growing up in my mind. To me it is an entrancing picture. It begins in Cornwall with an eerie race of men who worshipped strange Gods and set up strange circles and lived in strange huts. It spread to more stones at Avebury, more stones at Stonehenge, grassy ramparts at Maiden Castle, at Badbury, Cadbury, Cissbury, Hambledon and Caburn; the hills were becoming populated though the forests and marshes were still full of strange beasts. Then the palimpsest is once more written over and my South country becomes a net of Roman roads, of four-square camps, Dorchester, Exeter, Maumbury, the Roman villa of Bignor, Chichester, Winchester, the island of Vectis with its tessellated pavement at Brading. Then an eclipse and a declension. Men from over the seas wearing horns on their heads raid every creek and coast. The Danes approach. Fire and pillage, attack and counter-attack.

I think of the Viking ship found at Northiam and Bloody Corner at Northam 250 miles away, of Canute's eight-year old daughter buried at Bosham, of Alfred at Æthendune, of all the British Camps, now stormed, taken and re-taken in battles between the Saxon and the Dane. Then a new menace from nearer. William of Normandy, and Pevensey, Battle Abbey and all that it stands for, the whole of the South of England under barons and bishops, abbots and priors bearing French names. Strong round towers like Camber and Bodiam, Arundel and Bramber, Amberley and Knepp, a land of cruelty and courage, deep religion and chivalry, stout Norman churches supplanting the wattled ones, square towers, rounded arches, the building of great cathedrals, Exeter, Winchester, Chichester, Salisbury. Brasses in the churches and monuments in stone to brave crusaders, manor houses more decorative and built less for defence. Cowdray supplants Bodiam. More and more power to the Priory and the Monastery. Claimants to the throne need most of all help from the fighting bishops. Forays and raids of barons against each other, the Wars of the Roses. Then the Tudor decision to dissolve all the monasteries. Properties now secular coming into the hands of the nobility, who held them till modern taxation dissolved them for the second time. Elizabethan manor houses as lovely as their madrigals, peacocks, shaped yews, terraces, smooth-clipped lawns, stone-mullioned windows, oak panels, gables, decorated pinnacles, and embossed ceilings, poetry in stone. All too soon the Civil War, battles, the tracks of Charles I at Carisbrooke, of Charles II at Trent, Charmouth and Shoreham, of wretched Monmouth at Lyme Regis and Sedgemoor; captured at Horton; of Judge Jeffreys

at Dorchester, of castles and churches "slighted" by Cromwell. Then an age once more of prosperity. Big red Georgian houses, the baron becomes the squire, Tom Jones's England, Dickens's England, an England of posting-houses, of highwaymen, of suicides buried at the four cross-roads; Cobbett's England, the voice of the farm labourer raised against his lot at, of all unlikely places, Tolpuddle. The coming of Macadam. Industrial revolution. The coming of the railway. The beginning of the exodus from the country to the town. The first motor. The motor-bus. The Great War. Tarmac. The great exodus from the town to the country. Red bungalows. Petrol stations. Traffic. How quickly palimpsest on palimpsest succeeds. Just by walking about the history of one's country is revealed. It isn't to be found in books. It stares you in the face at every turn when you begin to walk. One sets out vaguely with no more worthy object perhaps than that of taking necessary exercise. Before you know where you are you have become geologist (at Alum Bay), historian (at Winchester) botanist and ornithologist (on the South Downs), geographer (watching coast erosion at Angmering), sociologist (in every tavern), philologist (from Kingston Bagpuize to Kingston Buci, from hundred to rape and village to field), archæologist (in every church) and poet. Most of all, if you do the thing thoroughly you become an expert map-reader not only of the maps of to-day but of those on which dolphins disport themselves in the sea, whales snort, men reap the harvest in Picardy, lions rampage, fish fly, dons wield compasses, birds of paradise soar, and the apples of the Hesperides are actually in front of you.

It is, I think, essential in a traveller that he should have a passion for maps. It was after all a map of

Africa, seen at the age of nine, that set Joseph Conrad wandering. "When I grow up, I shall go *there*," said he, putting his finger on the blank space then representing the unsolved mystery of that continent. It was a blank on the map that sent Burton on his pilgrimage to Mecca. It was a map seen while he was a boy at Westminster that made Hakluyt determine to go down to the sea in ships and occupy his business in great waters. A man may be known by the maps which he collects not less than by his books and his pictures, between which, as Sir Herbert Fordham once reminded us, they take rank. The warrior and the walker read them, while the æsthete appreciates their decorative qualities.

There is at the moment an entirely healthy craze, inaugurated like most English crazes in America, for collecting sixteenth and seventeenth century maps, particularly those of the English counties. The demand has been so great that prices have soared in a few years from eighteen pence and half a crown to two and three guineas for a John Speed or a Christopher Saxton. This has entailed the tearing up of many books and the substitution on many walls of the deracinated maps for family portraits and sporting prints. The Americans in their zeal have gone even further than this and have cut up these old maps in order to use them as lamp shades. No one would deny that the cartographers lavished all the skill of their draughtsmanship on the stately galleons that sail their uncharted seas, sportive dolphins, sedate sheep, roaring lions, heraldic devices and other drawings with which they decorate their atlases, but to cut these out and throw away the map itself is like destroying a cathedral and keeping its gargoyles. These early maps,

intact, have an enormous historical value. We see at a glance our native county as it was in the Elizabethan era, the families who ruled it, the parks where they lived, the ancient spelling of our village, the plan of our capital. We may tire of a landscape or a portrait, but the more we pore over these maps the more there is to see.

He who would realise England should have his walls hung with the county maps of Saxton, Blaeu or John Speed, or failing that, keep near him a copy of A. L. Humphrey's " Old Decorative Maps and Charts," a treasure of a book which contains coloured reproductions of some of the loveliest of these sixteenth and seventeenth century pictures of England. The influence of maps on the mind has been well chronicled by Frances Brett Young, who tells us that in the East African campaign he carried in his haversack one book, a thin paper copy of the Oxford Book of English Verse, " but what I read more often was a small scale Bartholomew map of England finely coloured with mountains, meadowland, and streams, and there I would travel magical roads, crossing the Pennines or lazing through the blossomy Vale of Evesham, or pacing the salt breeze on the flat top of Mendip at will. In these rapt moments the whole campaign would seem to me nothing but a sort of penance, by means of which I might attain to those blue remembered hills."

Lend or throw away the rarest of your books, but never part with your maps. The most generous action that I can remember is that of a stranger who met me one day six years ago, while I was floundering about in the flats near Rise Farm, trying to make Bird Brow from Lewes over the fields. Seeing that I looked preternaturally stupid, having explained elaborately my course, he suddenly said, " Look here,

take my map," and unrolled delicately an inch to the mile ordnance map, all criss-crossed with tiny red lines.

" I keep a record of all my walks," he said, " and I'm trying not to leave a path or road or field of Sussex untrodden."

I began to stammer my thanks.

" It's all right," he said, " I shan't want it for a week." He handed me a card and walked on. " Any time'll do," he said.

I agree with Mr. W. P. James whose " Lure of the Map " is a book no sane traveller would ever part with, when he says that " To look at Troy and Argos in the map is to dream again all the drama of Hector and Achilles and to conjure up the form of Helen." All the best books from " Tom Jones " to " Don Quixote " are books of wandering, books which either contain, like " Treasure Island," a map for frontispiece, or make you want to draw a map. Christian, Robinson Crusoe, Ulysses, Pickwick and Gulliver are all wanderers. The " Lyrical Ballads " would never have been written had not Coleridge and Wordsworth undertaken that walking tour. Think of the effect of travel on Byron, on Shelley, and on Keats.

> " It may be that the gulfs will wash us down ;
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles "

but a map sets us singing and even when we know ourselves to be chained we yet escape in the spirit every time we take down a well-remembered map.

Before, like Coryat of the " Crudities," we hang up our travel-stained shoes in our village church we hope to follow Doughty to Arabia Deserta and Flecker to Samarkand, but that need not prevent us from spending a week-end tramping through Somerset or penetrating to the

source of the Wiltshire Avon. Borrow found romance enough and to spare in Mumper's Dell with a gipsy girl and a travelling tinker. When you feel that to limit yourself to England is a tame sort of business re-read "Lavengro" and "Romany Rye" and compare it with the sort of thing that you are likely to meet at Biskra, Aden, Strassbourg, the Ardennes, the Andes, or whereever it is that you pine to go. To quote W. P. James once more: "There is more of the true spirit of travel in . . . a journey of Hazlitt to get no farther than Llangollen than in all the heavy tomes of the globe-trotters manufactured out of note-books and photographic negatives." There is artistry in this business of travel, and there are many of us who like to imitate Jane Austen's habit of concentrating on a small area that may not at first sight seem exciting. Take with you a copy of Hazlitt and a copy of Cobbett's "Rural Rides," and you will be made to see the loveliness of green lanes as you have never seen them before. Samuel Butler knew what he was talking about when he said that he did not write about Italy because he loved England less. W. H. Hudson, native of the Argentine, found his inspiration in the Downland of our South country. The Canterbury Pilgrims got as much fun out of their wanderings as ever man got on the path to Rome or Mecca. So take down your ordnance survey maps of the English counties and stuff your pockets first with them as you stuff your mind full of the English scenery. I would far rather go without food all day than without my map. It is like groping one's way in the dark for a man of my sort to wander along without knowledge of what lies to the right or left. One would not always know the future, but my map-reading is not so good that I can visualise every scene before I reach it. Still after

a score of years of continually reading maps the temptation to turn a map upside down when I am walking South is terrific. If I am asked to guide the driver while I am in a car which is going South, I mix my Easts and Wests, my right and left hand almost indiscriminately. I look for houses, hills and woods on the wrong side of the road and get hopelessly confused. W. H. Hudson's plan was never to look at a guide-book until the place it treated of had been explored and left behind, which is all very well for a great naturalist gifted with superior vision, but it makes almost as much difference to me to set out on a walk without Methuen's little Red Guides to the Counties as to set out without a map. These Red Guides slip easily into the pocket, they have an excellent map, and the places are arranged in alphabetical order, which is a great boon after the Highways and Byways series where you always find yourself going the opposite way to the man who wrote the book—which is even more bewildering than trying to read a map going South without turning it round—or else your guide has never been near the place you wish to find described.

Was there ever a more maddening book than "Highways and Byways in Devon and Cornwall"? Excellent for the places which it treats, how hideous are the omissions. This series is one to refer to more when you get home, and in that respect invaluable. There are few travel books more readable than Sir Frederick Treves' "Highways and Byways in Dorset."

E. V. Lucas' contribution to the series on Sussex is admirable, but should be taken in conjunction with "Sussex," published by A. and C. Black, which has no author's name on the title page but betrays the style of Hilaire Belloc in every line. It is masterly and

reveals Sussex as clearly geographically as if one were sitting in a helicopter. Another excellent Sussex book is Lady Wolseley's "Smaller Manor Houses of Sussex," which tells you much of fields and smugglers' ways and old families that you might otherwise miss. Lane's series of Unknown Counties are more admirably illustrated than written. The idea is excellent, but the artists have for the most part contented themselves with a most cursory running commentary.

Equally happy was Mr. Hoppé, the photographer's idea in "Picturesque Great Britain," where he gives 304 reproductions of photographs which he has taken in different parts of the country. He lacks the taste and judgment of Edgar and Winifred Ward whose photographs of rural life delighted us more than any other single feature of the *Morning Post*, but he has snatched some good things from Somerset. His book is not exactly portable but is a valuable drawing-room and study reminder that there is an England yet to see, in spite of its rapidly changing face. On the highways one sees nothing but the number-plate of the car in front or the glaring yellow and red pumps of petrol stations standing in a sea of scarlet-roofed shacks. There is no room on these shining blue tarmac ways for horse or walker, cyclist or pram. These have to take to the dusty by-roads and are being quickly driven even from these owing to the frantic endeavour of motorists to find a quiet or a quick way home or to the sea. In my motor-bus and motor charabanc excursion rides I spend a good deal of time on these main highways, and each time I am happier in the thought that I am not the possessor of a car. Nor would I live in a village that lies on one of these arterial roads for any money. They are a death-trap to

animals and children and as restless as the Strand. There is, I fear, no hope for villages that stand on the main road. Another great change has swept over the countryside in the multiplication of tea gardens. Nearly every timbered mediæval farm or cottage has now turned itself into a sort of hostelry and re-christened itself the "Singing Kettle," or "Petronella's Tea Garden." It is a profitable occupation.

Mr. Anthony Collett has written a most interesting book on "The Changing Face of England," in which he makes one point which I think has not sufficiently been emphasised before: "Nowhere else in Europe," he says, "can we find so many contrasts on a fifty miles' journey. The hills change, the flowers and birds change, and the sun that rose over red tile roofs sinks behind grey stone gables. Travel a little further, and the people change, too."

It is one of the supreme advantages of living in a small island that everything is on so minute a scale that you can never be bored. You do not go on walking through endless forests, the hills are surmountable, the rivers do not stagger the imagination with their length, depth or width. "Nowhere else have man and Nature co-operated so intimately . . . the architecture of the hills and fields is of as many periods as that of the churches which they embosom." Mr. Collett takes us on a journey through England very different from any that I have undertaken. He asks us to watch the coast-line changing almost from week to week. Even in my few Sussex years I have seen the Cuckmere change its course at its outlet, the meadows of Angmering eaten away and the whole of a perfect cliff degenerate into something so loathsome that it will not bear talking about. Mr. Collett reminds us that we were

parted from the mainland of Europe late in time and that the work is still unfinished. Plant St. Paul's anywhere between the Dutch and English coast, and its golden cross would shine above the water. Until I read Mr. Collett, I did not realise that the tides on the south coast all sweep in from the west, leaving pebbles high on the west side of the groynes and a steep drop on the east of them, making a jolly shelter for the baskers in the sun. It was he who taught me to look on sandy sea-links for the purple thyme and grey-green sea-holly, purple sea-rocket, pink sea convolvulus, purple geranium, yellow-horned poppy, purple sea-aster and white-flowered glasswort. It was partly he and partly Sir Frederick Treves who made me realise first the extraordinary variety of colour of the Purbeck cliffs, from the yellow and crimson cliffs of Studland to the slate-grey rocks of Lulworth. It was he who called my attention to the fact that the haystacks on the North Cornish Coast are fenced from straying heifers with wave-washed oars, while ships' boats of foreign build bearing the names of Baltic and Mediterranean havens serve, turned keel upwards, for tool-sheds and dog-kennels. Why have I never seen at the low spring tides in Mount's Bay the stumps of trees still jutting from the sand to show where lies the lost land of Lyonnesse? He is something of a philologist too, for I did not know before that "wold" which we apply to open downs, or "weald" which we apply to land thickly timbered, originally both applied to a shaggy, perilous and inhospitable wilderness. I owe it to him that I look for ash trees high up. In any place called Ash you are likely to find a nimble and searching air. It was he who led me to notice the links in the chain that connect Rotherfield, Mayfield, Heathfield, Framfield, Uckfield,

Maresfield, Lindfield, Cuckfield, Itchingfield, and Staplefield. Then in the north-west quarter of the Weald everything changes to "fold," Chiddingfold, Dunsfold, Alfold, Birchfold, and Frithfold, "fold" meaning an enclosure in the woodland. "Den" means a hole or hollow as we find in Ovingdean and Rottingdean. In England a forest means a clearing, over which the Romans could hunt, but in the Ardennes there is a grim and endless monotony, "miles of trees, and then more miles of trees, and endless trees again," which make walks in the forest purposeless. Look out for that word "moor" too, for in many places it means a marsh. Go down to Sedgemoor and you will see in flood-time an archipelago of scattered islands. "If this plain sank but thirty feet, once more the inland knolls would be holms again and the sea would wash the low ridge of the Poldens." The green floor is drained and divided by broad dykes of running water which is spelt "rhine" and pronounced "reen." It is to Mr. Collett that I owe my knowledge of the differentiation between marsh and fen. Marsh is land reclaimed from the sea and the soil is silty: fen has been won from freshwater meres and the soil is chiefly black peat. Marshland is chiefly under grass. Milk from the Lincolnshire marshes goes everywhere. Fenland is under the plough or spade. Here we get huge crops of potatoes and wheat. Left to myself I should never have noticed that man has the instinct to build high steeples in open landscapes where they are not dwarfed by hills and conversely to build witchcap stunted spires on our downland churches. He echoes W. H. Hudson in calling attention to the fact that a hill's sublimity bears no relation to its height. The hills in the Lake District, he reminds us, are unique in Europe for their

exaggeration of their own height. Fell climbers on their first visit to the Alps usually have to multiply their heights and distances by three. The lakes can be crossed in a day and yet present a grandeur and a variety not to be found anywhere else. In an engrossing chapter on cattle tracks, we are warned that whenever in our walks we find a track utterly overgrown and deserted, a sanctuary of butterflies and adders, we may be fairly sure that it was of importance when our modern highways were quagmires.

In the ordnance maps, which mark parish boundaries, we find the black dots in all probability running along the forgotten lane. Follow the old tracks, says Mr. Collett, and you will come on the finest specimens of old local architecture and the seats of old legend. How often have I found that right. Think for a moment of the ancient track that leads to all that remains of the Duke of Newcastle's great house of Halland. Tramps, we are told, never follow the new roads. On the high-road you would almost think that vagrancy had ceased. "Follow the hill-trails between the little ancient bridges, high over the curlew-haunted moors among the roots of the mountains, and there, twice or thrice in a week, you will meet that shuffling, half-savage figure, red-haired and sullen of visage, following the trails that his fathers followed before the Romans came, and scowling still at the stranger." When the Romans went their roads went with them and there were no more high-roads for thirteen hundred years. When in the eighteenth century the urgency of travel became more acute, " so utterly had the prime clue been forgotten that they built heavier coaches and trusted to larger teams of horses, instead of making a hard road . . . where steep-

ness made very little odds ; in wet weather, and until the roads dried after it, the hill-side was preferable, because it was better drained." The smugglers kept to the ancient pack-roads with hedges high on either side, like that which runs from Thakeham to Sullington Warren. On clay soils the rut of the pack-horse was quickly wiped out, and on the rocky soils of the north it seldom bit deep, but in the chalk it took a track and kept it, chalk providing the perfect compromise between softness and firmness, so we still find old pack-trails grooving the slopes of the downs. Mr. Collett next takes us over the houses of our ancestors and shows us hut-circles with doorways always turned to the sheltered quarter, their walls and roofs well plugged with sod, at least as good a protection as the dug-outs of Flanders.

" As far as we can judge from the frequency of slight saucer-like depressions on commons and other unploughed hill-tops, such huts partly sunk in the soil were the standard type of dwelling in this country for many centuries." The half timber and brick architecture that is so comely and has lasted so long is the natural development of the " wattle-and-daub " method, by means of which walls were wattled of hazel or ash-rods and smeared on both sides with clay. Rain works through cracks in the clay and the rotted frame becomes inflammable. In half-timber houses the skeleton of the house is built of timber on a brick foundation and the gaps are filled in with brick. In Kent and East Sussex, the effect is due to close-set uprights of dark oak and ripe red filling. In Essex the perpendiculars are intersected by slanting timber and the brickwork is covered with " parqueting," ornamental plastering. In Berkshire the brick panels are set herring-bone-wise and the upper half of the walls hung with weather-

tiling. At Wytham, just north of Oxford, you come to the first of the stone-built villages, and you have to take a leap of fifty miles to Haresfield by Gloucester before you again see a half-timbered cottage. Then northward we get the magpie houses of Hereford, Worcester, Shropshire, and Cheshire. In Lancashire they revert to stone. One quickly agrees with Mr. Collett that the noblest domestic architecture in England springs from the limestone of the Cotswolds. The main features of the Cotswold style are the proportion of all its parts, the gables rising flush with the walls, the mullioned and transomed windows and the stone and tiled roofs. The stone gradually weathers to a unique shade too warm for grey and too delicate for yellow, a tint described as "exquisitely homely." There was money and there was taste among these Cotswold builders. As soon as we drop to the valley of the Severn or the Avon, the walls are rough-cast "as though facing the winds in a thin overcoat, Cotswold architecture in carpet slippers." Devon we are reminded has nothing worthy of comparison with Chipping Campden or Castle Combe. Only the old Post Office at Tintagel shows that there was once good domestic architecture in the far West. All old towns and villages are in harmony with their setting and there is as much variety in the colours of old English villages as in October woodlands. There is the old red sandstone of the West Midlands, and the grey of Wharfedale and Miller's Dale, which makes the houses seem part and parcel of the protruding rocks. Mr. Collett traces the first migration of the English people from the camps on the hills to the clearings in the forests and valleys below. The second great emigration took place at the end of the eighteenth century. "The earliest

settlers avoided water, in the next stage they sought it, and in the latest the prime lure was coal." Thanks, however, to the extreme diversity of our soil and landscape, hardly any county has failed to gain in one part the dwellers that it lost in another. In Yorkshire the centre of population swung from the East to the West Riding, Dorset now receives larger Bournemouth, only Huntingdon, Rutland and Westmorland fail to harbour a great concourse in some corner. Gloucestershire has just missed the "opulent doom" that overtook Lancashire. Squalor and suffering have avoided Stroud because no rich coal-seam was discovered beneath its floor. But having overcrowded the towns the tide is now beginning once more to ebb. "There is another reverse of a far more ancient migration in the resettlement of the hills . . . lack of water drove our ancestors from the hill-tops, and modern water-supplies have drawn us back again." The Elizabethan manor house hides in a hole. The Georgian week-end cottage is built upon the hill that screens it. Another way of exploring this strange England is to follow the races and the languages. "The nearer the speech to the soil, the more exclusive it is." Anybody can understand anybody else so long as he talks politics, but not when he talks of sheep. Ewes in Somerset are gimmers in Cumbria and theaves in the Midlands. The "mouldi-warp" of the rest of England is known as the "oont" in the West and South. In Cornwall the people are so different that you may see a Somali talking to a Mongol; Africa and Asia blend in Lyonnesse. As we travel west from Hampshire the change in speech is reflected in a change of face. The hair and eyes grow darker. Sussex blue eyes go with hair that is flaxen. In the Chilterns the people are small-

bodied, with small, dark faces and dark hair and eyes. Here are Britons who were overlooked by the Saxon invaders. There are long-faced Iberians in Somerset and Devon with aquiline noses, mouths and chins finely moulded, placid and dignified, taciturn but not sullen. There are more men than boys of this type. Many English boys turn Iberian at forty. "The Saxon share of flesh seems to be tougher and the race emerges which built Avebury." I hope I have made it sufficiently evident that you cannot hope to see England as it ought to be seen unless you steep yourself in Mr. Collett and put yourself under his guidance. Never again after reading his masterly book which is quite short will you walk about without eyes. You will be able to read the face of Nature if not with his acuteness and ease, at least intelligently. Another book which will, in a quite different way, open your eyes is Clara Laughlin's breezy guide to Americans, "So You're Going to England." She has the right idea, and though somewhat naturally London looms larger than we whose aim is to leave it behind like, she has managed to say something fresh about all kinds of places that you and I know and yet don't know as well as we shall after reading her. But even more important in some ways than the practically helpful books like the little Red Guides, almost as important as your map, is "The Week-End Book." It has the simplicity of genius. Like Hazlitt and every true wanderer you will sing. The author of "The Happy Traveller" not only sings as he walks but as soon as he gets into bed, but this is the exuberance of the expert. It is essential that we should have something to sing. "The Week-End Book" provides words and music. It also provides us with some of the world's loveliest lyrics. As we have

all forgotten how to read poetry, the best way to recover the lost art is to take it out of doors and shout it to the moon or sun. There are blank pages of very good paper at the end for you to indite your own sonnets, make your own sketches and write your own notes of the day. Usually there is much to say and you are far too tired when you get home at night. It is when you are actually eating the gooseberry tart that you want to immortalise the fact. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798 that I sat down to a volume of the 'New Eloise,' at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken." That is the kind of writing one wishes most of all to achieve. It sounds easy. In fact, owing to our inability to strike while the iron is hot, it eludes us and we tease our poor memory long after the occasion to find out what it was that so fascinated us about the inn at Llangollen or Llwydd. To double the joys of travel write them down at once and let not the sun go down upon your virgin tablets. Your notes need not be longer than those included in that admirable folder produced by the London and North Eastern Railway called "On Either Side," which is as fascinating as any novel. It shows you just the points of interest that lie on either side of the carriage window as you travel from King's Cross to Edinburgh and Inverness. I can't imagine why all the other railways don't follow suit. It isn't only small boys who wonder where all the intersecting branch lines go, what spire this is and who lives in yonder mansion. The child wonders out loud and voices our unexpressed thoughts. That really is the purpose of this book, to provide an "On Either Side." You motorists in the Southern Counties, you people who travel about in your own cars and are able

to do so seven days a week ought to have seen much more than I have, limited as I am to motor-buses, motor charabancs and my own feet two days a week at the most, but here and there I have stopped at a church that you have passed and talked to some inhabitant who escaped your notice and thus may have something to show you that is after all fresh. Sussex looms largest in this book for the simple reason that I live there and have not been able to afford the time even if I had the inclination to leave it for long. What I particularly want to make clear is the fact that this book makes no pretensions whatever to be exhaustive. It is rambling, unmethodical and haphazard. Its object will have been completely achieved if it makes any reader decide to wander about at home instead of pining away because he or she cannot afford a holiday abroad. The point I have been at pains to make in my ignorance of foreign lands is that they must be extraordinarily attractive if they can beat what I have seen in the South of England. It may be that I am easily pleased. The fact remains that I am like Clive, the more astonished at the moderation of my transports about my own country the more I see of it. Put your money back in your purse and see England first and tell me afterwards whether you don't agree.

S. P. B. M.

The Hall,
Southwick,
Sussex.

I

HUNTING THE FOX ON FOOT

Believe me, there is no colour like red—no sport like hunting . . . it arn't that I loves the fox less, but that I loves the 'ound more. R. S. Surtees.

IF ever I become a rich man I shall not buy a car or a large country house. I shall hunt the fox for six days a week from November to March and get through the summer as well as I can chasing the otter and the stag, with a little cricket on the village green thrown in. When the corn is stooked and the mists still linger under the harvest moon after dawn there will also be cubbing. And when I come to die my only regret will be that I did not hunt seven days a week instead of six. This almost frenzied enthusiasm of mine is all the more strange because any regular fox-hunter would deny my right to share any of the sense of elation that seizes him. Elysium on earth, he would say, is reserved for the *rider* to hounds. I follow the fox on foot. If I could afford to ride I should, but even for the foot-follower, hunting, much more than gardening, in spite of Bacon's opinion, is still the purest of human pleasures. I am as impatient to be at the meet as any schoolboy is to get his house-cap and the first sight of a scarlet coat in the distance stabs at my heart and sends my pulses racing as no other sight in the world does. I cannot believe that I shall be more excited when I own hunters myself.

The dullest village street is transformed for me the instant the top-hatted riders appear, into something

far more romantic than the lists at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, and men and women who at other times would strike me as commonplace and dull are suddenly transfigured into paladins and princesses. As I look up timidly from the roadside at the passing cavalcade I see a pageant of fair ladies whose bright eyes under their black bowlers and through their veils glow more wonderfully than Helen's or Iseult's. They lay me carelessly under their spell and pass on oblivious of the havoc they have wrought. Not less splendid are the men, who to my impressionable mind are cast in the heroic mould and make the Knights of the Round Table, the Crusaders and the Merchant Venturers seem very small beer by comparison. I am, however, jealous of the glorious vision that is vouchsafed to me. I chafe at the long wait, and like a hound in leash whine for the business of the day to start. I resent these silk-stockinged fur-coated dainty motorists who are privileged to stand and actually talk on equal terms with my gods and goddesses. I shudder as I hear some earth-born mortal hail the Master by his Christian name, just after I have reverently lifted my cap to him. There is an etiquette in these matters. Even a father should call his son " Sir " if that son happens to be M.F.H. To escape I seek the bar of the " White Hart " where I find myself marvelling at the easy omniscience of all the peripatetic weather-beaten retired colonels and unemployed grooms and second horsemen. From them no secrets are hid. I have hunted fox all my life, I have read all the books there are, but as soon as I hear these zealots give tongue I am as dumb as Dan Chaucer. I know then that I know nothing. They know exactly where the first fox will be found, whether he will run up or down wind and almost to a yard the length of the

There's likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother.

George Borrow.

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point that he will make. They even dare to pronounce a verdict upon the sort of scenting day that it will be. I stand open-mouthed grinning vacantly and nodding my head intermittently as if it were a punch-ball like any yokel at an electioneering meeting. Shamefacedly, I gulp down my tankard of old beer and go out to look at the hounds. Here again I am instantly put to shame by a horse-faced girl in a red beret and khaki tunic and breeches who calls the hounds over by name with the same sense of intimate overlordship that a form master might adopt in calling over the names of his class. I am sufficiently pleased if I can count them up accurately. After years of painstaking I can now tell Razzler by his deep note, but I still can't pick him out from the pack by sight alone. I know Cantankerous by his eyes which seem to be soft smouldering fires of sheer gentle affection, I imagine that they change a little on viewing a fox. I can tell Chaunter by his markings, though they are irritatingly similar to those of Forester. Whenever I see these two hounds together I think of the Hore-Ruthven twins and wish that a law could be passed to prevent girls or hounds from wearing similar coats. I am a man singularly devoid of method. I hold the belief that no man can really profess to understand hunting unless he follows hound-work closely. To do this it is naturally essential to know the idiosyncrasies of each member of the pack, just as it is in Rugger. If I concentrated on one hound each day, learnt its name, and kept with it regardless of everything else, I might be able to stand up to the old colonels in the inn and give a Roland for their Oliver, but I am altogether too unscientific, too much at the mercy of every sort of distraction. Like Doctor Johnson I might be led into a discussion of pasterns in

an unwary moment, but it would be "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance" with me all the time whether I was enlarging on the points of a horse or the points of a dog. I keep on meaning to take lessons in animal anatomy but somehow cheerfulness keeps on breaking in and I let the occasion pass. I know that a good hound has straight legs, a deep chest and a fairly broad back. I know a bay from a roan and a snaffle from a curb. I know what withers are and that is about the extent of my knowledge of horse and hound. If ever I become a rich man I may increase my knowledge, but I am a slow and clumsy acquirer of facts. Having inspected the hounds and decided, wrongly, that there are seventeen and a half couple, I wait impatiently for the magic "Hounds, gentlemen, please," of the Master, and the pageant to reform up the village street. I take post in the rear of the riders, immediately in front of the leading car, the driver of which regards me with something of the loathing with which I regard him. Cars to the meet are doubtless essential. To use a car in which to follow unless you are over eighty or legless seems to me inexcusable. The smell of the petrol penetrates even to the woods, the noise of the engines completely obliterates the noise of horn or hound and foxes are headed the whole day long by motorists, who race ahead to find short cuts. They are an unmitigated nuisance, and if they are allowed at all they should be put under the control of a car Field Master, as they are in the Blankney country. Of cars there are far too many, of bicyclists and foot-followers far too few. There is a superstition that Masters dislike and discourage foot-followers. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are invaluable in opening and shutting gates, in shattering jumps for the nervous

laggards and in giving information when a fox comes back or rings. But foot-following requires a stout heart and a will of iron. Most people content themselves with a jog-trot to the first covert and then watch, if they are lucky, the fox go away, the pack laid on and the field fade into the distance. They then go back to the "White Hart" or their cars, their day's work done. The first rule of the foot-follower is that of the "thruster." He must be up at the start or he is lost. He must be actually with the riders at the first covert prepared to run like lightning when the fox breaks. Ignorance is no excuse in the hunting-field and if you really want to hear purple language try standing or mooning aimlessly about in mid-field near the covert where the huntsman is drawing. When a motorist heads a fox he can drive quickly out of earshot. The pedestrian cannot escape the irate Master. He has to listen to the whole tirade. One good thing is that he learns his lesson quickly. It is seldom that a foot-follower offends twice. The motorist continues to offend because he never really hears all that the Master has to say and is therefore blissfully ignorant of the heinous nature of his crime. It is as one stands at the covert side for the first draw of the day that something of the beauty of the chase begins to dawn on one. One is struck first I think by the quietude. I always offer a silent prayer of thanksgiving at this stage, that I am not in the crowded compartment of an over-heated train with sniffing and sneezing influenza victims at my elbow. Riches can be earned too dear if the getting of them entails a daily journey to a city office, a daily denial of my due need of wind and sun. That prayer is induced by the sight of the white smoke of a distant train. My thoughts quickly race back to

the more palatable matter in hand. My eyes and ears and nose become more and more sensitive as the moments pass. There is joy in just listening to the jangling of the bit in the horse's mouth at my side, in watching the misty breath emerge from nostrils, in taking stock of the cut of this young blood's yellow waistcoat and the quivering flanks of that young grey Arab. Then we strain our ears as we hear first one then another hound crashing through the undergrowth, with the "Leu, Leu, Leu in there" of the huntsman punctuated with short blasts of the horn to rouse the fox to flight. Then comes the magic moment when Challenger gives tongue, a quaint un-hound-like screech that sounds much more like a cur-dog. But Challenger is reliable. One senses rather than hears the rest of the pack tearing to his call and then the deep note of Reckless is added. Then Boisterous and Ferryman pick it up and soon the whole pack makes the valley resound with their music. One longs to creep up the hedgerow fearful lest the fox should break at the far end of the covert, but the cry which grew ever fainter now grows more distinct. The fox is not going to leave the covert until he is bound to. Round they come like race-horses round a race-course and to our chagrin again bear away from us.

Suddenly the scarlet-coated Whip at one edge of the wood stands up in his stirrups, raises his velvet hunting-cap and points. Murmurs of relief rise from the riders at my side, like the murmur of a crowd when the flag falls at the start of a big race. Horses are turned. There is a deadly moment of strain as we wait for the huntsman to lay on the leading hounds. Then comes the long triumphant blast on the horn, the loud holla of the huntsman, "Hoic forrard, hoic forrard, go-o-o-n-e

aw-a-a-a-y, hoic forrard," and top hats are rammed down on heads as the field bursts from the dark wood-side like smuts and sparks out of a chimney. It is here I think more than anywhere that the foot-slogger scores. He is for the moment entirely an onlooker and therefore sees the whole game at once. He is not concerned to pick a line which will bring him in the van of the chase. He can just stand and watch the first fine gallop over the grassland, the hounds in front skimming like swallows over the surface, a long lean line, looking like the shadow of a narrow cloud ; the first jumps over the thorn hedge into the stubble, which even the children on holiday take successfully, the race down the hill to the brook where the rugged gnarled willows show where the take-off is solid. Right and left the field split here to keep on the flanks rather than immediately behind hounds, a line that only tailors take, then as they rise the opposite slopes, slow over the plough, the foot-slogger heaves a deep sigh of satisfaction at the sight that he has seen and begins to take his part. He has watched carefully to see whether hounds go right or left-handed at the top of the hill and makes his point accordingly. The odds are on his being able to run the line of a chord while the others are describing the arc of a circle. After all if he is going to keep with them all day he has to use his wits. If scent is good and they are making a straight sharp burst without a check for twenty minutes he might as well be in another county for all that he will see of them. He has to listen for the horn, so like, in the distance, to the whistle of a train, he has to listen for hounds whose note may easily be mistaken for that of a farm dog, he hears what he is convinced is a " View-holloa " and it turns out to be a cock crowing. He has to follow the tracks of horses,

which may lead him miles out of his way. He has to stop to ask every living person whom he passes where they are, only to be further mystified by vague answers. With his heart pumping at his ribs, his legs heavy with dragging over the plough, sweat pouring down his face and the temptation to walk almost irresistible he has to keep on with nothing to help him but blind faith and hope.

Then when all seems lost and the countryside to have swallowed up foxhounds, riders and even motors, he sees a small speck in the distance, a tiny group of second horsemen, a sight as encouraging to him as a view of the beaten fox is to hounds. He is with them after all. Not even the riders can feel a finer glow as he catches up with them. And so he goes doggedly on from check to check, from check to kill, over ridge and furrow, through brake and briar, bleeding, mudstained and wet to the skin, ecstatically happy in spite of feeling half dead. And then when the light fails comes tea at the inn and home to the inexpressible joy of a hot bath. Life may hold finer pleasures, but I haven't found them. If ever I become a rich man, I shall hunt the fox six days a week—probably on foot. Call a hound a dog if you like, but don't miss hunting, the sport of kings, the image of war without its guilt and only five and twenty per cent. of its danger, as Jorrocks called it.

I do not think it matters for the foot-follower what pack he follows. He is sure to get as much hard gruelling exercise as he can wish with any hunt.

I do not know how high fox-hunters place the Crawley and Horsham or the South Down packs, but I seldom see reports of their meets in either the *Times* or the *Morning Post*, so I conclude that they either dislike

publicity or are not considered worthy of it. It makes no difference to me either way. I have had just as good sport with the Crawley as ever I have had with the Belvoir.

I began by going out over the South Down Saturday country only, and thus am better acquainted with their work in the eastern sector. One of the best runs I ever had in my life was from the "Barley Mow" at Selmeston, an inn where you are as sure of a good meal as you are of a roaring fire, to World's End Farm across the Cuckmere north of Hellingly, where the fox went to ground and deservedly escaped after an eight-mile point without the semblance of a check over some of the toughest plough, thickest hedges and widest water in the county. You can always be sure of variety at a Selmeston meet. One Saturday our fox swam the Cuckmere at Arlington into the East Sussex territory, and it so happened they were hunting a fox north-east while ours went north-west. Not only did the trails cross but the packs came into collision and for five minutes one longed for the film photographer. Again at Selmeston they often draw the wood to the south of the Inn, which means that the fox will slink past Bopeep over Borstal and give us a taste of Downland running, which it is a tremendous relief after days of wet plough in the weald. If you are lazy however you don't worry about going up to the top at all, but amble along the mediæval cart-track that runs at the foot of the ridge from Bopeep to Beanstalk and thence through Firle Park, where you are pretty certain to run into them again making for Gibraltar. The kennels meet at Ringmer usually connotes a day in the vast Vert Woods, but one year, the day after the Hunt Ball, we turned south and picking up a fox in Glynde Rough had a

strenuous and fast morning, splashing through the dykes and wet fields that surround the ancient moated tower of Laughton Place before making for the woods. The Old Ship Inn at Plashett is a meet I always associate with a deluge. Only once have I had a good run from there and that was a straight point down the Ouse Valley as far as Old Malling. Usually we spend our day in the rides of Plashett Woods. I have pleasanter memories of days on the western side of the Ouse, at Offham, where one combines downland and weald running, from the Half Moon at Plumpton, where the fields are wetter and the climb to the Down steeper than anywhere else, and from the Secretary's house at Bevern Bridge, which usually means a fast run across Chailey Common. Downland meets at Telscombe and elsewhere late in the season have always been disappointing. Down foxes will not run and prefer to be killed standing. If there is an east or north wind blowing, most of the followers stand an almost equal chance of being killed with the cold.

Lately however I have discovered the Wednesday Country of the South Down, and here it seems to me that they can challenge comparison with anyone. The first Wednesday meet I attended was one from the " White Hart " at Henfield, and after an abortive but picturesque effort to rouse a fox out of the gorse on the common we put one up immediately afterwards at Woodmancote and pushed him through Blackstone across that tributary of the Adur which yields so many otters in the summer to that other tributary of the same river at Shermanbury, where herons always flap lazily over our heads. This was one of those runs where the foot-follower gets definitely left. It was a grey day without much wind, and scent was about as

good as it could be. For about an hour we broke our way through thorn-hedges and stumbled diagonally across heavy plough and tumbled knee-deep into muddy brooks without seeing a horse or hearing a hound or horn. There was no following tracks this time, for we were attempting to cut a vast corner. Just when we were on the point of turning back to the inn, we saw a grey horse about two miles away, and hazarding all on that one venture we made a point towards him to find a dozen cars in a by-road and two score horsemen in a ride. They were still casting for the original fox, which had beaten them after a rare gallop, and the next hour was spent in the woods. When the light began to fail and a persistent cold drizzle to fall, they found again, dashed away into the blue, and we never saw them for the rest of the day.

I wish I knew something of the laws of scent. Peter Beckford tells us that scent is perfect when the ground and the temperature are both moist without being wet. "When the ground is hard and the air dry," he says, "there seldom will be any scent . . . a fine sunshiny day is not often a good hunting day; but what the French call *jours des dames*, warm without sun, is generally a perfect one."

The following Wednesday the air was dry, the ground hard, the sun full out, and it was bitterly cold. Such wind as there was came from the north. "Scent scarcely ever lies with a north, or an east wind," says Peter Beckford. The scent was perfect. The meet was at the Duke of York Inn at Sayer's Common, on the main London to Brighton road. The first two coverts on the south-east of the road were drawn blank, we got our feet thoroughly wet, began to grumble, crossed the road and immediately found. We ran

without stopping for the rest of the day. The fox led the riders a pretty dance by running full circle twice round Cobb's Barn, Lanehurst, Little Wapses and Newhouse, which entailed the jumping four times of that same troublesome tributary of the Adur which runs in at Shermanbury. He then made a point over the crest of Clifton Down, due south over the canal-wide water at the Mill, through Albourne and Shaves-wood to Newtimber Place, a good six mile point after thoroughly exhausting those of us who were on foot in his first and second circular tours. We spent the rest of this cold and frosty day giving advice to lost riders and car drivers.

Had we stayed more or less still on the rising ground in the middle of the area, as ancient and all-wise beaglers would have done, we should have saved our breath and energy for his final straight point down wind, but how were we to tell that our fox was going to adopt a hare's tactics?

While I prefer the South Down pack to hunt in the Weald, I have had my best days with the Crawley and Horsham on the Downs. The first day I ever went out with this pack the meet was at Bolney and we spent the entire morning trotting on the tarmac and getting lost in the forest. I next ran into them by accident, as I was walking from Burpham to Rackham. There are few sights in life quite so exhilarating as that of riders in large numbers coming at you unexpectedly over the crest of a hill. When these riders are in scarlet, and they are pounding along, hell for leather, in the wake of a pack of hounds in full cry, you just thank God for your luck, wait, still as a tree trunk, for them to sweep past and then join in. On that day we ran down the steep gully to the south, up

over Camp Hill and round to Peppering Farm, where the fox went to ground in an earth on the steep wooded slopes above the Arun.

One of the most picturesque meets is that at the grey Tudor house of Wiston, which lies at the foot of Chanctonbury. On leaving the house we always make straight up the steep slopes to the Beech Clump and spend the day trying to make the Down foxes run. The new huntsman kills them standing if they won't run, in order that the rumour may be spread through foxland that it is wiser to bolt. The country between Chanctonbury and Cissbury is fine for galloping, but a good deal of time has to be spent standing about by the gorse coverts waiting for the fox to be driven away.

The weather up on these heights is as tricky as it is on Dartmoor. I remember chopping two foxes one cloudless morning in January, and then dashing across No Man's Land to Magdalen Barn after a little stout-hearted red fox, who made a wide sweep and came round under the very foot of Cissbury, plunging us all quite unexpectedly into a wet grey sea mist, which obliterated every track so successfully that riders were groping blindly along for hours trying to find their way off the Downs. One of the jolliest bits of country on the Downs is the stretch from Washington Bostal across to Kithurst and Rackham, and it was with singing hearts that we caught the bus from Brighton one frosty January morning for the "Frankland Arms." There was a mist over the sea and Downs, but the sun was breaking through and the white rime on the grass and the sheep's backs was melting before we reached Beeding. The mist however clung so effectively that Lancing Chapel looked like a cathedral in the sky, and the white smoke from the

cement works seemed to emerge from a chimney in heaven. Chanctonbury's beauties were however unveiled, and it was warm enough to drink our cherry brandy on the steps of the Washington Inn. We met three gaudily-painted caravans coming along in the sunlight along the road from Findon and the " travellers " lamented that they didn't know where to turn for a ground on which to pitch. About two dozen hatless crammers' " pups " from Storrington tumbled into the road from a bus and there were cars in plenty, but no horses or hounds. The white frost clung to the northern slopes, and there was ice where there was no sun. We gave them half an hour's law, during which time a number of solitary old white-haired, red-faced sportsmen, in long poacher's coats green with age, check breeches and spats, carrying shooting-sticks, appeared from all sides of the Down, tapped the hard ground viciously, nodded their heads sagely and then announced that they couldn't possibly hunt in such weather, so we climbed up Highden and walked along the slippery green way which the sun had softened to a depth of about a quarter of an inch, putting up a hare here and half a dozen brace of partridges there as we walked like gods above the blue weald and talked like gods of good food eaten and good food yet to come. Few things induce hunger so quickly as walking on the ridge of the Downs on a day of keen frost and blue skies. We turned back as soon as we reached Chantry Post in the hope that they might have turned up an hour, two hours late. The fact that other people shared that hope was obvious from the farmers and boys who loitered on the slopes above Highden, looking wistfully northward over the weald to spy signs of hounds coming. But as so often happens in January, about 1.30 the sun

disappeared behind a bank of clouds that came up from the south-west, and as we emerged from a lunch of a cold baron of beef and jam tart at a friend's house at Beeding, in order to walk over to Shoreham and rejoin the bus there, the wind veered round with the sun and the thaw began. We were told that they would hunt the next day, but in the early morning the skies were leaden and it was raining so fast that I let the bus go without me. I was more than a little angry to find the wind freshen from the west about eleven and the clouds disappear. At 1.30 I wandered up the slopes above Shoreham and cursed the barbed wire fences with which all that country is hedged. I reached Thundersbarrow to find myself overtaken by a wild storm, which blotted out the sea and the hills behind. First it thundered, then grey curtains of hail and snow enveloped me, and I was glad to gain the shelter of a bus at the Windmill Inn at Southwick. I promised myself compensation on the following day, but alas! for the vanity of human wishes, by the next day all England was frost-bound, and there was no more hunting for weeks.

Just as in Sussex we have the change from downs to the weald on different days of the week, so with the Blankney we used to hunt the Wellingore area on Saturdays and the southern flatter fen side on other days. I shall remember the Blankney days when all other hunting days are forgotten owing to the courtesy and encouragement which I received from the field. I was invariably deluged with flasks at the end of a long run, strangers would offer me their stirrup-straps when I looked like being left and always there was someone to shout "Well done!" when I was in at the death. But Lincolnshire is bigger country alto-

gether than Sussex, both for horse and foot-follower. It used to take all the energy I possessed to keep anywhere near them, for it was a very exceptional thing not to have a fast burst and a kill. There are no big woods and rivers in the Blankney country as there are in Sussex. The copses are small, the fields big and the hedges considerable. It is true that there are no hills except the ridge on the west of the Roman way from Cranwell to Lincoln, on which one runs on Saturdays, but we very rarely pottered about. It was nearly always a matter of being pretty well fagged out before half-past two, though somehow one kept going till dusk or whenever hounds were called off. The variety helps. You may be leaping dykes (into, not over them) in the morning, your legs clogged up with black plough. In the afternoon you will quite likely be in the stone wall country of the heath uplands, where the going is sweet to weary feet and by the time the sun is sinking you may have crossed the Roman way and dropped down into the thickly-hedged vale with fields one-tenth the size of those on the heath.

I have hunted in the snow with the High Peak Harriers from the Newhaven Inn across Arborlow to Monyash, as wild a bit of Peakland as man could wish. I have seen a fox chased from Ashover to the rocks on the south side of Ambergate Station. I have followed the Blackmore Vale over the soft colourful land south of Sherborne, and the Tynedale, over some of the grey but magnificent country round the Roman wall. I have hunted the thick country of the Eridge and the open country of the Beaufort, and it seems to me as I said before, that it matters little what pack you follow. One may be dressy and another untidy, one fashionable and another poverty-stricken; by following on foot

you will discover moated granges and gabled manor houses, wild woods and secret lakes that are hidden from the eyes of the rest of the world ; you will come into contact with the real English place-names, more musical by far than any of the names beloved of Homer and Virgil. Think of Bopeep and Beanstalk, Sproxton Thorns and Cocked Hat Spinney, Jolly's Gorse and Parson's Withy Beds, Buttersyke Bar and Hundred Acre Woods, Matching Springs and Chandler's Cross : think, most of all, of the magic of Robin-a-tiptoc: you will notice as you never noticed before the changing colours of the earth and sky, the birds and the flowers in their seasons. Best of all you will ensure long life and happiness, for as Peter Beckford says, "Hunting mends a bad constitution and preserves a good one," and who is happier than the man who spends his days close to Nature in the open air ?

II

CORNWALL

Hengsten downe, well ywrought,
Is worth London towne, deare ybought.

I FIRST went to Cornwall at the age of eighteen, inspired by Stephen Phillips' play "Tristram and Iseult." After leaving the Adelphi, outside the pit of which theatre I had waited for an hour and a half to see a play which now I wouldn't cross the road to see, I caught the midnight train from Waterloo, and having breakfasted in Padstow walked out to Trevone, where I found rooms in a farm-house. I find a record in my diary that I felt very lonely and saw many "storks and pelicans and choughs." I can believe the first entry more readily than the second. I found King Arthur's Castle "simply ripping" and had to leave the county on the following day rather, I gather, through lack of funds than lack of appreciation for the next entry runs, "Pawned my watch at Plymouth to pay my fare."

My next visit was ten years later, but almost as brief, and consisted of a rapid walk round the coast in the company of two friends home on leave from the Front. Beyond the fact that we had to sleep three in a bed at Coverack, that there was a good deal of night-scented stock outside the hotel in Penzance, and that we got into trouble with the police at St. Ives for dressing up as women, I can recollect little of that visit.

On my third visit, by sheer chance, I hit on the house in Lelant where W. H. Hudson stayed, and I was nearly stoned out of it for a somewhat too candid article that I wrote analysing the character of the people and exposing some shortcomings in the scenery. It was, however, the man who stayed with me and not I who was shot at as he crossed from Hayle in an open boat. During that visit most of our time was spent in bathing off the sands at Lelant, playing golf and making friends with Dod and Ernest Proctor, best of modern artists, and Bernard Walke, the painter-parson of St. Hilary.

It was only on my fourth visit that I really began to take stock of the county. I was sent down to North Cornwall on a special mission by the Southern Railway, and elected to make my headquarters at Port Isaac, of which I knew nothing. We were met by a horse-wagonette at Port Isaac Road, and felt about as depressed as Jenny Pearl when she was driven to her new home by her Cornish farmer husband. The slate-roofed grey houses after the red tiles and timbered white-washed farms of Sussex were not exhilarating. Tintagel stood out grim and menacing and it was easy to believe as one looked down on the terrifying jagged coast-line that

> "From Padstow Point to Lundy Light
> Is a watery grave by day or night."

It had been raining most of the day and there was a light mist sweeping over the moors from the north. The upper part of Port Isaac is crowded with ugly, new houses, but down in the cove the old white-washed fisherman's cottages huddle together as picturesquely as they do at Polperro. Every cottage wall and garden was filled with palms, hydrangeas, honeysuckle, and

fuchsia. Every chimney-pot was the perch of a fat screaming gull. There were fishermen in blue jerseys, bearing every mark of methodism in their demeanour, lolling by their boats in a cove which smelt distinctly unsavoury. There was no temptation to bathe. I was reminded of that famous picture in the Tate Gallery, "A Hopeless Dawn" at every turn. The inn parlour contained a small boy who spent his time buying books at sales, and a very old man doing cross-word puzzles, who told us of many inventions that he had discovered, and of the interesting fact that he was a one-time cycling champion. His birthplace was Balham. The next morning we were taken up to the station again in the two-horse wagonette, the driver of which was an ex-miner. "I've tried 'em all," he said, "silver, lead and arsenic, but give me Bessie and Madame"; he flicked his whip over their lazy bodies ineffectually. "They do all the funerals between Wadebridge and Boscastle, do them two 'osses." We caught a train for Padstow and were surprised to see in the long estuary multitudes of wild geese, curlew, oyster-catchers and herons, my "storks and pelicans and choughs" of boyhood. Having inspected the church dedicated to St. Petroc, who landed from Ireland in a coracle in A.D. 581, we passed the grey gates of Prideaux Place and climbed several flat slabs of granite that pass in Cornwall for stiles, to Trevone, which is now very different from the isolated place I came to as a boy. There were hundreds of people bathing in the deep clear green and blue sea, and as we waded through the towans to Harlyn Bay, every nook was filled with towels and gaudy coloured bathing-costumes lying out in the sun. We turned inland over the Constantine golf-course, and calling at a new general stores for a drink,

discovered from the proprietor that we had hit on a colony of writers. With pride he pointed to the home of Mrs. Dawson Scott, G. B. Stern, George Belcher, K. R. G. Browne, and heaven knows what other celebrities. Certainly they have chosen an ideal holiday-place, for there were large, airy houses set in the towans with miles of hard sand and deep pools. From Treyarnon to Porthcothan we climbed over the top of five deep creeks, where the wreckers had once lured their victims on to the rocks and profited by their deaths. We found a cottage at Porthcothan set among the delicate light-blue sea holly, where we fed on eggs and Cornish cream until a passing 'bus enticed us to go on to Newquay.

We passed the high tower of St. Eval, and the wooded valley of Lanherne above Mawgan Porth, and from the large hotel at Watergate saw, for the first time, the huge stretch of sands that brings shoals of visitors to Newquay. Newquay itself is a mass of jingles and trippers and is so infelicitously built over that you can see the sea from nowhere but the sands. The beach was filled with deck chairs and trippers, and we were glad to escape from it on the return 'bus to the quiet of Carnanton Woods and the moribund, narrow streets of St. Columb Major. We climbed Winnard's Perch, and found ourselves five hundred feet up on St. Breoc's Downs, looking over the wide Wadebridge estuary on to the Atlantic Ocean. It was here, I think, that we first began to feel the majesty and colour of Cornwall. Close to the roadside stood those eerie stones called the Nine Maidens, which seem for ever to be altering both their shape and number, and above them the Magic Stone. We looked away to the south to the scarcely less eerie white pyramidal china-clay

dumps above St. Austell, east to the clean, bare, rugged peaks of Brown Willy and Rough Tor, west to the ruined tin mines on the sides of Carn Brea and north over a huge expanse of summer, sunlit sea. Close in on every side lay a patch-work quilt of green and golden fields with grey granite church towers standing high, landmarks to sailors. It was with more than an ordinary sigh of reluctance that we descended the hill into Wadebridge, which bears a remote resemblance to Barnstaple and is even more sleepy, and crossed its fifteenth century seventeen-arched bridge to find men in calico loose tunics over bare chests wrestling on the football ground before a huge crowd of natives. We climbed the hill by St. Minver, one of the few Cornish churches to possess a spire, and St. Endellian and were home by 8.15. After dinner we discovered the cove at Porth Gaverne on the north-east side of Port Isaac, where visitors sat in the fading light on the grass or on the rocks, pensively gazing down into the never-still deep waters of the creek. The next day was baking hot, so we abandoned all hope of walking and hired a Ford for the day. As it was Sunday, we found all the villagers dressed most sombrely in black, and the bare bleak street of Delabole was filled with chapel-goers. Our driver told us how the local parson had been accused of preaching Communism and how some of his parishioners had stripped the church of its altar and set up another place of worship on their own, but he allowed that everybody loved the man, even though they hated his politics. The road led past a number of ancient barrows and within a stone's throw of Slaughter Bridge, where Arthur is supposed to have defeated Modred. In spite of the fact that we were a thousand feet up and close to the desolate Bodmin moors, there

were valleys below us thickly wooded and rich pastures everywhere. One tall, gaunt, ugly house perched on a hill-top, hit the eye, but its aspect seemed less sinister when we discovered that it was a brewery. We found the natives of Bude, which bears a strangely close resemblance to Seaford, all sitting on the wall of the canal, while the visitors were playing golf on the sand-hills or surf-riding over the extraordinary light green breakers. We left this not very prepossessing resort in order to see the black marble tomb of Sir John Arundell in Stratton Church and the inscription on the wall of the Tree Inn testifying to the rout of the Roundheads by the Royalists under Sir Beville Grenville in 1643. The drive from there to Kilkhampton was up through a soft luxuriant Devon combe, and we found crowds waiting at the London Inn for lunch. We spent the interval in inspecting the dark old oak pews in the fine church where Sir Beville Grenville's troopers tested their muskets, the eloquent tribute of Clarendon to Sir Beville on his monument, and the visor and gauntlets of Sir Richard Grenville. Those who have been led to believe that Cornwall is not remarkable for her churches should make a pilgrimage to Kilkhampton. From the moment you see the ancient avenue of elms that leads to the cathedral-like austere grey building you will find yourself hard put to it to find its peer for dignity, symmetry and romantic association. After lunch we turned south to Crackington Haven, which lies at the end of a deep ravine, very like Heddon's Mouth. High cliffs of black shale rise sheer on either side, and the whole area is covered with heather, woods and tamarisk. Boscastle, to which we next came, was by contrast grim and impressive but ugly until we climbed to the top of the rocks at the harbour mouth,

which are very like those at the Valley of Rocks. Girls were sitting perilously perched on the edges of precipices reading magazines, blind to their danger and to the glory of the view. We were glad to drive on to the village of Tintagel and after tea secured the key of the castle from the rather querulous custodian and climbed up the steep stone path to the lonely headland. We found ourselves on a soft grassy plateau with slabs of granite sticking up here and there like petrified animals. A raven croaked as we drew near the edge of the cliff and no one disturbed our peace except a young couple who ran past, hand in hand, and scores of rabbits who kept on bobbing into and out of their holes. The bells of the church across the water called people to evensong, but our thoughts were on the ghosts of Lancelot and Elaine, Tristram and Iseult, Arthur and Guinevere. Here, at last, is a place where you can believe Malory without a qualm and the world of Galahad and Gawayne, Uther Pendragon and Ygraine seems more real than our own. It was a sad anti-climax to have to go back to a world where cottagers spent their Sunday evenings in summer playing hymns out of tune on cracked pianos.

The next day we caught a charabanc at ten o'clock for Looe, sharing it with nine local women, who laughed immoderately the whole way. The wooded glens between Wadebridge and Bodmin near Washaway came as a surprise to me who had been taught to regard the whole duchy as bleak, but Bodmin Asylum filled me with dread. It is, I think, the largest block of buildings I have ever seen and one would not at first thought imagine that there were enough mental deficients in the world to fill it, and yet it is always full. I should like to know the reason of this. The Cornish drink less than

the natives of any other county. But once Bodmin was left behind the scenery again became soft and wooded, and the Fowey valley to Dobwalls is richer than any Devon combe. The last part of our journey was along the narrow lane to Duloe and thence down the steep hill to Looe. It happened to be regatta day, and altogether the village bore too close a likeness to Margate. We ferried across to Hannafore for a quiet bathe and after lunch went over the hill to Polperro, which is, I think, somewhat easily, the Princess of Cornish villages. It has Hugh Walpole on one side of the harbour at Green Cobbles, and Angela Brazil at Chapel on the other, and the artistic "House on the Props" in the middle to preserve the balance, but in spite of these manifestations of sophistication it remains entirely unspoilt. It is in every way better than Clovelly. For one thing the bathing is perfect and easily accessible, for another the sea is clearer in colour, and for a third the approaches (on foot) are more varied. If I were to settle down in Cornwall I would make a bee line for this village, for it bears the stamp of vitality as well as picturesqueness. The inhabitants look as if they lived rather than just existed as so many villagers do. On the way home we ran into a cold depressing mist and were glad of hot drinks at the "Garland Ox" at Bodmin. After dinner we explored the older part of Port Isaac and found to our surprise that it bore a close resemblance to Polperro in its primitive narrow steep paths, crazy cottages with their green shadows, wooden steps, and white arches. On our fifth day we started at nine o'clock for Truro and were surprised to find on our way that England contained a second Brighton, a delightful remote hamlet in the valley of Ladock. Truro Cathe-

dral is remarkable for its lightness and is really impressive in view of its lack of age. The road to the west beyond the city is dismal in the extreme. There are trams in the streets of Redruth and Camborne and Camberwell is by contrast beautiful. But once these are left behind the views over the wild moors to the west and south and north are inexpressively majestic and wild. The lonely disused mines only add to the grandeur. The first view as you pass through Ludgvan of St. Michael's Mount is something to carry with one to the grave. It seems to rise like a fairy castle straight out of the sea and not to be real at all. In Penzance we stopped just long enough for me to visit Bridger, the best known bookseller in the West of England, and come away staggering under copies of Borlase's Antiquities and Gilbert's Survey of Cornwall. The road to Land's End passes by so many stone circles, kistvaens, cromlechs and other precious relics of the past that one feels as if one had driven through a veil and been sent back through tens of thousands of years. But at Land's End you come back with a crash to the world of to-day. There were as many cars there as there are on Epsom Downs on Derby Day, the cliffs were lined with men and women, who were throwing paper about with all the abandon of a cup-tie crowd. We had great difficulty in getting any food at all, and I did not wonder at the bad temper of the black-haired native who was responsible for our discomfort. Yet not even the crowd would take away from the beauty of the misty low-lying Scillies forty miles away, or the sailing ships out beyond the Longships. Unfortunately we could not look at those all day. Our car had broken down and we were forced to sit on a wall watching more and more hordes drive up and away before we too could take the

dusty road to St. Just, which is about as romantic as Purley, and thence round the coast to Morvah, under the lee of Hannibal's Cairn and Zennor. Here the scenery once more becomes superb. The boulders are larger, the moor more open, the sea below somehow bluer or greener. It is here, I think, that one realises how much a county of quick changes Cornwall is. In and around Zennor it simply defies comparison with any other place in the British Isles. I had often climbed over Trencrom before, once in the company of a stranger, who told me that he was the Secretary of the Linnean Society, but on that occasion I had forgotten my joy in the misery that succeeded it on running into a thousand trippers on Gurnard's Head. On this occasion I lost nothing, for I knew what to expect at St. Ives. It was, of course, so full that walking in the narrow streets was dangerous. Porthmeor Beach was however free of the hordes and I bathed in peace. The drive home took three hours, and I was delighted at two place-names on the way, Ventongimps and Mavazanvose. The visibility was so good that we could see Lundy from St. Breoc's Downs, and I was glad to be able to compare this view with that at Zennor, not wholly to the disadvantage of St. Breoc. With my mind full of Druids, of trees bent under the wind, and storms beating Cruel Coppinger and his men on to the rocks, I had to listen, on my return to the guest-house where we were lodged, to talk about the state of the roads in Golder's Green.

The next day we walked by way of the farm of Roscarrock to the desolate hamlet of Port Quin, where all the cottages lie in ruins, one storm having drowned all the fishermen in the place. There is a single house, closely railed in, owned by an ex-governor of Penton-

ville, set right on the cliff edge, and we sat watching five reddy-brown kestrels wheeling and playing above the rocks. The cliff-path to Trevan Point is as wild as any in Cornwall, and we made a big mistake by cutting across Pentire Head, instead of going out to the Point, in order to get to Polzeath at once. We found about three hundred bathers on these golden sands all armed with surf-boards. Polzeath is to Cornwall what Woolacombe is to Devon, but not half so attractive. It is obviously divided into two camps. On the east side, Pentireglaze, are the lodging-houses full of bishops and undergraduates, on the west side the trippers collect. The accommodation for the stray visitor is bad. It was a hot day everywhere else but Polzeath struck me as cold, and I was glad to get out of it and walk over the towans to the tiny church of St. Enodoc, once so deeply buried in the sand-hills that the parson had to climb in through the skylight. The golf-course over these sand-dunes is as exciting as it is good. We climbed one mountainous dune to find that it was called Himalaya. It deserved its name. The view of Padstow across the estuary pays that ordinary town too great a compliment. We found the village of Rock dull, so we retraced our steps over the golf-course to Polzeath and then drove home. This time we stopped at St. Endellian Church, and the parson rushed out to meet us and spent over an hour in describing with minute and loving care all the points that might interest us. He showed us the shrine of catacleuse stone that commemorated the Welsh saint. He told us all the local history of the once famous families of Chenduit and Roscarrock. He even went to the length of displaying his vestments for our delight. Here, we thought, is the ideal keen parish priest, and we determined to walk

These green-robed senators of mighty wood

up the valley to hear him preach. On the following Sunday we did so, but of that I will speak later. On our seventh day we again took a car for Truro and then went on to Falmouth by steamer from Malpas, a village I shall long remember owing to a hatless vociferous eccentric woman who kept on shouting a meaningless jangle of words across the water. This little voyage takes one past a number of vast hulks lying in mid-stream, and on both sides of the river the trees grow thickly to the water's edge. There are two exquisite houses overlooking the river, one Tregothnan, the seat of Lord Falmouth, castellated and grey, the other Trelissick, yellow, pillared and square. Falmouth's narrow streets were, of course, full, and the bathing beach was as packed as that at Eastbourne, so we went on to Swan Pool and spent the afternoon in the company of a number of natives who always, if they can, avoid the tourist. We resisted the temptation to go on to the Helford river somewhat easily, as one always resists, in Falmouth, the temptation to do anything strenuous. On the way home the driver of our car divulged the fact that he had lived mainly in Khartoum and Darjeeling, but was happier in Port Isaac. It rained the next day, so we took the bus to Wadebridge and inspected the church of Egloshayle, where you may see a white rabbit by moonlight sitting on the wall if you are lucky, and also a stranger in antique dress pointing a flint-lock gun at it. We went on to Padstow to see Prideaux Place, and then took the afternoon train for Launceston, which has the finest carved stone exterior of any church in Cornwall. The castle takes a considerable effort to climb and the reward is not great. The "White Hart," however, perhaps, makes up for the castle. We were met at the station on our return

by Bessie and Madame, and after dinner explored the valley of Tresungers. There was an ancient Saxon cross in the house here which was restored to the church some time ago, but the night the late vicar died the cross was again found at Tresungers. The next day we took a car by way of Camelford to Altarnun, which has an exquisite church set right in the wildest part of the moor. It has a wonderful screen and the longest set of Jacobean altar rails I ever saw. The pew-ends are all decorated and there is a magnificent timbered roof. We drove on over the wild moor to the Jamaica Inn to find to our chagrin that it is now a temperance house. We then turned south by way of an execrable lane to Dozmare Pool, where Tregeagle still struggles to bale the lake dry with a limpet shell with a hole in it. Every now and again the devil belabours him to greater efforts, and then he flees screeching to the sanctuary of the Chapel of Roche Rock. Dozmare is better in imagination than in reality. It is not one-tenth part so isolated or eerie as Cranmere or Pinkery. There are actually houses right on the brink. Wild rain storms were beating over the moor so we saw it in the proper atmosphere, but it failed altogether to impress me. We drove back on to the main road and over the bare moors to Bodmin, where we lunched at the Royal Hotel before going on to Lanhydrock, Cornwall's most famous house, once the home of the infamous Tregeagle. It lies secluded in a vast park overlooking the Fowey River, is ⌈⌉ shaped, and possesses a big battlemented gate-house, now used as a Sunday school. We were shown over the Gallery, 116 feet long, hung with Romneys, Lelys, and Gainsboroughs, and filled with rare books. Particularly lovely are the long thin

rectangular stone mullioned windows. We went on to Fowey, which possesses a fine river and harbour, but the houses are unexpectedly modern. The church is fine but dark, the big house, Place, extraordinarily ornate. We went home by way of Lostwithiel, the church of which was defaced by the Roundheads. The next day was Sunday and very wet. We walked up the Tresungers valley with the idea of going to Matins at St. Endellian, but met defeat at the hands of a field of cows, which in their eagerness to chase us, even mounted a wall. By the time we had circumvented them we were wet through, but peeped in at the church door to find to our intense surprise a congregation of thirteen. In the evening we attended the new church at Port Isaac, and the service was portentously dull. The next day we took a car to St. Kew, where the parson, a wealthy north countryman, took us over the church and showed us a golden chalice exquisitely chased, and an ogou stone with Celtic alphabet cut into it by the Romans, which he had discovered in a stream and set up in the churchyard. The windows of this church are exceptionally fine. When I told the parson that Killiwic or the Kelly Rounds in his parish seemed to me to have more reason to be Arthur's Castle than Tintagel, he immediately took me up to another field in his parish and showed me the perfect circular camp of Tregear. " This is Arthur's seat, if you really want to know," said he and took me right round the inner and outer rings of this almost unknown camp, which is about the size of Cissbury. Leaving him we went on to St. Mabyn, and thence to Blisland, and saw there a church with a gorgeously restored screen, but missed the stripple stones, a circle about 150 feet across. We then went on to St. Neot's, famous the world over

for its seventeen fifteenth-century stained glass windows.

Certainly I have never seen such a perfect blend of green and reds and blues. The parson there was too busy to tell us anything, as he was giving a lesson on the organ to a choirboy. St. Neot spent his time impounding crows for disturbing his service, lived on the same two fish for years, and was a dwarf. We ordered tea at the Caerlyon Arms and then, owing to the fact that the fire was low we drove off to find the Cheese-Wring and the Hurlers while it was being prepared. My map-reading instinct on which I so pride myself, was sadly at fault and before I realised that we were wrong we found ourselves down on the Fowey river, so we had to return defeated. The next day we were taken over to see the Spanish vestments presented by Athelstan Riley to the wonderfully restored church of Little Petherick, and went on to inspect the bare church of St. Eval. We had tea at Porthcothan, where there were almost as many wasps as visitors, and then went on to Bedruthan Steps, where the sea is nearer the colour of emerald as it breaks than at any other spot in Cornwall. These grassy slopes and precipitous paths were thronged with visitors, so we were glad to get inland to the quiet beauty of Mawgan Church, set in the midst of a fine wood with a clear stream running by the side of it. In the churchyard is an elaborately carved cross and the stern of a boat erected to commemorate ten sailors who were frozen to death about a hundred years ago. Lanherne, once the home of the Arundells, now a Carmelite nunnery, is hidden in the Carnanton Woods close by, and the Falcon Inn looked so inviting that I made a vow if ever I returned to this country to stay there. This time, as we crossed St. Breoc's Moor, we saw the landscape under yet another

aspect. There were wild storm clouds sweeping up from the south-west which obliterated the land, while Padstow and its full river were bathed in golden sunshine. The next day we went once more to Fowey by way of Lanhydrock, but this time drove through the park to the ruins of Restormel Castle, which has a circular keep, the walls of which are thirty feet high and nine feet thick. As soon as we got to Fowey we took the ferry to Polruan, climbed up the steep village street out on to Blackbottle Head, and had a view as far as the Lizard to the west and Start Point on the east. We went on to Lanteglos church, which is filled with oak panels bearing coloured coats of arms. On our return to Fowey we were mulcted of nine shillings for three-quarters of an hour in a motor-boat up to Lerryn. That taught me to leave motor-boats alone for ever. The trip would have been expensive at threepence. The next day we discovered Trebarwith, which is comparable with Bedruthan for magnificence of rock scenery, but, like Bedruthan, overrun with visitors. We walked along the cliff to Tintagel church, where the grave stones are bolstered up against the gales. The church is dark, has Saxon walls and window slits. Rain drove us once more to Wadebridge the next day, to see the tombstone of John Tregeagle at St. Breoc's church. It is hidden behind the organ, but is well worth seeing, for it contains this mystery. He died in 1679. It also commemorates his two wives, Ann and Elizabeth, one of whom died two months after him, the other at the age of twenty-eight in 1708. How, one would like to know, was this managed? We went on to Newquay in a noisy bus, and sat in deck chairs all the afternoon in the rain, watching cricket on the sands. The next day was our last, and we spent it at

St. Colomb Major, watching the wrestling tournament, convened to celebrate the centenary of the great meeting between Cann and Polkinghorne. There were about three thousand spectators gathered in the cricket field and the matches went on at the rate of two or three at once. As soon as ever one man is thrown, fairly or not, they stop and begin again. It is all highly technical and slow to watch, but the physique of the men is remarkable. They begin by bending low like bunting bulls and then grapple with each other's loose white baker-like coat. There are two or three referees to each bout, men in bowler hats, called ticklers or sticklers, but they don't seem to have much to do. There are a good number of sprained ankles and a few broken ribs at the end of a day's play, and the local enthusiasm is intense. Visitors do not attend these functions in any large quantities. We left Cornwall that afternoon, and it was not until we arrived at Okehampton among the softer beauties of Devon that we began to discover what it is about Cornwall that is so compelling.

In the first place it is its complete difference in every way from England. It is strange soil. It still retains the traces of an ancient civilisation that has long been effaced elsewhere. The innumerable cromlechs, tumuli, barrows, crosses and so on at every turn in the road are a constant reminder of this. Then there are the place-names, so musical yet so strange-sounding in an Englishman's ears. Trevisquite and Tregeargate, Pendoggett and Egloskerry, Penhargard and Damelioc—are not these like clarion-calls to the searcher after romance?

The houses too are different. Nowhere else do you see subtly-shaded clusters of grey slate-tiled farms isolated on the craggy sides of treeless hills.

Nowhere else do you see a chain of giant square grey granite church-towers set out on the bleakest barest spots as landmarks for sailors. Nowhere else do you meet these black-haired, brown-eyed, slow-speaking, slow-moving country people with their hospitable ways.

Nowhere else are legends so rife and superstitions so readily accepted; nowhere else is the sea water so clear that you can see the wrecks of ships buried fathoms below.

This is the peculiar merit of a holiday in Cornwall, that you are separated from London by five thousand years and yet you can get back in five hours.

The way to see Cornwall is, I believe, to make the churches your main objective. It is a land of the Ivernian and the Celt. The Romans and the Saxons never touched it, so you get dedications to saints of whom you will never have heard, or perhaps you may like to begin further back and make your journey that of a quest for cists and stone crosses, of which there are three hundred, dolmens and pillars, hut circles and cairns. Whether you tackle Cornwall as a metallurgist, botanist, ornithologist, philologist, or archæologist you will find that her attractions are quite inexhaustible. In fact the only way to miss seeing Cornwall is to concentrate solely on Newquay, Bude, Land's End, the Lizard, St. Ives, and Falmouth. The wise man will as ever avoid the main roads and keep to the pack-horse tracks and the field paths that the smugglers took. Then he will rid himself of the many silly fallacies that blind visitors have spread, and realise that for mystery, colour, magic, grandeur, romance and an atmosphere that intoxicates the imagination as well as the body the Duchy can hold its own against any rival.

III

DERBYSHIRE

For the Grace of God, and what I there can find.
The Leadminers' grace before adventuring.

SUPERSTITION dies hard, but the superstition that Derbyshire is a county of grey skies, grey stone walls, grey houses and grey dour humourless inhospitable natives has been granted a longer tenure of life on more slender grounds than any old wives' tale that ever I heard. It was, I think, Defoe who started the story, scared by the execrable roads. It was certainly the Earl of Chesterfield who gave it a fresh lease of life when he sent his flighty young wife back to Chesterfield on the ground that even the most passionate and importunate of her lovers would never deem it worth while to undergo the hazards necessary to dig her out from that earth. And most unfortunately the train that cuts through the heart of the very cream of the Peak spends most of its time in tunnels and only provides a momentary glimpse of the grandeur and ruggedness that make Derbyshire pre-eminent in England. Even if you decide to leave the train at Matlock for an hour you will be horribly disappointed, for man has done his worst to vulgarise the superb scenery here with a view to popularising it.

To see Derbyshire, and it more repays seeing than any other county, you simply must walk. Begin at

Ashbourne and you immediately explode one fallacy. This much-neglected, much-maligned county is supposed to have attracted no great writers. Yet at your first entry into the county you pass through the country of " Adam Bede " and the house where Samuel Johnson loved to linger. This old-world market town, which possesses the loveliest monument to a dead child in the country and one of the most historic of posting-houses in the " Green Man," is the gateway to the valley of the Dove, which drove Izaak Walton to write the " Compleat Angler " and Charles Cotton to compose the most exquisite of lyrics. Here is a ten-mile walk unlike any other in the world, along the banks of a trout stream as clear as the Test, but with high walls of limestone cliff, carved like lions and tigers and elephants, rising a sheer thousand feet above you on either side, leaning over towards each other like the mediæval houses in Chester, so close that lovers ere now in legend if not in fact, have leaped across into each other's arms. " Was you ever in Dovedale ? " wrote Byron to Tom Moore, forgetful obviously of the fact that " Lalla Rookh " was written within ear-shot of it, " I assure you there are things in Derbyshire as noble as in Greece or Switzerland." This testimony from the author of " Childe Harold " is worth remembering, and Cotton's epithet, " Princess of Rivers " is, you will agree, no hyperbole. But all the time, despite the lure of the mysterious Manifold, a river that flows under the earth, Viator's bridge at Milldale that is but two fingers broad, and the fine church at Hartington, you will pine to be away across these rugged moors to the east, where at one moment you will stumble across a stone circle at Arborlow, at least as ancient as Stonehenge and ten times as desolate, at another moment at Fenny

Bentley on an old, grey, gabled, moated manor, the home of men who fought at Agincourt, and at a third at Tissington on a mullion-windowed, turreted, grey Elizabethan hall, still tenanted by Fitzherberts, where they even now decorate the village wells with flowers as their pagan ancestors did countless generations ago.

Turn to the north to the once-famous Newhaven Inn, now a favourite meet of the High Peak Harriers, and you will realise that if the right adjective for the Peak is " bleak," there is an exaltation of spirit caused by bleakness. For in this county a man can always walk. The lassitude that descends on him under a southern sun never visits him here. It may be the fine midland air, it may be the endless vista of stone walls, rubble, stubble, rough heather and sparse plantations, the fact that he is all the time a thousand feet up, that there are no houses in sight, that he is, at Monyash, in the centre of a one-time stronghold of Quakerdom and lead-mining, all these things combine to give a man, however jaded, fresh energy. There are tonic properties in everything you smell and see up on these lonely heights. And if you pine for civilisation there is always Buxton, which I prefer to pass through, and wander on to Bradshaw Hall, once the home of regicides, and thence to the heights of Kinderscout, so wild and untamed a tract of wilderness that it still claims its yearly toll of lives. It seems strange that within twenty miles or so of Manchester men can still be lost on the moors and die of exposure in the snow, but Kinderscout, the scene of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's " David Grieve," is more dangerous than Dartmoor and much more solitary. " Peveril of the Peak " has little to do with Castleton, but there are caves here which you explore in boats if you have the courage, and it is this district that

Charlotte Brontë painted in "Jane Eyre." Turn south up through Abney Clough, which beats the valley of the Dart for beauty and you will find yourself at Eyam, pronounced "Eem," a village which will be for ever memorable in the annals of English history for its courage in the days of the Plague, for it voluntarily isolated itself under the inspiring example of its rector, William Mompesson, so that none of the surrounding villages should suffer, and out of its nine hundred inhabitants only ninety came through the ordeal alive. In one family seven died in eight days and only the mother, who had to bury them all herself, survived. Whenever I hear Derbyshire or Derbyshire people depreciated, I think of Eyam in all its rugged grandeur set up on its lonely eyrie above the dales, and think of Mompesson preaching in the open, for he dared not use the church, to his rapidly dwindling flock, and I wonder what other county can produce a tale or a setting to compare with this. It is but a stone's throw from Eyam to the massive square Georgian house of Chatsworth described by Jane Austen in "Pride and Prejudice," where Mary Queen of Scots was once kept prisoner and Hobbes, of "Leviathan" fame, who loathed books, was librarian. The woods and park of Chatsworth are as magnificent as the house, but most of us prefer the less palatial but more æsthetically satisfying Tudor house over the hill. Haddon Hall is probably better known than any other house in England and on the whole deservedly so. It has a perfect setting, set above the banks of the tiny winding Wye in a small wood. If it were on the banks of the Derwent or in the park of Chatsworth it would be lost. This perfect gem of turrets and towers and mullions and stone-flagged courtyards is poised on a slope with quad-

rangles and terraces one above the other which set it off most picturesquely. For years it has been the Mecca of all pilgrims to the Peak, but the Duke of Rutland has decided once more to live in it, so visitors will in future have to be content with a view of the walls alone. Visit Bakewell and the Peacock Inn at Rowsley if you like, but keep away from the main Matlock-Manchester road. Almost all the side roads take you into paradisal villages, but the main road is arid and dull. Turn north-west away from Haddon, and you find yourself in Lathkill Dale and Bradford Dale, which have beauties not less exquisite than Dovedale, which they much resemble. These valleys take you up to the grim country of Arborlow once more and you can descend into the valley by way of Winster and the long winding valley of Via Gellia, which is riddled with disused lead mines, where you can more easily get lost than on Kinderscout. Cutting across the railway and the main road at Cromford you come on to the eastern ridges, equally unknown, equally wild, equally lovely and walk in the wake of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots from the manor at Riber, where Babington tried to rescue her, to the manor at Dethick, (the tree still stands where they strung up his followers) and at last to Wingfield Manor, one of the most charming of ruins, the luckless Queen's last resting-place before Fotheringay. After seeing Wingfield Manor, do not be tempted to go further south, but by way of the villages of Wessington and Brackenfield, make for the ridge of Ashover Hay, where you look down on the delightful out-of-the-way village where the earth once swallowed up a woman because she swore fiercely. You may read all about Dorothy Mately, of Ashover, in Bunyan's "Life and Death of Mr. Badman." Ashover Church

contains monuments to the Babingtons and a brass to a certain David Wall "whose superior performance on the bassoon endeared him to an extensive acquaintance." A rector of Ashover, like a rector of Eyam, had to endure with fortitude evil days, for in the Civil Wars Immanuel Bowine, the "squarson" of Ashover, saw Eastwood Hall, his home, blown up by the Roundheads, after having paid £10 to the Royalists for protection, which he never got. If you want to take away from Derbyshire the best sort of memories, begin your pilgrimage at Ashbourne and end it at Ashover. Each village makes an admirable centre, is picturesque, teems with history, possesses an exquisite church and is quite untouched by modernity.

Ashbourne is as far south and west as you need to go, Ashover is nearly as far south and east as you need to go. In both places, as along the ridges of the hills which face them, you will come into contact with the real Derbyshire peasantry, as hospitable, wise and dignified as the Sussex farmers or the Cumberland fellsman. The charm of Derbyshire, like the charm of all good places, does not lie on the surface. You have to wander off the beaten track to find her most fantastic rocks, her most glorious stretches of heather-clad moorland, her sweetest, greenest dales, the architectural perfection of her grey farms and manors, comparable with those of the Cotswolds, her wild woods and delicately spired churches. I have chanced upon most of them by following the fox and hare on foot, the best way of all, by walking across country from point to point over the stone walls—the farmers never bother about trespassing in the Peak—by bicycling, by playing cricket and football against unheard-of hamlets. In a car I have always missed them. They seem to run round the

corner at the sound of the engine like rabbits and stoats. But old Thomas Fuller, who knew England better than most of us are ever likely to do, seldom went wrong in his judgments and what he said of Derbyshire was this : " God, who is truly thaumaturgus, the only worker of wonders, hath more manifested his might in this than in any other county of England."

Two hundred years afterwards Ruskin discovered how right Fuller was : " Derbyshire," said he, " is a lovely child's alphabet ; an alluring first lesson in all that is admirable," and indeed it is in its quick change from the rugged to the gentle, from the hills to the valleys, from tiny streams to broad rivers, from easy-going sophisticated moderns to rigid uncompromising Calvinists, from hamlets cut off from all intercourse with life to colonies of men and women who work in Manchester and Sheffield that the chief fascination of the Peak District lies. It is at once a network of quarries, coal-mines and cotton-mills, and yet retains corners so peerlessly beautiful that neither Cornwall nor Devon nor any other part of England can vie with them. But you've got to be careful how you tread. It is quite easy to pass through the Peak without seeing it.

IV

DEVONSHIRE

She can live better of herself without being beholden to the rest of the kingdom, than that can subsist without being obliged to her. Prince.

IT is, I think, impossible for the native of any county to do justice to his own home. I am more proud of the fact that I am a Devonian than of any other fact in my life, but I lack the temerity to imagine that I can repay the debt that I owe to it by trying to make others realise what it means to me. In my early days in London my nostalgia used to grow on me to such an extent that I would take buses to Paddington just to see the dearly-loved names of Exeter and Ilfracombe written above the carriages. At Oxford on Sundays I would always walk westward and imagine at the end of a day on some lonely Cotswold height that I could see the sun setting over my home.

For the first eleven years of my life I spent the greater part of my time at one or other of my grandfather's houses, at Stoke Rivers or Braunton, and that I suppose is the reason that the finest view in the world to me is that of the lights of Hartland and Lundy twinkling far away over the bay on moonlight nights. Always in later life I have hurried back to Devon whenever I have had a few days' leisure in order to recapture some of my youthful rapture. I still sing on the least provocation two songs, and two songs only, " Glorious Devon " and " Widecombe Fair."

Yet I really remember very little of childhood's

days except excursions in the farm wagonettes to Croyde Bay, sitting on the branches of an old oak near Gunn chapel, looking out to sea, and damming up the streams that ran through the meadows near my home.

At eleven I was taken away to the harsh North Country, and returned as an undergraduate to Ilfracombe, vainly attempting to read mathematics on the Capstone among the hordes of trippers. At the end of my first term as a master at Rossall I took a boy for a walking tour through North Devon, and compelled him to bathe on New Year's Day at Westward Ho! which nearly killed him, and to row from Buck's Mills to Clovelly, which made him very sick. The next summer I took another boy on a walking tour along the coast from Minehead to Ilfracombe, and nearly proved that Blackmore was right in his description of Badgeworthy Water by doing all but drown him in it. The following Easter I was invited to stay in a South Devon vicarage, and the parson and his wife excited me a good deal by suggesting an excursion to Cranmere Pool. We set out along the prison leat from Princetown. We got as far as the valley between Little Kneeset and Fur Tor when a white, wet mist descended and we had to spend some three or four hours walking between two sticks shouting for a terrier which we had been foolish enough to bring. Recovering him we abandoned all thought of Cranmere and spent more hours trying to find the leat. Then we formed a doleful procession with the parson's wife in the rear. I was given strict orders not to turn round, because her frock was so wet that she decided for lightness' sake to walk in her underclothes.

It was shortly after this that I discovered Chagford,

Ne'er saw I never felt, a calm so deep
The river glideth at his own sweet will.

Wordsworth.

and spent an entrancing holiday professedly coaching a Wellington boy for Woolwich, but actually shooting at fish with a revolver in the Teign, and being hauled by a rope through the four floors of an old mill. Cranmere presented no difficulty from this side in the hot weather, and we made many excursions to it by way of Teignclapper, Watern and Hangingstone Hill, never once failing to find it. I did not return to the village until long after the War, when we caught the midnight train from Paddington on the Wednesday before Easter and found every compartment so crowded that we went within an ace of accompanying a coffined corpse bound for Lostwithiel. We resisted this temptation and spent some time gazing out of the window at an England bathed in moonlight. The sea and sky wore a desolating grey aspect as we rushed through Dawlish at 5.30 in the morning, but at Newton Abbot a boy piloted us to a cottage, where there was tea and a roaring fire. At eight o'clock our train went on to Moretonhampstead, and the rain blotted out all trace of the moor. We waited in a cold bus for nearly an hour at the station, and were ultimately conveyed to the house where we had engaged rooms in Chagford. Arrived there we found no answer to our ringing for some time, and when eventually the door was opened and we were shown to our room, we found cold water only and no fire. We looked out into the incessant rain and wished ourselves anywhere but in Chagford. However we were cheered by breakfast and went off to inspect old haunts, the grey church, the saw mill, the exquisite old converted monastery at Holy Street, the Three Crowns Inn, where Sidney Godolphin met his end and we had in earlier years acted " The Murder in the Red Barn " and a play

about Mr. Pepys. We wandered up the amber-coloured Teign, jumping from one vast granite boulder to another until we emerged on to the moor along the Wallabrook and heard the curlew sing their golden melody unseen. We were turned back by the rain, and found shelter and tea in a bungalow, where they dried our shoes and stockings while we encased our feet in handkerchiefs and gloves. After an afternoon of jumping tussocks and falling into bogs, we returned in the soft evening light with the sun now out to the the white village, passing cottages decorated with jasmine and American currant. The next day was Good Friday, and we set off by way of Fernworthy to find Cranmere. We reached Teign Head Farm in safety and met the daughter of the house wearing a green tam-o'-shanter, riding a pony across the trackless moor: she told us that her mother had never seen the pool. After being twice defeated by an uncrossable bog, we managed to reach Whitehouse Post and were then driven back by a fierce storm, which made it impossible for us to see more than ten yards in any direction. The next day we tried again. This time we made Hangingstone easily, but then mistook the valley and went careering down the valley of the Dart towards Teign Head, imagining every tussock to be the pool. After wandering aimlessly for two hours we descried five people about two miles north of us and decided to follow them. To our complete chagrin this party walked straight to the pool with the ease of a man walking down the Haymarket. Having inspected the visitors' book and posted our cards in the tin, we sat down to admire the far distant ridges of Exmoor and the red and green fields that lay between. Grim, grey tors stood sentinel over the

Cornish boundary, and we felt no temptation to go on. Tussock-jumping under a hot sun soon loses its fascination, so we went back by way of Watern and Thirlstone over the Scorhill rocks to tea at Gidleigh, and so home after a twenty-five mile walk under a broiling sun. Easter Sunday was so hot that butterflies and bees were playing among the wallflowers and saxifrage long before breakfast.

A kingfisher sped past us as we climbed the Teign to Kes Tor and again the moor was rich with the melody of curlew. Larks sang above the gorse and white, puffy clouds stood still in the sky, casting tiny shadows on the moor. We walked in the evening along the valley of the river to Fingle Bridge, where sedge-owls flitted blindly and uncertainly among the trees and the valley gradually filled with a light blue haze, the colour of wood-smoke. On the moor we saw white columns of smoke curling where men were swaling, and over all the landscape, as we turned homeward, there seemed to be a deadly hush broken only by the bells of Drewsteignton, and the cawing of homing rooks. I have often noticed that Easter Sunday in the country is characterised by a peculiar stillness, but I have never noticed it so much as on this walk. The next day, Easter Monday, was again wet, which to some degree compensated us for having to return to London, but we could not hide our envy of the many rucksacked men and women in heavy boots and mackintoshes whom we saw setting out in spite of the storm for the heart of the moor.

The next time we visited Chagford was by motor charabanc from Exeter on a Sunday afternoon in August, when we were driven by way of Hey Tor which was as thickly covered with trippers as meat is

with flies, and then descended the hill to inspect the magnificent grey church of Widecombe before bribing the pixies in the Grimspound hut circle with silver coins to send us happiness. On this occasion we were driven rapidly through the narrow streets of Chagford on to the main Okehampton-Exeter road. These motor charabanc trips from Exeter are as cheap as they are various. I remember setting out on a grey October Sunday morning by way of Moretonhampstead, and stopping at the Warren House Inn to talk with the "drifters," who were rounding up the moor ponies, which have now so depreciated in value that they will sell them for half a crown. We went on past the yellow Warne's Hotel at Postbridge to Princetown, where we were entertained at the Plume of Feathers with ironical tales about the local hounds, which have a habit of travelling in front of their fox. Princetown is a loathsome place, and in the churchyard there are the graves of convicts, which contain only initials and the date of death, showing that human vengeance can pursue a man even beyond the tomb. These convicts died at the rate of two a month until 1914. Then only one died in two years. None have died since 1922. Our route lay round the prison, and I saw once more the leat where I had walked twenty years before, now wired off from trespassers. We returned by way of Dartmeet, as fine a river for boulder-jumping as I know, and thence to the dulness of Teignmouth, where we were condemned to stop for tea among unpleasant people in a town that seemed determined not to cater on the Sabbath for tourists. The drive home through Powderham and up the rich pasture-land that borders the Exe drove the taste of Teignmouth out of our mouths, and we re-entered Exeter to find it filled

with hymn-singers at street corners. The previous day we made an expedition in the afternoon through Chudleigh and Bovey Tracey to Becky Falls, a disappointing place full of huge boulders, but no water. We were compensated, however, by walking up to Manaton to see the house where Galsworthy once lived, and found in the church granite pillars, and a screen of extraordinary richness.

Dartmoor exercises an enormous fascination over me, but I find it hard to find an adequate reason for it. I am seldom happy unless I am within easy reach of the sea, and there is nothing to remind one of the sea here. One of its charms is of course its openness. You are never shut in by its peaks. Whatever else they are they are not menacing. The streams again are a sheer delight, and never monotonous as the barren moor often is. It may be that the old gods really make themselves felt, as John Trevena, the moor's best interpreter, always said they did. When I am at Grimspound I feel that I want to leave civilisation and take to a caravan and live by my hands, but this feeling would probably pass after a month of mist and rain. It may be that one is glad to find that there yet remains in England a large tract of heather, granite and furze-clad moorland that finally defeats all man's efforts to reclaim it. I like a picturesque landscape to require effort in the attainment of it, which accounts for my preference for Cader Idris over Scawfell, and Helvellyn over Ben Nevis. Cranmere may not be always as eerie as Baring-Gould pretended it was with his stories of horses shivering with fright in its neighbourhood, but in spite of its orange-peel and waste paper, its rather too blatant wooden post and post-box, it does remain as the most inaccessible place for posting

letters in the British Isles. It is even now impossible to motor to it, and except in the summer not easy to walk to it without getting wet through. It is a joy to find a place where it is extremely difficult to be sure that one is going in the right direction, even when one is provided with a map which marks every tor and stream. The colour and the grandeur are of course exquisite, but no more remarkable than one finds on the Cairngorms. The secret of Dartmoor's hold on me invariably escapes my attempts to analyse. As soon as ever I see the great crag of Hey Tor, I am at its mercy, and be the weather vile, as it so often is, I would yet rather be on the Moor in most moods than anywhere else except the South Downs.

Again, I am not generally at my ease in a town, but in the City of Exeter I am always content to stay. The only time I disliked it was when I was in barracks at the Depôt, and the moment when an eccentric, mumbling woman ran up to me in the Close and spat at me under the very eyes of old Hooker. There can be no hotel in England so crowded with historic relics as the Clarence, and few as comfortable or as cheap. I like, too, the idea of sleeping in a bedroom bearing some famous Devon name, like Throgmorton, Raleigh, Fulford or Chichester. To explore the narrow by-lanes by night is to invite romance and adventure, and I shall not lightly forget the baby that was held up for me to kiss in a mediæval dark alley, which I could never again find by daylight. In no other town are you so vividly and constantly reminded of the spacious days of the Merchant Venturers, and that upper panelled oak room in Moll's Coffee House, where Drake and Humphrey Gilbert met and conferred, retains magically the atmosphere of the Tudor gallants who thronged it

three hundred years ago. Here, too, must have feasted often enough at other men's expense the King of the Gipsies, Prince of Beggars, and most glorious of rogues, Bampfylde Moore Carew, whose fame will last in Devon as long as that of sporting parson Jack Russell, of Swimbridge, and Stephen Hawker, of Moorwinstow, though for vastly different reasons. But not even the wonderful upper room, which is shaped like the state-cabin of an old three-decker, and bears the coats of arms over their seats of forty-six of Devon's most famous worthies, can keep us long from the Cathedral. I have never been at the mercy of the ornate western screen, with its sixty-five figures of patriarchs, saints, kings and knights, but on the other hand the first glimpse of the interior, with those thirty vast clustered Purbeck columns of bluish grey always holds me spell-bound. This architecture is not so much frozen music as something fluid. The curves of the arches and the vaulting make the whole building like a succession of gigantic waves about to break. As I look up I get a sense of perpetual perfect symmetrical motion. Then as one's eyes get accustomed to the beauty of the stone they rove to the monuments on the wall, the most affecting being the highly-coloured sledge-flag of Captain Scott, which juts out from the southern wall close to a strangely moving marble carving of a rose and a sickle, commemorating the death of Saccharissa Hibbert at the age of twenty-one. The memorial to the author of "Lorna Doone" is not so successful. My best memories of the Cathedral are not of conducted tours, admiring the monuments of ancient bishops in the company of tourists, but of simple church-parade services on Sunday mornings, with the sun shining on to khaki tunics and the red M.A. hood of the padre.

There is a church—I think it is St. Thomas's—where to my surprise I found monuments both to General Gordon and to Florence Nightingale. But Exeter to me is Moll's Coffee House, the Clarence, the Close, the Cathedral, the narrow back alleys, leading to poverty-stricken areas, amazingly picturesque shops (is not the *Devon and Exeter Gazette* published in an office from which one expects to see Raleigh, Drake and Hawkins emerge in ruff, doublet and hose?), and invariably over-crowded streets. It is the hardest city to leave that I know. The Devon that I know best, however, is not the hill country above Ottery St. Mary, which is indistinguishable from Dorset, nor the wooded valleys of the Yealm, nor even that exquisite reach of the Dart above Dartington. The entrance to it is by way of the only forty miles of level road in the county, a road which runs by the side of the Southern Railway line to Barnstaple, accompanied by the shallow broad waters of the Taw through many dense woods.

Barnstaple is a queer place, not unlike Wadebridge at first sight. It was the birth-place of John Gay and of Hubert Bath, the composer of the "Wedding of Shon McLean." Its ancient bridge of sixteen arches has been ruined by an iron railing. It was built, so Leland tells us, as the result of Stowford, a London merchant, seeing a poor woman overtaken and drowned by the tide as she was riding across the marsh. Five Barnstaple ships contributed to the downfall of the Spanish Armada; it was a stronghold of the Round-heads in the Civil War, and afterwards of the Huguenots, who probably gave a fillip to the Plymouth Brethren, who still abound. It is noteworthy that Pepys found his wife here in the person of Elizabeth St. Michel, a fifteen-year-old refugee when he married

her. Barnstaple is now noted for its weekly Friday market and its annual fair, during which festival a glove decked with dahlias is projected from the window of the Council Chamber on a pole. Barnstaple is the first town that I can remember, so I hold it in rather different esteem from other towns. The long street leading in from Goodleigh—I never knew its name—was to me like the drive to an enchanted house. At the end of it was a poulterer's, in whose windows stood (and I believe still stand) stuffed owls and harriers and herons. The shops that drove me to ecstasy, however, were not sweet shops, but the saddler's, with its pungent smell of leather, seed shops with highly-coloured packets of atoms that miraculously would take on some likeness to the wrappers now containing them, and most desirable of all, the ironmonger's, with its infinite series of rakes and sieves and hoes and trowels and wire-netting. I had not in those far-off days acquired a love of books. The only toys I revered were toys capable of being put in motion, hay-wagons in miniature, manure-carts, watering-carts, and things of that sort. I did not understand much about the market except that my uncle used to buy cattle there. I never knew him sell any. In point of fact it was a rare treat for me to be taken to the market at all. My idea of a shop was based on the post-office at Stoke Rivers, which was also the general stores, and the sweet-shop at Braunton. My uncle's two houses were respectively over a mile from each of these, so that it needed an effort to pay a visit even to these. Life in those days was mainly a business of playing hide-and-seek among the laurels, climbing hedges and making friends with the labourers in the barns and byres. One just took all the loveliness for

granted. I was as much excited over the damming up of the stream in the meadow as ever I was over the sight of Lundy and Hartland lights flickering away in the distance at bed-time. I remember wagonette excursions to Croyde Bay and Combe Martin, where I first saw the sea, but it obviously made no impression, for my first real memories of the sea are of being sick in a cargo-boat, going from Bristol to Milford Haven at the age of eleven. Constantly I came back to North Devon nearly every holidays, for all my relatives on both sides of my family came from there. There was my grandfather at Woolacombe, who spent so large a part of each day scanning the horizon with a gigantic telescope. It was there that I learnt the delights of prawning, of diving off the rocks in lonely coves into water as blue and clear as the Mediterranean. Eventually he moved to Ilfracombe, a less delectable place, but easier of access by train from London. The whole of this corner of Devon drew me whenever I got a holiday. When other men rushed to the Continent I pined only for home, and each time discovered some fresh delight. Exmoor stood tantalisingly almost out of reach on hot, airless days, but every nook and cranny on the coast between Porlock and Hartland became known to me. I found a night-jar's egg on the Great Hangman, and a Nietzsche-quoting Spanish philosopher turned hermit on Trentishoe Barrow. I followed the stag-hounds on foot through the streets of North Molton, marvelled at the August crowd that assembled at Cloutsham, fell into Badgeworthy Water, and nearly cut myself to pieces by diving from one rock on to another only just submerged at Lee. But it was my meeting with the young naturalist, Henry Williamson, that first

made me begin to take notice of the countryside. This young man with enviable courage cut the knot which bound him to Fleet Street, and retired on no money to Georgeham to develop that wise passivity by which alone is it possible for man to wrest Nature's secrets from her. I met the author of "The Old Stag" first on the *Daily Express*. The next occasion was in the valley of the Torridge, otter-hunting on a day so full of sweet scents and songs that no one paid any attention to the portly pole-carriers or the howling mob of runners up and down the waters. It was a festal occasion, for followers of the Culmstock, Cheriton, Crowhurst and Courtenay Tracey packs were all out to test the North Devon waters. In Williamson's company I was taken to see the wild flowers growing on the Braunton Burrows, the skeletons of old wrecks on the endless sands, and to watch the flight of herons and wild duck, oyster-catchers and ring-plover, with which the estuary abounded.

It was only then that I began to lament a wasted childhood. Why had I in childhood never heard the golden trill of the curlew in spring, or watched the terrific speed of a peregrine falling from the sky, or stopped to watch the playing, tumbling and rolling of buzzards high above the trees? The very little that I now know of birds and flowers I owe entirely to Williamson's tuition. I had walked further than he and knew many more places. I had hunted the stag down every stream and over every bit of the moor, but until he taught me I had mistaken speed for knowledge, and proved that he who runs is unlikely to read at any rate the book of Nature. I knew Swimbridge screen and he didn't. He had failed to explore the wonders of South Molton Church and the strange

monument to the young plague-stricken Puritans of Marwood, but while I knew the churches and houses he knew the woods and revealed to me mysteries that I had never imagined. In spite of the fact that my father had spent his boyhood in the village and an aunt or two of mine were born there, I had never discovered Georgeham until Williamson revealed its beauties to me. It happens to be just far enough out of the beaten track to have retained its individuality. It is a long mile and a half up from the sea at the head of a valley, which is incredibly hot in summer and none too warm in winter. A bus runs to Braunton and Barnstaple at rare intervals, but it is more pleasant to walk over the top of the ridge which overlooks the Great Field of Braunton and the estuary, in addition to the fact that by walking you come out near Braunton Church, which, after Hartland, is to me the most lovely of all Devon churches, both for its old oak pews, with the carved ends, and for the golden sow with her litter high up in the roof. Of late years I have spent nearly all my holidays in Georgeham for reasons that are not altogether clear. It is a long way from Exmoor, it is not one-tenth as picturesque as Chagford, it is a wearisome pull up from the sea, and bathing before breakfast is the sort of thing one discontinues after the second day. In wet weather it is as depressing as Lundy, and even more depressing than Barnstaple, which does contain a cinema and a multitude of antique shops. I imagine it to be Williamson's personality that always drags me back there, for under his tutelage I have learnt to appreciate the Burrows and the Estuary even when it has meant leaving most of the county unexplored. I am beginning to know

something of the county of Sussex by dint of fresh explorations daily, I learnt an amazing lot about Cornwall in seventeen days of concentrated travel, but the reading of Mr. V. C. Clinton-Baddeley's "Devon" has made me realise that I know less of my native county than I do about almost any other. I did not know before Mr. Baddeley disclosed the fact that J. M. W. Turner was born in Barnstaple, or that Joanna Southcott was a native of the county. I know my Prince's "Worthies of Devon" pretty thoroughly, but I wish he had written a companion volume on her "Unworthies," for there are things about Bampfylde Moore Carew that I would give a good deal to know. Mr. Baddeley just whets one's appetite.

Of the many ways of seeing Devon the most popular is undoubtedly that of tramping the sea-board. Nearly every able-bodied Englishman and woman of intelligence whom I have met has at some time or other walked from Porlock round the coast of Hartland and then on round the coast of Cornwall, or else started at Lyme Regis and by way of Exmouth, Start Point, and Plymouth made his or her way into Cornwall. I was therefore a good deal surprised to find Mr. du Garde Peach in his volume, "Unknown Devon," taking the same route, as well-beaten a track as any in the British Isles. There is an unknown Devon, but Mr. Peach has missed it. It does not lie on the coast, or on the moors, or on the rivers. It lies north-west of Winkleigh, it lies north-east of Barnstaple, it lies round Tiverton and round Honiton. Mr. Peach finds it at Ladram Bay, and indeed it is one of the loveliest and reddest of all southern coves, but surely all the summer visitors to Sidmouth and Budleigh throng there. He is better advised when he dilates

upon the joys of Blackpool and Beesands, because there is solitude occasionally to be found between Dartmouth and Start Point. Mr. Peach is a North Countryman, and as such sees many things that we natives miss. I have known and loved Bideford all my life, but before I read Mr. Peach it never struck me that its main peculiarity was the fact that there they hold pony races and yacht races over the same course on the same day. "That," as Mr. Peach delightfully says, "is what an estuary ought to be." It is of course hard to read any book on any county without coming across something that one did not know before, but I now want to return to Tavistock to find out more about Eulalia Glanville, who was burned alive at Barnstaple in 1590 for murdering her husband (was he the judge whose monument, dated 1600, stands in the church ?) and more about Mary Fitz, who was three times a wife at the age of sixteen, and whose fourth husband was Sir Richard Grenville. Her father's tomb is in this church. Was it Eulalia or was it Mary who was the heroine of Ben Jonson and Dekker's play, "Page, of Plymouth" ? I have hitherto avoided Topsham, quite by accident, so I could not be expected to know anything about Isabel de Fortibus, that resourceful lady who revenged herself some seven hundred years ago on the burgesses of Exeter by throwing an impassable weir across their waterway, which for three hundred years gave Topsham the trade that should have belonged to Exeter. What is less excusable is that I did not know before that Henry VII led Perkin Warbeck through the streets of Exeter, that Charles I's daughter, Henrietta, was born in that city, and that in her great days over a hundred thousand pounds' worth of wool was sold weekly in the courtyard of the

New Inn. There are not many facts of this kind in Mr. Peach's book, but in spite of its many shortcomings I should advise everyone who cares about the county to take with him on his next visit a copy of "Unknown Devon," if only for the admirable sketches of Gyrth Russell, which certainly whet one's appetite to revisit such delectable places as Beer, Otterton, Shapton, Portlemouth, and Dittisham, and to climb once more on to Woodbury, where Raleigh as a boy must often have roamed from his home at Hayes Barton, and re-enact the battle between Devon and Cornwall in 1549, and the great scare when Napoleon was expected to attempt a landing every night. It was Mr. Russell's illustration of Welcombe that reminded me that it was here that in 1792 cruel Coppinger the Dane was rescued from a wreck, received into the house of Mr. Wm. Arthur, of Golden Park, married Ann Hamlyn, and for ten years made an evil reputation for himself as a smuggler. While a guest at Golden Park he scratched on a window-pane the words: "D. H. Coppinger, shipwrecked, December 23rd, 1792. Kindly received by Mr. Wm. Arthur."

It seems queer to find the Satanic villain of Clemence Dane's play, "Granite," possessing initials. Mr. Peach, to speak after the manner of Hamlet, brutally explodes the legend of the Brutus Stone at Totnes, which is supposed to mark the landing place of the ancestor of all the Britons. It is apparently the Bruiter's Stone, from which the town-crier bruited abroad the news. It is on this stone that the Mayor, who takes precedence over the Lord Mayor of London, stands when he proclaims the accession of a King. While he was at it, I should have liked Mr. Peach to have taken us to Throwleigh and shown us that ace

of diamonds painted on a panel of the wainscot of William Northmore's bedroom at Wonson, which the gambler cursed every night to commemorate his loss of £17,000 on that card. He might have made time to take us to Tamerton Foliot and shown us the Copleston oak, under which John Copleston killed his godson by throwing a dagger at him for daring to reprimand him for gross talk. To avoid being hanged, Copleston had to part with thirteen manors in Cornwall, and the estates of the Coplestons fell to heiresses. Not enough has been made of this charming story by the compilers of tracts, to whom I herewith commend it. I should like Mr. Peach to have taken us to Stavelton and shown us the home of John Rowe, James II's High Sheriff, who became a Roman Catholic to stand in well with the Stuarts, only to die of fright within twelve days of the landing of William of Orange. While he was showing us round Sidmouth he forgot to tell us of those cottages swept away by the storm of 1824, in one of which lived the famous Mrs. Partington. When the House of Lords tried to stop the Reform Bill in 1831, Sidney Smith compared them to Mrs. Partington, who tried to keep out the ocean with a mop. "She was excellent at a slop or puddle," said Sidney Smith, "but should never have meddled with a tempest." He might have taken us out of the town on to Castle Hill, just out of Sidbury, and shown us where the stout-hearted women of Devon dressed in red cloaks and marched up and down carrying broomsticks in order to make Napoleon think that they were soldiers if he landed on the shore below. I should like him to have taken us to Chave's house at Sampford Peverell, and shown us the spot where for three years an arm without a body made

itself manifest, and thence to Sampford Courtenay, where the Devon Rebellion of 1549 broke out. It was ordered that the first English Book of Common Prayer should be used exclusively after Whit-Sunday in that year. The villagers compelled their priest to return to the old Latin Mass. The rebellion quickly spread, and the malcontents marched to Crediton, where the thatched barns in which they took cover were burned and they had to escape. A friar called Hellions tried to quieten the peasants of Sampford, who got so angry with him that they cut him in pieces ; they then buried him in the churchyard, laying his body north and south. The body of the Vicar of St. Thomas', Exeter, was left hanging on his tower for four years after. I should like to go again to Ringmore, where the Royalist rector in the Civil War planted some cannon in a field and kept the bridge over the Avon. Boatloads of Roundheads were despatched with orders to hang him on the first tree, but he managed to find refuge in a secret room in the church tower, where he was fed secretly for three months by his parishioners. Mr. Peach is a little superior to our West Country superstitions, so I suppose he resisted the temptation to take us to Fitz's well easily. This moorland spring was enclosed by John Fitz (Mary's husband ?) in 1568. He and his wife were pixy-led until they reached this water, where their eyes were opened and the " good people " had no further power over them. Not far away is Childe's Cross, where the monks of Tavistock found Childe's corpse in the snow, and, scrawled on a stone in the blood of his horse, which he cut open, these words :

" Who finds and brings me to my grave
My lands in Plymstock he shall have."

He might have taken us to Ashe House, Musbury, where the Drakes lived and the Duke of Marlborough was born, or to Burrough House, Northam, where Amyas Leigh lived in fiction, and Stephen and William Burroughs in reality. Stephen Burroughs, born in 1525, was master of *Edward Bonaventure*, when the Willoughby expedition sailed into the White Sea and imagined themselves in Russia. In 1556, Burroughs ventured again into the Arctic in a pinnace drawing only four feet of water, with the idea of finding a north-east passage to Cathay. He actually penetrated to the Kava Sea. If as a good Yorkshireman he didn't wish to emphasise too much the greatness of our worthies he might have taken us to see the unworthies of Nymet Rowland, where dwelt the Devon savages who were only dispersed by disease and fire from their mud hovels, or the rock of Blackistone, where the unworthy mother, hearing the bells of Moretonhampstead ring for the fair, left her baby, only to find on her return from the revels that three ravens had picked it to the bone. It is difficult to know whether to class Sir William Hankford of Monkleigh, Lord Chief Justice from 1414 to 1422, as worthy or unworthy. Having had enough of life, in the service of that none too pleasant King, Henry V, he summoned his keeper and charged him to shoot at any man who refused to stand and speak when he challenged him on his rounds. The sequel can be guessed. We are in less doubt about Elizabeth Champernowne of Modbury, described by Prince as a "frolic lady, that married William Polyglas within three days after father's death: and within two days after her husband Polyglas's death, she was married again unto John Cergeaux. By Polyglas she left issue a son, that was an ideot, and

died of the plague." It was Sir Richard Champernowne of Modbury, the fame of whose instrumentalists was so great, who took his men at Henry VIII's demand to Windsor to play to him. After some time he was sent home without recompense. When Queen Elizabeth sent for him he refused, saying that his earlier excursion had crippled him. " I'll cripple him further," said the Queen, and robbed him of most of his manors by way of punishment. It would be worth going over to Knowstone, where John Froude was for forty-nine years rector and reported to have been torn to pieces by his hounds. In point of fact he died of rage because a young farmer removed a shrub from the front of his window. It was his playful practice to hire desperadoes to set on fire the houses and hayricks of the men who offended him. Haccombe, too, is worth a visit if only for the sake of the Carews. It was a Carew who wagered a Champernowne that he would swim his horse further into the sea at Tor Bay. He won, saved the life of his opponent, and fixed the horse-shoes to the church door. The Carews, like the Copplestones, the Cruwys and the Cokers, were in Devon before the Conquest. The Carews date from Othere, Edward the Confessor's Constable of Windsor. His son Gerald married Nest, daughter of the Prince of South Wales, who had been placed as a child as a hostage with Henry I, who seduced her. About 1108, Owen fell in love with her, and attended by fourteen others, set fire to Gerald's castle and carried her off, not unwillingly. In the ensuing fight Owen was killed and Nest restored to her husband. Mr. Peach should, I think, have taken us to Buckland Abbey, at Buckland Monachorum, to see the tree in which Sir Francis Drake sat through the night dressed all in white to

discover how the stones of his newly enlarged Abbey were being removed. He was well rewarded for his vigil, for the earth opened and twenty black devils rushed out and began to pull down his building, whereupon with splendid resource and not a little courage he began to crow like a cock and flap his arms. The devils looking up saw a white bird crowing, and thinking it was morning fled. Fiends and black dogs breathing fire also appeared on Dartmoor to celebrate the death of Richard Cabell of Brooke, at Buckfastleigh, in 1677. Cabell's reputation was such that his mourners were not content with placing a particularly heavy stone over his body, but they built a penthouse over it with iron gratings, to prevent his rising to haunt his neighbours. Another Devon unworthy was William Lang, the vicar of Bradworthy in 1640. He began as a sand carrier, continued as vicar and bailiff simultaneously, forged many warrants, fled to Ireland, returned as solicitor, opened a public-house at the vicarage, and made his daughter catechise the children from the pulpit. He ended, not unnaturally, in a London gaol. We come again into contact with a John Fitz at Bickleigh, for it was there that Sir John of Fitzford quarrelled with and killed Sir Nicholas Slanning in 1599. From Ashton came the notorious Elizabeth Chudleigh, who first married Captain Harvey privately as the result of an after-dinner bet, afterwards became Duchess of Kingston, and eventually had to flee the country to escape the consequences of bigamy. Alwington is an important place, for it was the home of Sir William Coffin, Master of the Horse at the Coronation of Anne Boleyn, who procured a revision of the Burial Fees. He saw in Bideford churchyard a concourse of people

in commotion, and discovered that the priest refused to bury the body of a poor man until he received his fee of the dead man's cow. Sir William ordered the priest to perform his office, and the priest refused, whereupon the knight told the bystanders to bury the priest in the grave alive. This had nearly been done when he cried for mercy. The matter was reported and Sir William, summoned before Parliament, secured an Act to limit the burial fees for the poor.

Mr. Peach does take us to Dean Prior to see Robert Herrick, and to Hayes Barton to see Raleigh, but having started that very profitable line of country why did he not go on and show us John Ford's home at Ilsington, and Charles Kingsley's house at Holne? Few places are lovelier than Bishop Jewel's birthplace in that farm above Berrynarbor. There is no lack of worthies whose homes are as delightfully picturesque as their lives were interesting. I doubt if there could be a better way of exploring Devon than by taking a copy of Prince and going the round of the historic houses therein mentioned. In no other county does one encounter so many entrancing legends and stories of the old families. In Devon whenever you chance on a manor house you will be wise to linger until a native can be found to relate the fortunes of the squires who once owned it.

Turn over the pages of Prince and what excellent things there are to amuse if not to edify about these Devon worthies. There is Baldwin Ackland "threatening to garter the Mayor of Exeter's hose with his bowels" should he dare oppose him. There is William Adams, the adventurous sailor, whose life was saved by finding a tortoise asleep in the sea. There is Gertrude Carew, who married William Cary, who, reproached

by her father for being melancholy on the morning after her wedding replied, " With great reason : for yesterday 'twas care-you, now 'tis care-I." There is Amias Chichester, who had nineteen sons, every one of which had four sisters. When they all went to church the first would be in the church-porch before the last would be out of the house. There is Sir Humphrey Gilbert crying aloud to his crew as he was being swallowed up by the waves, " We are so near to Heaven here at sea as at land." And we feel of the county as we do of the people that the Gilbert motto epitomises all ; " Mallem mori, quam mutare."

V

DORSET

A deep country full of pasture, yielding plenty of well-fed beaves, muttons and milch kyne.

I RARELY escape far afield from Sussex these days, but twice in the last two years, at Easter, I have run away as far as Bournemouth, which is not in itself a place in which to settle down, but is an admirable centre owing to its "fleet" of motor charabancs. During my four years as a master at Sherborne I explored the northern part of Dorset on foot and bicycle with some thoroughness. I remember Trent Manor, where Charles II hid from his pursuers; I remember Montacute and Cadbury Rings, supposed to be the "original and only" Camelot, but now I discover that they are not in Dorset; I remember dashes to the sea at Lyme Regis and Weymouth on half-holidays to bathe; I remember that there were badgers on High Stoy, and I am never likely to forget the grass growing in the main street of deserted Cerne Abbas, but I did not learn what Dorset really has to show until I began to explore the county by charabanc from Bournemouth. There is an after-lunch excursion to Shaftesbury for six shillings which cuts through the very heart of the county. For some miles of course you have to watch the mushroom bungalow towns that stand where once stood pine forests and gorse-clad heaths. There are, however, still the green valleys of the clear Stour and Avon. We were taken out by

way of Canford Magna, once the home of Lord Wimborne, now a Low Church Public School, the boys of which, on Sundays at any rate, wear wide-brimmed straw hats, black suits and dark blue raincoats. The influence on their characters of the buildings and surroundings, which are exquisite, has yet to be proved. It is the youngest of all schools. It lies just to the south of Wimborne, a town entirely over-shadowed by its Minster, the Norman lantern tower of which is one of the most beautiful imaginable, being constructed of red Ringwood sandstone. Canford to me is memorable not for its school, but for its one-time lady of the manor, Ela, who was given in marriage by Richard Cœur de Lion to William de Longespée, son of Henry II by Fair Rosamond. While William was away on the Crusades, Hubert de Burgh tried to get Ela to believe that her husband was drowned, but she preferred to believe him alive, as he was. On his return William revenged himself on de Burgh, but was in the end poisoned by him at a feast at Sarum, whereupon Ela became a nun and an abbess. William's tomb in Salisbury Cathedral, surmounted by his effigy clad in chain mail, is the outstanding glory of all the tombs in the Cathedral. There are two roads from Wimborne to Blandford, one of which passes through Corfe Mullen, which Henry Lamb has painted. We were taken by the upland road through the Kingston Lacy woods and the amazing avenue of 676 beech trees that skirts the southern side of Badbury Rings. Here are three circles with colossal ramparts crowned with a pine wood. It is only just over 300 feet above sea level, but the view stretches all over the Isle of Purbeck to the south and the Blackmore Vale to the north. It is here that King Arthur in A.D. 520 defeated the

The green mantle of the standing pool.

Shakespeare.

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West Saxons under Cedric. It is here that the wise man would leave the charabanc and the road and take to the Icknield Way or Ackling Dyke, which cuts north-east and south-west through the Rings on its way from Salisbury to Dorchester and Bridport. When I have walked this way from end to end I shall begin to know something of the glory of Dorset. At present, gleaned from a motor charabanc, are glimpses for which one is grateful, but they are not the real thing. It is with something of a shock that one sees, further on, a golf course over the Celtic earthworks at Buzbury Rings, a circle where depressions still mark the pit-dwellings. This country above the Tarrent valley, as all those who served with the Royal Naval Division well remember, is wild and open, not unlike parts of Salisbury Plain. There still stand the white scars of trenches to mark the sojourn here of the men who afterwards died in Gallipoli. Blandford is a little overshadowed by the splendour of Lord Portman's house and park of Bryanston. It is memorable to me by reason of the fact that it is the only place where I have ever hunted with beagles on an aniseed trail. Considering that the country is overrun by hares as big as any I ever saw in Lincolnshire it is all rather strange. The valley north of Blandford is extraordinarily lovely. For a little way we follow the Stour. At Hod Hill and Hambledon we pass below two important strongholds of the Britons, the defences of which seem as well-defined now as they must have been two thousand years ago. Hambledon has a particularly formidable series of entrenchments, rising steep and sheer, defended in turn by Britons, Romans, Saxons and Danes, and lastly, most ignominiously by the " Clubmen " in 1645, who were quickly driven out

by Cromwell's dragoons. Then come at quick intervals a succession of minute villages, Steepleton Iwerne, famous for its Smugglers' Lane, and Sir Randolf Baker's lovely house, which looks like three square Georgian mansions in a row, connected by a narrow cloister ; Shroton, where I used to stay in the long-ago with my godfather, the parson who captained the Dorset cricket eleven ; Iwerne Minster, the home of the Ismays ; Sutton Waldron ; Fontwell Magna, where there used to be a maypole ; Compton Abbas, under the lee of Melbury, on the sides of which we saw a magpie tearing up a white rabbit ; Cann in the dip, and then, after a final climb, Shaftesbury perched on its lonely hill. The hotel is strangely called the Grosvenor, and contains in its huge rectangular coffee-room a gigantic wooden sideboard elaborately carved to depict the Battle of Chevy Chase. It was crowded out on this May-day Sunday with charabanc parties, and I was glad to escape to the walk on the southern side, from which the whole Blackmore Vale is visible. Four black-eyed children came to smile at us as we drove off, and actually blushed as we smiled back. For once they appeared not to want our money. We took the zigzag road to Charlton Down, a bare piece of chalk down reminiscent of the Sussex Downs and Salisbury Plain. Soon we descended towards Cranborne Chase to Tollard Royal, where lived that famous General Pitt-Rivers, who provided, for the amusement of the countryside at the Larmer Tree, delectable entertainments of extraordinary magnificence. First-rate actors were hired from London and famous orchestras, while at the Farnham Museum, described by our guide as the " Gipsy School," there is a model of the ancient British-Roman village of

Woodcuts, and a collection of the implements and coins found there. In the private grounds of Crichel, Lord Arlington's home, we were surprised to find vast crowds of golfers. We did not then know that the Bournemouth authorities disapprove of Sabbath golf, and so drive their visitors to Dorset. Close by the White Farm is the village of Wychampton, with an exquisite Tudor brick manor-house and a succession of thatched cottages, each with its garden of bee-hives and wallflowers. Thence we returned by way of Hinton Parva and Wimborne to Bournemouth.

On the morning of this May-day I explored for the first time in my life the harbour of Poole. Drawn up alongside the quay were the yellow-funnelled *Monarch* and white-funnelled *Bournemouth Queen*, neither of which ply their trade on Sunday, a gaily beflagged white cargo boat, *Apollinaris II*, of Goeningen, a general cargo boat, *Capable*, of London, with a grey-haired, hatless occupant in trim dark-blue mufti, striding to and fro, twitching with anger or St. Vitus', and declaiming to the sky some verses of his own composition. There were colliers and yachts, tugs and pilots, the destroyers H. 68 and 53 being broken up for scrap-iron, a bridge of cement and iron, and buildings on the quay of immemorial antiquity. The owner of the motor-launch *Good Luck* took me up an alley to see all that remains of the old wall, now crowned with wallflowers, and the iron bars of the prison where smugglers were incarcerated at the back of the long, low, church-like building, where their goods were impounded. Here too he proudly pointed out the red and yellow Paradise Street, "the only street in England without a house in it," he said, meaning that it was solely occupied by stores. I was thinking of

Henry Lamb's flamboyant painting of the street in the Leicester Galleries. A queer place, Poole. The approach from Bournemouth is by way of unending pine trees and red-brick houses almost smothered by them, queerly depressing in the rain. Then there is a long street of Victorian houses leading to the quay, which is almost entirely surrounded by warehouses. Either there isn't a great deal to see or I was unusually blind. Half an hour was enough before setting out for Sandbanks in the motor-boat. The interest of this journey lies in Branksea Island, which is covered with gorse and woods and has a castle at the eastern end, with a private quay just opposite the newly-developed Sandbanks, where we found a new hotel full of verandahs, where those who are inclined to be gay in Bournemouth dance on Sundays. We were assured that champagne flowed freely. Unwisely we elected to lunch at the Café next door for cheapness' sake, and found that the salmon for which we paid 1s. 6d. each was tinned. There is nothing to attract the visitor at Sandbanks. Barbed-wire fences protect the gardens and there is no beach worth speaking of. On the other side of the ferry, at Shell Bay, there appeared to be more elbow-room. Nearly always on my visits to Bournemouth I have taken the motor charabanc excursion to Weymouth. Until Lychett is reached the way is dolefully prim, new and suburban, but after the inn of St. Peter's Fingers it improves quickly. The Naval cordite factory, with its immense and unscalable iron fence, rather adds to the grimness of the desolate heath that stretches to the south as far as the Purbeck hills. Long before you are ready for it comes Wareham, an ancient town of engrossing interest and beauty. The first thing you notice about

it is the green rampart above the Puddle on the north, and the green rampart above the Frome on the south, where the inhabitants lie at their leisure and bask in the sun. It is amazing how often one rushes through this strangely deserted mound in the valley on the way to Corfe and Swanage, or Lulworth and Weymouth, and fails altogether to stop and listen to its own history. Once, like Rye and Winchelsea, it was a seaport, and in Edward III's day provided three ships towards the fleet which besieged Calais. In the very earliest days it was a stronghold, built by Bronze-Age Celts; in Saxon days it was a great town. It was raided by pirates, the Danes snatched it from the Saxons in 876, Canute burnt it, in 1142 Stephen burnt it, in the Civil Wars it was singled out for the uncomfortable distinction of being "slighted," and in 1762 it burnt itself. One of its rectors, William Wake, was taken prisoner nineteen times, and his son eighteen times during the Civil War. The green banks that look so peaceful and almost dull now are fuller of history than the walls of Chester. On the walls is the ivy-covered church of St. Martin, open once a year. After running parallel with the winding and clear Frome, the road, if you are going to Lulworth, turns south-west over Holme Bridge and across the apparently charred heath of Bovington to East Lulworth, where there is a most pleasant inn within a mile of Arish Mell, one of the loveliest and quietest of coves, with excellent bathing. The village is overshadowed by the park and the castle of Mr. Weld-Blundell, the owner of one of the finest yachts that ever raced at Cowes. The house is four-square, with a circular tower at each corner. There are very wide stone steps leading up to the front entrance, and the servants are all dressed in a

mulberry-coloured livery. When I last saw him the owner was extremely agitated at the presence of the tanks, who appeared to be permanently encamped within a stone's throw of his house. West Lulworth, with its Cove, is a couple of miles further on and rarely, in the summer, quiet. Nothing could ever spoil the perfect blue circular gem in its setting of white chalk, with its tiny specks of red sails and multi-coloured bathing suits. The grassy mound on the west is, however, liable to be almost black with excursionists. It is not a village in which to be stranded for the night. I once found myself altogether unable to find a resting-place until Sir Alfred Fripp took pity on me and invited me to sleep in his summer-house. It was in his company that I picked my way gingerly among the dud shells fired from the tanks on Bindon Hill. There is exquisite bathing to be had off the Mupe Rocks, where the cliffs are streaked with yellow and red and black and white. The walk along the cliffs to the east, past Durdle Door, to Osmington Mills, is worth taking, but it is very much worth while going inland to Poxwell, to see the grey gabled manor-house in the trees, for its ivy-clad gate-house is one of the most picturesque in the country, and looks like a giant stone casket. There is a stone circle of great antiquity above the village, and barrows and tumuli are scattered all along the crest of the hill on the side of which George III rides his white horse. Weymouth Bay gives me the same sort of feeling that I get on first seeing the sweep of a clipper. It is almost too symmetrical. The houses are mainly of the Regency period, and seem to have been built for Jane Austen characters to live in. There is fun to be got out of watching *Reindeer* and *Roebuck*, and the other Channel

Island boats come in and go out ; there is fun to be got out of the battleships in Portland Harbour, but Weymouth itself, like Eastbourne, faces the wrong way. It gets no afternoon sun worth speaking of. It is also dull. It boasts one extremely good hotel, the Gloucester, once the haunt of George III, now owned by Lady Honywood. The road out of Weymouth to Dorchester passes two amazing camps, Maiden Castle, easily the largest British earthwork in existence, standing in solitary state on the open downs, with a circumference of two and a quarter miles, and Maumbury Rings, a Roman amphitheatre, where in 1705 Mary Channing, at the age of nineteen, was strangled and burned in the presence of ten thousand men and women for poisoning with white mercury the man whom her parents had forced her to marry. Eighteen weeks before she died she bore a child in prison. The last time I was in Dorchester I was in one of the Bournemouth charabancs, and my fellow-travellers elected to " stop for refreshments " rather than go round by way of Max Gate to see the home of Thomas Hardy. During the four years that I was a master at Sherborne I was often in Dorchester, but I can remember nothing whatever about it. I know that it was ravaged by the Danes, was visited by the plague, often burnt, and during the War contained a number of German prisoners. It was of course here that Judge Jeffreys opened his Bloody Assize. As one looks at his portrait by Kneller, there seems something to be said for Lord Birkenhead's defence of this strange man, whose looks were so refined, and whose behaviour was so ruffianly. The outstanding feature of modern Dorchester is its avenues of sycamores, limes and chestnuts. The way back to Bournemouth runs through

Troy Town and Puddletown, in whose church there still remains a singing gallery for the choir dated 1635, and the tombs of the family of Martin, the squires of Athelhampton from 1250 to 1595. All these Puddle villages are as interesting as they are picturesque. Tolpuddle looks as if nothing had ever disturbed its peace and yet it can lay some claim to have played its part in the formation of Trades Unions, for six of its inhabitants were transported in 1834 for daring to ask for a rise in wages from eight shillings to nine shillings. To commemorate this action Arthur Henderson unveiled a memorial to them in 1912. Affpuddle and Bryant's Puddle are perhaps the most secluded of the Puddle towns. Bere Regis is the capital. It has a church of exceptional beauty, containing a fine canopied tomb belonging to the Turbervilles, who once lived in the great manor-house, of which the only traces are white ruins about a foot high in a field of cottages. Yet Queen Elfrida lived here after the murder of her stepson, Eadward, at Corfe. King John used it as a hunting-box, and later Simon de Montfort owned it. In Henry VIII's reign it passed to the Turbervilles, and remained in their possession for centuries. At Wool, close to the river and ancient grey stone bridge, stands the Jacobean Turberville manor-house, where Tess worked and met Alec. These villages have another claim to literary fame, for it is about their inhabitants that Mr. T. F. Powys writes so sombrely and so brilliantly in his novels. To the passer-by in the charabanc the Dorset labourer seems dignified, full of character and wit, but in Mr. Powys' eyes he is usually demented, half-witted or beastly. A place to which every visitor to the county rushes is Milton Abbas, where every

thatched cottage has its own chestnut tree alongside, and there is a great grey cathedral on a lawn. There is an effigy to Lady Caroline Milton, which has earned high praise from Sir Frederick Treves, who also lavishes praise on the manor-house of Bingham's Melcombe, a few miles away. It is a highly ornate building of gables and casements, flagged paths, grey quadrangles, chiselled coats of arms, terraces and stone steps, with an ancient bowling-green sheltered by a yew hedge fourteen feet high and eighteen feet thick, a water-wheel, fish-ponds, and a circular dove-cot of stone. It is at once the oldest and loveliest house of its kind in Dorset. For over six hundred years the Binghams held this house, and one of the family was present at the great sea-fight of Lepanto, where the author of "Don Quixote" lost a hand. There is a winding stone staircase of Edward II's time in the buttressed gatehouse, which leads to rooms that are still used. The front is terraced and the arms are cut in stone on a projecting gable. The desk at which Wordsworth wrote most of his poetry is preserved in this house, and a table supposed to have been taken from one of the Armada galleons. It is of Spanish chestnut, and bears the arms of some Spanish nobleman in the centre. It stands on the same sea-chest that served for its base on board the galleon. Sir Bevil Grenville married an ancestor of the present owner. The walk from Bingham's Melcombe to Cerne Abbas over the hills is desolate and lonely. It is geographically the very heart of Dorset. At Cerne once stood a Benedictine Abbey, founded by an Earl of Cornwall in 987. Its first abbot, Ælfric, translated his Homilies from Latin into Anglo-Saxon, which are still obtainable. Canute plundered the

place. Margaret of Anjou, landing at Weymouth on the very day of the battle of Barnet, took refuge there on her way to Tewkesbury, where her son Edward was murdered by Clarence of Gloucester. It was at Cerne that Margaret met the monk Morton, who afterwards, as Bishop of Ely, was so powerful an ally to the cause of Henry Tudor and the House of Lancaster. There is an exquisite two-storied oriel window in the gatehouse of the Abbey, which still stands in a deserted garden. There is a fine flint church, and a great giant carved on the hill-side, 180 feet high, holding a club 120 feet long, in fingers each seven feet in length. It bears some resemblance to the Long Man of Wilmington, where also stood a Benedictine Abbey. Both figures are probably early British work. The road from here to Sherborne lies by way of Minterne, rebuilt by the brother of the first Duke of Marlborough, over High Stoy, which is wooded, a haunt of badgers, and the best view-point in the county, to the lovely Middle Marsh, and by a very straight road, lined with trees, to West Hill, from which one gets the finest view of Sherborne. Here, if anywhere in England, should schoolboys be steeped in the beauty of mediæval England. It is in many ways the most lovely of all English little towns. It is true that the stream that trickles through it, the Yeo, is not the shining brook that it ought to be, having given the place its name, and it is equally true that the girls' school is too new and glaring to be in harmony with the rest of the town, but nothing can rob the Abbey, the Castle, or the school of its exquisite charm. It is of course, too, one of the finest hunting centres outside Leicestershire. It was King Ine who made it the seat of a bishopric in 705. The first bishop was the famous Aldhelm,

the first Anglo-Saxon to write in Latin, and a man of valour. Three or four of the Bishops of Sherborne fell fighting against the Danes. It was Bishop Ealhstan who just beat them, and it was Wessex alone, of which Sherborne was the capital, that seemed able to withstand their onslaughts. Two of King Alfred's brothers, themselves kings, Æthelbald and Æthelbert, were buried at Sherborne. It was not till 1075 that the seat of the see was moved to Old Sarum. It kept up, however, its large population and its importance through the Middle Ages, owing to its traffic in wool, cloth and silk weaving, the last of which is still its main industry. Roger of Caen, Bishop of Sarum and Abbot of Sherborne, pulled down the eighth-century Saxon church of Aldhelm to make a vast Norman Abbey, and in 1122 gave Sherborne an abbot of its own, with nine manors for its maintenance. There was a great fire in 1437, traces of which can still be seen in the discoloured walls, and the chapel of Our Lady of Bow was cut off in 1560 and converted into a residence for the master of the school. In my time it was used as Masters' Common Room and the sitting-room and bedroom of Sixth form tutor. In the fifteenth century there was a very serious conflict between the parishioners and priests on one side and the monks and abbey dignitaries on the other. The lower part of the nave had been conceded to the townsfolk as a parish church. The monks then narrowed a door, and the font, alleged to have been moved to an inconvenient position, was the occasion of much ill-feeling. The townspeople set up a font of their own and rang their own bells, and the quarrel became more and more acute. An investigation held by Bishop Bradford in 1437 led to the removal of the new font

and the enlargement of the door, but neither the clergy nor the parishioners were satisfied, and Walter Gallor, a butcher, was induced by the monks to deface the font stone, and the townspeople, under the Earl of Huntingdon, rose in rebellion, a priest of Alhalowes setting fire to the thatched roof of the church, with the result that the lead and the bells melted. It happened that the restoration of the church was being carried out at the time and the damage done by the fire destroyed the choir and tower. The reconstructed choir is said to be the most perfect piece of Perpendicular work in existence, and indeed I can think of no other church where magnificence is so harmonious. Nowhere else does one get quite that soaring sense given by the vertical lines of the pillars as they climb before spreading fan-wise over the vaults. At the Dissolution the Abbey Church passed to Sir John Horsey, who sold it to the people for 100 marks. He and his son both lie buried here, as well as Sir Thomas Wyatt, the poet, and the Digby family. The black oak roof is supposed to have been brought over from Ireland by the last Earl of Bristol. The tenor bell, "Great Tom," weighs three tons and was given by Wolsey. The school was founded in 705, at the same time as the Cathedral Church. King Alfred was most probably at school here, and Stephen Harding, the founder of the Cistercian Order, was educated here in the eleventh century. At the Dissolution Sir John Horsey leased it back to the governors and restored the endowment. What was the old school is now the school-house dining-hall. The old Guesten Hall is the library, and the Abbot's Hall is the chapel. The Abbot's lodging and kitchens are now studies and class-rooms. The Abbey conduit has been removed to Cheap Street.

The Castle of Sherborne was built by Roger of Caen, taken by Stephen in 1139, and remained in the possession of the Crown until Bishop Wyrlle demanded it from Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, and challenged him to fight for it. The castle was surrendered to him for a money payment. It was leased to Queen Elizabeth, who sub-let it to Sir Walter Raleigh, to whom it was afterwards granted by letters patent. Raleigh conveyed it to his son, but owing to a technical flaw in the draft, James I seized it at Raleigh's death and gave it to Robert Carr. On Carr's fall from grace it went to Sir John Digby, first Earl of Bristol. In the Civil War it was taken after a vigorous siege by Fairfax, in spite of the fact that the "Clubmen" on this occasion helped the Royalists. It was then "slighted." The new castle is H-shaped, and housed the Prince of Orange on his way to London. Pope also stayed here, and the seat on which Raleigh sat and smoked while his servant emptied a flagon of ale over him to put out the fire is still shown. Beyond the school playing-fields to the west lies Bradford Abbas, where there is a church tower over 90 feet high, and a fine stone screen. Just by the railway lies Wyke Farm, the moated home of the Abbots of Sherborne, with a glorious stone barn attached. Trent Manor was a favourite walk of ours from the school, for it was the house where Charles the Second was sheltered after the Battle of Worcester. Having failed to procure a ship at Bristol, he sent on Lord Wilmot in advance to the manor house of Frank Wyndham and himself followed with Mrs. Lane, disguised as her serving-man. He was lodged in Lady Wyndham's chamber, which possessed a secret hiding-place, which is still shown. Colonel Giles Strangeways was approached, but was

unable to do more than help the King with £100. The Roundhead troops actually came to Trent and the bells were rung and bonfires lighted, one trooper recounting how he had killed the King, and showed the villagers the buff coat which he stole from the royal body. Colonel Wyndham went down to Lyme Regis and found there a Captain Ellesdon, who undertook to find a ship. One of his tenants, Stephen Limbry, was the master of a small sailing vessel going to St. Malo. He was warned that his passenger was a gentleman " who had a finger in the pye at Worcester." It was agreed that he should pick up the King at Charmouth. The King disguising himself as William Jackson, rode before Mrs. Coninsby, a cousin of the Wyndhams, and arrived safely at the Charmouth Inn, where he was warned to leave in the long-boat at midnight; Limbry, going ashore for some linen two hours before, was locked in his chamber by his wife who suspected something of his mission. The King waited in vain in the inn, until he was warned to escape to Bridport. A farrier shoeing Lord Wilmot's horse had already spread the rumour that one of its shoes had been set in Worcestershire. The parson, Westly, was communicated with and told Margaret, the landlady, that she was a maid of honour because she had been kissed by a King on his departure. The parson tried to get a warrant for Charles' arrest, but the local justice of the peace did not share his suspicions. The ostler, however, had informed Captain Macy, who started off in pursuit. The King was at the " George," having ridden through a number of Roundheads, who were about to set out to reduce the Channel Islands, where Dorothy Osborne's father was holding out for the Royalist party. The King was

warned of his danger and got to Broad Windsor, where Thomas Fuller was once parson, but forty troopers rode up with the intention of being billeted there. Things might have gone very ill for Charles had not a woman belonging to the Roundheads suddenly given birth to a child, about the burden of whose maintenance considerable argument arose between the parish officers and the troopers. Charles escaped unnoticed and got back safely to Trent. Having tried in vain to get a ship at Southampton, the King left for Heale near Salisbury, while Colonel Gunter managed to negotiate for a ship at Shoreham, from which place, in Tattersall's barque, Charles ultimately escaped, having been immured at Trent for nineteen days. Charmouth has other associations in addition to its failure to do the King service. The Saxons and Danes struggled for supremacy in its streets, Dean Alford was educated there, the ichthyosaurus was discovered there by Mary Anning, remains of elephants and rhinoceros have been unearthed there, and Jane Austen described it in " Persuasion." It is just far enough from Lyme Regis not to be always crowded. Lyme came into prominence in 774, when Cenwulf of Wessex granted land here for salt-boiling for the Abbey of Sherborne. It became a royal borough in 1279, and returned two members to Parliament. The Cobb, a stone pier and breakwater, was built in Edward I's reign, and sent four ships to the siege of Calais. The French set fire to it and sacked it in the reigns of Henry IV and Henry V. It sent two ships against the Armada. Henry VIII actually contributed to the upkeep of the Cobb, which also endeared itself to Elizabeth. Sir Thomas Trenchard of Charminster held it in 1642 for the Parliament, and

remained alone with Poole successful in withstanding the Royalists. Robert Blake, afterwards the Lord High General of the Fleet, defended it for two months, during which time fighting was continuous and famine was only staved off by the expedition under Lord Warwick that came in from the sea. In the end Prince Maurice had to raise the siege and depart without success. To commemorate its magnificent defence, Parliament sent £2,000 and a supply of boots and shoes. Monmouth landed on the Cobb in 1685 and surprisingly received a great welcome from the very people who had so staunchly resisted his grandfather. Defoe was one of his recruits. The Cobb will always be remembered as the scene of one of the very few stirring incidents that occur in Jane Austen's novels. It was here that Louisa Musgrove fell. There was a great landslip there in 1839, which caused the formation of an exquisite Trough. The discoverer of the Bermudas was born here, and also Captain Coram, the founder of the Foundling Hospital, while Miss Mitford spent her childhood in the town. There is a fine piece of tapestry on the west wall of the very old church. The mention of Sir Thomas Trenchard reminds me of Wolfeton, near Charminster, the house to which Philip, Archduke of Austria, and Joanna, his wife, were brought after they were rescued on their journey from Flanders to Spain, and brought to Weymouth. Joanna had put on her richest dress, as she did not wish her drowned body to be mistaken for that of a person of lesser rank. Ten years before, on her way from Spain to Flanders to be married, she was shipwrecked, and most of her attendants were drowned. On this occasion, in the year 1506, as soon as the royal couple were rescued they were

taken straight to the Trenchards' home at Wolfeton, ten miles from Weymouth. A difficulty immediately arose because the host could speak neither Spanish nor French, and the guests knew no English. A young man, John Russell of Berwick House, Bridport, was called in, and so impressed Philip and Joanna that when Henry VII sent the Earl of Arundel to bring the Royal pair to Windsor, they insisted on Russell going with them. John Russell played his cards so well that he kept his head, was made a peer, and at the Dissolution was given Woburn Abbey. In Mary's reign he was sent to Spain to attend Philip to England. He founded the great house of Bedford. Near Wolfeton is Athelhampton, a fine house with an oak spiral staircase of great beauty, made of oak blocks. There is a banqueting-hall with trefoiled roof and oriel window, an ancient dovecot, and some old stained-glass windows. Part of the house dates back to the time of Edward III. In many ways the most interesting place in Dorset, and certainly the most frequently visited is Corfe Castle, where Edward's stepmother, Ælfrida caused him to be stabbed while he was in the act of drinking. His body was exhumed three years afterwards and re-interred at Shaftesbury. Ælfrida insisted on attending this ceremony, and her horse could only be induced to walk backwards. For her offence Ælfrida had to restore Queen Guinevere's nunnery of Amesbury, and herself retired to the nunnery at Whorwell on the Test. Edward II was imprisoned here by Queen Isabella and Roger Mortimer and taken from there to be murdered at Berkeley Castle. In Elizabeth's reign it passed into the hands of Sir Christopher Hatton, and later to the Lady Elizabeth Hatton, who refused Bacon in favour of

his hated rival, Sir Edward Coke. She sold it to Sir John Bankes, a Royalist, who, denounced as a traitor, joined the King at York, leaving his wife, and Hawtrey, to defend the castle. The people of Poole, following an ancient custom, held their annual stag hunt on May Day, and under cover of this, a troop of horse were brought to the castle walls, but just in time Lady Bankes saw through their plan and closed her gates. She had only five men at her command, but she held her own, in spite of two protecting machines, "the Boar and the Sow," behind which the townsmen ventured to the attack. The garrison even sallied out unexpectedly and entirely upset the morale of Sir Walter Erle and his six hundred men. "The Boar and the Sow" were ineffective because the garrison shot at the legs of the invaders, which were visible underneath the shield. The siege in which Lady Bankes had greatly distinguished herself, was eventually raised after six weeks. It is nasty to have to record that Colonel Pitman, one of the officers of the garrison, became a traitor, and pretending that they were a reinforcement, let in a consignment of Roundheads, who pillaged the place and "slighted" it. Lady Bankes' heroism pleased the Roundhead leaders so much that their estates were not confiscate. The Bankes are still lords of the manor, and hold the title of Lord High Admiral of Purbeck. Cranborne Chase is not so often visited, but that too has an entertaining history. In the first place it was a hunting area of nearly a hundred miles in circuit. It came into the possession of King John through his wife, and was a royal forest until James I gave it to the first Cecil to be Lord Salisbury. It was divided into Walks, each of which was divided into Ridings. Before the

disafforestation a hundred years ago it contained twenty thousand deer. It became naturally notorious for poaching, and men of quite good family used to go poaching on the Chase, battles between the keepers and the poachers often ending fatally. It was also the resort of smugglers and vagabonds of all sorts.

VI

HAMPSHIRE (INCLUDING THE ISLE OF WIGHT)

A happy countrey in the foure Elements. Fuller.

IT was, I think, in Hampshire that I first woke up to the glory of the gorse and the quite incommunicable delight that sweeps through one on hearing the cricket ball coming off the bat and seeing figures running in white flannels to and fro in the nets for the first time in the year. My father was taking duty at Shedfield during my Easter holidays. My age may have been fourteen or fifteen. I am uncertain both how old I was and where exactly it is, but whenever the month of May comes round it is of Shedfield I first think, a place of warm open heaths ablaze with broom and furze, of cool evening walks in pine woods, of bicycling to Bishop's Waltham. My next memory of the county is playing in undergraduate days a cricket match at Dummer for the village, the squire of which, Sir Nelson Ryecroft, had a son who was a contemporary of mine at the House. We drove over from Oxford, and the team against which we played, Ryecroft's House at Winchester, drove from the school. It was always fine. It was always a wildly exciting match. It was always followed with the closest interest by the whole village, who were very much the guests of the Squire for the day. Whenever my mind turns to country-

Forth issuing on a Summer's Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farms

Milton.

house cricket it is of Dummer that I think, a house of cool passages, filled with hydrangeas, of gardens where fountains plashed among white statuary, and always there was the hum of bees in the rhododendrons. Then in the years after Oxford came the visit every August to the O.T.C. camps, either at Tidworth Pennings or Tidworth Park, both of which are just over the border in Wiltshire. These were days of torrid sunshine, of long route-marches, of advance-guard and rear-guard actions, of "sing-songs" and "rags," of excursions to Netheravon to see cavalry at work, or in later years aeroplanes. Camp life was good because one slept so amazingly well. It was tedious in so far as after work was over I was not in those days content to sit on Sidbury Hill and look out over the rolling plain, broken only by these quaint tree clumps on the knolls. To bicycle to Stonehenge was pretty strenuous after the day's operations and consequent cleaning and polishing of person, rifle and tent, but we did it once or twice. It sounds feeble, but in spite of the fact that one pored over maps every and all day with the object of forcing a passage here and of looking back at the "pow-wow" afterwards to find out exactly where one had failed there is extremely little that I carried away from the Plain of its ancient history. Ludgershall Church is ancient, and Tidworth Park polo ground and cricket ground are superlatively green, but my affection for chalk downs in those days was not so great as it is now. I associated it too much with military tactics and strategy. It was not until I read Ford Madox Hueffer's best romance, "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes," that I began to see something of the joy of Salisbury. Before that it had been a station on the way to Sherborne and Devon.

Since then it has been as gaily coloured as a herald's coat, and brings to my mind images of crusaders and nuns, mediæval barons and their ladies, falconers and friars, pardoners and pedlars, the Canterbury Pilgrims and the more ancient men who built Stonehenge. When, therefore, I was sent down as a journalist to watch tanks in action on the Meon river, I was better equipped for my job. I then saw Bishop's Waltham as it ought to be seen, with its weed-covered waters and the ruins of the vast palace which William of Wykeham, whose name counts for as much in Hampshire as does that of de Braose in Sussex, rebuilt and enlarged after it had been dismantled by Henry II. Here Richard Cœur de Lion feasted in state before returning to be crowned at Winchester, here Margaret of Anjou slept in the blue bed of gold and damask left her in his will by Cardinal Beaufort, from here the aged William of Wykeham himself was carried away to be buried in his cathedral at Winchester. I found no sign of war, but was permitted to join a lorry of tank repairers going forth to some destination unknown to help someone unknown. We dashed with hideous noise to Corhampton Down, where they dropped me in a wide open space where labourers were looking skyward at aeroplanes and there were field telephones. Whatever battle there had been was over. I walked down a steep lane and arrived in a most lovely valley where was a clear stream called the Meon, wherein trout in great numbers swam among the fresh long-haired green weed. A red bridge crossed it to the Buck's Head, outside which stood troopers and horses. I was not far from the war. The landlord seemed annoyed that the tanks had not destroyed the bridge. "We want a new one," he said. They had made a thorough mess of it and of the

village. I walked north up the valley. Isolated mounted troops passed me; I heard the roar of a tank, and what is more important, I saw two kingfishers dart up the narrow stream. I also heard two herons get up within twenty yards of me. I was sorely tempted to leave the war and make for Broad Halfpenny Down and Hambledon where the great men of Hampshire defeated All England at her greatest game twenty-nine times in ten years, and cricket was played for love, for money, and once for "eleven pairs of white corded dimity breeches and eleven handsome striped pink waistcoats." But Nyren's lure had to be resisted and I made towards Winchester Old Hill at the foot of which I was met by an irate farmer who showed me all the gaps in his hedges which the troops had made in their attack earlier in the morning. He was like a schoolboy pretending to be sick in order to get off work. Never have I heard a case so exaggerated as his. I walked on over the hill and along a tiny railway line to West Meon and debated in my mind whether to pursue the enemy to Winchester or to Petersfield. I decided on Petersfield because a bus passed that went that way and I was entertained by a sapper sergeant *en route*, whose pockets were full of rabbits and whose mind was stored with stories of manœuvres that proved him to be one of Kipling's "Soldiers Three." I found Petersfield to be turned into a camp of the Brigade of Guards. Here Edward Gibbon lived. I like his burial place, Fletching, better. Petersfield is just on the fringe of Sussex, and probably the best place from which to start for Selborne. I found after discreet conversation with officers in the street that all was quiet on the Petersfield front, so I went home to Brighton for the night. When the time came for the big army manœuvres a little later, I made

Winchester my headquarters. My previous knowledge of the city had been confined to a visit to the picturesque country house, which is now become an individualist public school, at Clayesmore. On this occasion I put up at the George, an ancient posting-house in the main street, and before the war began we went off to inspect the Cathedral and college. I know no public school to compare with Winchester in quietness or beauty. Its buildings are unobtrusive, its square tower not unlike that of Merton, its hall a thing of old oak panels and minstrels' gallery, and below it in the buttery hatch, if that is the right name, I saw a stuffed peregrine in a case. A loquacious porter showed us the old cloisters which are exquisite and the chapel which is ordinary, and a silent porter showed us the new cloisters, which form what is probably the most impressive war memorial in the world. The walls are made of local flints which were sweating in the rain. Round the entire four walls of the cloisters runs this message: "Thanks be to God for the service of these five hundred Wykehamists who were found faithful unto death amid the manifold chances of the Great War. In the day of battle they forgat not God, who created them to do His will, nor their country the stronghold of freedom, nor their school, the mother of godliness and discipline. Strong in this three-fold faith they went forth from home and kindred to the battle-fields of the World, and treading the path of duty and sacrifice laid down their lives for mankind. Thou therefore, for whom they died, seek not thine own, but serve as they served, and in peace or in war bear thyself ever as Christ's soldier, gentle in all things, valiant in action, steadfast in adversity."

These memorable words were written by Montagu

Rendall, the then headmaster, and are probably engraved on the hearts of every living Wykehamist. The roof is tiled with Purbeck stone; the name and regiment of every Wykehamist who fell in the War are cut into the sides of the wall, and there are coats of arms of all the allies and famous regiments. In the centre is a green court. The boys have to pass through these cloisters every time they go from house to chapel or to the Meads. Those who believe in the value of environment in education will find confirmation of their faith here, for no other school is placed in surroundings comparable for their historical association and architectural beauty, and the Wykehamist is nearly always as true a lover of beauty as he is of scholarship. No other English city is so steeped in antiquity. It is supposed that it contained 20,000 inhabitants in the Roman times. There were thirty-one bishops, really of Wessex, before the Norman Conquest, one of whom was St. Swithin, in whose days there was a great raid of Vikings, who sacked the city but were afterwards chased back to the sea. Alfred the Great restored the cathedral, and in 1079 Walkelyn, having gained permission from William the Conqueror to fell as many trees as he could in three days in Hempage Wood, managed to get all the timber he wanted for the great church that was dedicated in 1093 and remained, perpendicularised by William of Wykeham, the cathedral as we now know it. William Rufus was buried under the central tower, which immediately collapsed. Henry de Blois, brother of King Stephen, half monk, half knight, was the bishop who collected the bones of the Kings and deposited them in chests; he also founded the Hospital of St. Cross, with the idea of housing thirteen aged men and providing a hundred

poor persons with a meal every day. William of Wykeham, the most famous of her bishops, on account of his business capacity, great wealth and benevolence, founded Winchester College and New College, Oxford, before the end of the fourteenth century. Cardinal Beaufort, Cardinal Wolsey and Stephen Gardiner, who married Queen Mary to Philip II of Spain in the cathedral, were other famous bishops, but Winchester fell on such evil times in the seventeenth century that it was actually proposed to demolish it in 1653. At a first view the massive Norman tower looks squat, but that is because of the immense proportions of the building. As soon as you get inside you get a clear stretch of four hundred feet of an interior the strength and solidity of which are instantly obvious. The marble is of a queer blue-black colour and the pillars seem unexpectedly high. The first memorial one notices is that to Jane Austen, who lies buried in the north aisle. Next I think the most noteworthy features are the solid Norman rounded arches in the north and south transepts, and the six mortuary chests of the English kings resting high above the screens, but the presence of Canute's bones fails to compensate us for the absence of Alfred, whose burial place is still unknown. The chantries are very ornate and Gardiner's fittingly contains the chair on which Queen Mary sat when she was being married. The chantries of Cardinal Beaufort and William of Waynflete attract a good deal of attention, as does the only military effigy in the cathedral, that of Piers Gaveston's father. Izaak Walton lies buried in the south transept. His second wife was step-sister to Ken, the hymn-writer, who refused to give up his house to Nell Gwyn, with the result that Charles II made him bishop of Bath and Wells.

"I am not virtuous myself," said Charles, "but I can respect those who are."

By great good luck we happened to be in Winchester on the first Monday morning of the Michaelmas term, on which day at 7.30 the whole school has to climb to the top of St. Catherine's Hill for a roll-call. Prayers are said by the Headmaster and a hymn sung, "Dulce Domum," while the boys in black stand in an irregular crescent on an ancient barrow. Below lies the winding Itchen, the great cathedral and city wreathed in a blue mist, and to the south the fine church of St. Cross. We scrambled down the steep chalk hill and made for the hospital. Soon we were standing in the quietest quadrangle in the world. The brothers came out of communion as we waited, some wearing the red gown of Beaufort, others wearing a black gown with the cross of Jerusalem on it. We were shown over the Norman church by a very proud brother, who kept on emphasising his relationship with the very great. His aspirates were careless. Ale is supplied in horn cups, and bread on wooden platters at the buttery hatch; in the Master's gardens there is a fish pond, which has secured immortality in a picture. The river lies on its east side and the walk up the bank to the cottage is the most tranquil imaginable.

The north and west sides of Winchester were entirely given up to soldiers' camps. When we first saw them they were a sea of mud because torrential rain set in for the whole week of the manœuvres. On our first evening we got drenched to the skin in a motor-bicycle and side-car going over the war-area. It was at dusk that we drove down the drive of a long avenue to a lonely country house on the Test, and I was shown by my hostess rooms which she assured me were haunted.

She desired to let rooms but no one would stay. For the purpose of the war I couldn't have done better than stay there, for it was in No Man's Land between the armies, but I was prevailed upon to return to the more civilised Winchester. Curiously enough I went nearer to losing my life near that house than I have ever been before. There are two main roads that cross at right angles and precisely as we drove across we hit a Ford van. A soldier in a tin hat lying by the side of the road seeing the accident said " Christ ! " and fainted. The van lost its wheels and finished up in a ditch. We wobbled along for a hundred yards and then stopped our career. Everyone was so excited and surprised at being alive that no words of recrimination passed. Most of the next few days were spent in driving in the rain to Andover and Whitchurch. We saw Whitchurch bombarded, taken and re-taken, and chanced upon Divisional Headquarters in a lonely inn exactly at the moment when aeroplanes swooped on it to bomb it. The weather was so bad that the troops who had struck camp and had to bivouac at night were getting restive. On every road we met long slow-moving dismal cavalcades of men marching. Only on the last day when we moved over the river to Stockbridge as far as Grateley, was there any real fun, and then we stood in the tiny village of Cholderton and watched tanks fire at each other point-blank with deafening din. Earlier in the week I had been for a ride in one of these machines, a hot business in which I had to spend most of my time in protecting my head from steel projections. This last day ended in a wild charge over the plain to provide a spectacle for the military attachés of other countries. I cannot think that they went away with any very exalted opinion of our

military tactics. The exercise was supposed to be an experiment in machines against men, and opinions differed as to the winners. So far as I was concerned it meant the discovery of the Test, of the wide-streeted Stockbridge, where Sir Richard Steele offered an apple full of guineas to the first couple who should have a child nine months after his election; of the lovely villages of Over and Nether Wallop, and the wide green valley of Wherwell and the high bare hill of Woolbury Ring. This side of Winchester is a medley of long straight roads fringed on one side by thin protective lines of tall trees, bare rolling downs, and winding lanes leading to tiny hamlets of thatched cottages and blue rivulets filled with fish. There is another Hampshire altogether, the Hampshire of the New Forest, the secret of which still eludes me. The nearest I got to it was on a day in May when the charabanc from Bournemouth took us out to Fritham to a meet of the New Forest Buckhounds. We went by way of Christchurch, memorable to me for its amazing number of antique shops and the fact that Shelley is connected with the Priory, and then turned north over St. Catherine's Hill and Hurn, which is a wild heath that looks like an off-shoot of the Forest. It is, however, on the west side of the Avon, which we crossed at Ringwood, somehow connected with Monmouth, and then left the green watery valley for the quaint uplands of the Forest at Pickett Post, where Lord Lucas lived. From here the land looks like a miniature Dartmoor, with stunted trees that resemble moving animals. There are few streams, and until you come to Rufus' oak, few trees. We turned north again here to Fritham, a lovely village among the trees; on the green lay buckhounds gasping in the heat, while men in corduroys leashed

them in couples and Master, huntsmen and whips all in green, talked with old men in vivid checks and young girls mounted on ponies. There were few riders, but a great number of cars. At twelve o'clock the Master drew his first covert with two couples of hounds, while the remainder were held in leash by the men in corduroys who had to hold five couples each. Our charabanc driver at this point required us to return in order that the tourists should be home to lunch, so we reluctantly had to let them go and solace ourselves with a sight of God's Hill and Fordingbridge and the valley of the Avon to Ringwood. I have many times taken charabanc trips through the Forest, but its charms have somehow eluded me. To realise its beauty I think a caravan is necessary. It is not a particularly good country for the walker. There is too much shade unless it is very hot and not enough water when it is hot. Lyndhurst is usually too full of cars; easily the most attractive part of the Forest is Beaulieu. In the first place there is a lake and a wide river. In the second place there is the complete surprise of finding that King John founded so beautiful a Cistercian Abbey. The refectory is now the church, and the altar, I believe, is the only one in England to be at the west end of the church. There is a Beaulieu witch, Mary Dore, who used to change herself into a hare, black cat and owl as she pleased. It is hard to believe that four of the fleet that made history at Trafalgar were built in Beaulieu creek. After Beaulieu Lymington, once a great port, now a leisurely town of exquisite flower gardens is worth a visit. There is something to be said for Milford-on-Sea, but nothing that is good of New Milton where they keep monkeys in a cage to amuse the trippers in the tea garden. Near here is Highcliffe, memorable because the Kaiser once

stayed there. When I think of Hampshire, it is seldom of the forest that I think, but more of the multitudinous ribbons of shining clear blue water in her chalk streams, cutting up the meads into a thousand queer shapes, fringed with slender swaying poplars and stockish pollarded willows. What a riot of buttercups and marsh-marigolds these Test and Avon and Itchen valleys are.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

The Isle of Wight hath no Monks, Lawyers, nor Foxes.
Fuller.

NONE of my many visits to the Isle of Wight have been wholly uneventful, but the one I remember best was not that on which I saw the Kaiser face to face on his yacht, not that on which I helped the Secretary of State for the Dominions and Colonies to haul a rope before breakfast, not that on which I was stopped by a policeman at Cowes and accused of stealing a Duchess's diamonds, not even that on which I boarded the P. and O. boat *Ranchi* without leave and surprised my Lord Birkenhead, Mr. J. H. Thomas and, I believe, Solly Joel, at prayers, but a Sunday excursion run by the South Down Bus Company, called " Round the Island for a Sovereign." It so happened that the Sunday we picked on was wet. The whole week before had been cloudless and torrid. At 7.30, when the charabanc came to pick us up there was a strong west wind, the sky was a drab sheet of scudding clouds full of drizzle. There were nine of us all told willing to undertake the adventure. It was with something of the hilarity of school children playing truant that we told one another that it would be fine later on. We all felt a little daring. Our company consisted of two quite pleasant girls, a rotund man who smoked all day and acted as guide

because he had done the trip before, his wife, a silent stranger, a nondescript couple, and ourselves. It was pleasant to run through Worthing and Arundel before any but the cottagers were stirring. It was pleasant to arrive at the Angel and Dolphin at Chichester for hot coffee before the hotel visitors had descended for breakfast. It added to our sense of virtue and daring and it made us feel as if we were on a stage-coach. We passed from the present home of Tennyson Jesse at Cut Mill, Bosham, an excellent piece of reconstruction, to the birthplace of Charles Dickens in the main street of Portsmouth, and just after ten o'clock were deposited outside the Clarence Pier, Southsea, given first-class return tickets to Ryde and left without a word by our silent driver. We paced up and down the bleak front, inspected the Naval war memorial, and with a good deal of misgiving looked at the white horses and the very indistinct shape of the island. It was covered in mist, the wind was fresh, and it was still drizzling. We anticipated being sick. We marvelled at the courage of many quite elderly people who seemed not to regard a voyage on *The Duchess of Kent* as any more thrilling than the tram. We sat in the bows and waited for pitching and tossing, rolling and other unsavoury motions. We were almost disappointed. There was no motion whatever. Shortly after eleven we arrived at Ryde, boarded another charabanc and were joined by one or two others, notably a jovial foreigner with an inadequate command of English, but a laugh so hearty as to be almost sinister. We set off south—all motor charabancs go the same way round the Island following the sun—and soon found ourselves in Brading, where we saw old stocks in a red house which bore the red rose and an

inscription "The Kyng's Towne of Brading." The church was of grey stone with a spire surmounting the tower. It was built in the twelfth century for defence as well as for worship, as the old gun house adjoining proves. There is an armed effigy to John Chergwin, Constable of Porchester Castle, who died in 1441. There are tombs to the Oglanders, the oldest family in the island. Brading is the only place I know where the old bull-ring still stands in the village street. There is a Roman villa near. We turned east to see the stone gabled manor-house of Yaverland which is seventeenth-century. In old days the parson here was required to find two loads of straw annually to put in the church seats, six pounds of candles and ten shillings to be paid to the church. The view of Sandown into which we then passed is very like that of Sidmouth. Shanklin, a little further along the bay is much more attractive. Both possess piers, but Shanklin specialises in tennis courts, and the sands look good. There is moreover a chine, a queer narrow gully overhung with ferns. For the sum of threepence we were allowed to walk up it and emerged at the top of the well-thatched Crab Inn, into old Shanklin, which is full of thatch. The congregation were pouring out of Matins. I don't think I approve of chines. They are artificial. An old woman who ought to have known better was sitting at the toll gate reading "A Lost Lady." There were mugs of chalybeate and rustic seats and bridges. It was too sophisticated for me. The drive from here to Ventnor climbs the sides of a bare chalk down and gives one a chance of looking down into Luccombe Chine, where there is an hotel called Rose Court, where I want to stay. The whole valley with the sea far below is like the country near Lee Abbey. Having climbed a

down all golden with gorse, we descended very steeply into a village of fuchsias and palms, laburnum and lilac and roses, called Bonchurch, which is made more exquisite because it finds itself as part of a landslip. It was too lazy to get up and rebuild itself, so it remains by accident a place of great beauty. We lunched at Ventnor off lamb and green peas, gooseberry tart and cream, and departed again at 1.40, past Steephill Castle, a poor joke, past the Ventnor cricket ground, gloriously countrified, past Admiral Jellicoe's house, which stands perilously on the side of the cliff looking over the southern sea, to St. Lawrence. This part of the drive was extraordinarily picturesque. On our right stood the sheer cliffs wreathed in mist with trees in their fresh foliage clinging to the steep sides. Then came our way through green glades, and on our left the sea hundreds of feet below. Our guide, a handsome, knowledgeable humorist told us that St. Catherine's lighthouse was the most powerful light in the world, "fifteen million candlepower which can be seen a hundred miles away in France," he said. A proud turkey in the field close by sulked at our inattention and showed us his tail feathers. "He always does that," said the guide.

Our way lay by Windy Corner, with wild hummocks of landslip on the seaward side; once we were shown where the road had fallen in. A queer memorial to Shakespeare, put up by Letts of diary fame, attracted a moment's attention, and we passed on to Blackgang, where the authorities demanded sixpence for the artificial climb. It spoke well for the taste of our company that no one wished to repeat this experiment. We had already tested Shanklin Chine. As we came to Chale, which contains a fine church and a thirteenth-

century hermitage, we emerged from the land of trees, reminiscent of Hunters' Inn and Woody Bay, to bare downland that bore a close resemblance to the St. Ives peninsula by St. Buryan. A devout people, these inhabitants of Vectis. At Shanklin swarms of the godly were coming out of church. At Chale every child was going to Sunday school. Near Chale is Shorwell, which possesses another thirteenth-century church, built, so the story ran, because the inhabitants complained that carrying their dead to Carisbrooke sometimes meant the death by drowning of the bearers. The next village is Brightstone which again possesses a twelfth-century church bearing evidence that it was built for defence. There is a most pleasing manor here, called Lymerston, associated with the Tichbornes. In the reign of Henry I, the heiress Isabella, dying, asked her husband to set aside for the poor as much land as would enable her to institute a dole of bread to all who came to the gates of Tichborne every Lady Day. Sir Roger took a brand from the hearth and promised her as much land as she could encircle while it was still burning. She was carried to a spot and then crawled round a plot of twenty-three acres before the brand was burnt out. The land is still known as the Crawels. Moltiston, the near village, has the usual fine stone eleventh-century church with tower and a fifteenth-century manor-house, but at Brooke Sir Charles Seely has converted an old farm into a glorious house, very cleverly cutting a drive right through the enormous barn. Sir John Seely, on the hill above, has built one of the ugliest houses in Christendom, while the father of the two brothers, who are famous in these parts for their life-boat activity, lived in a Tudor red-brick square mansion near the sea. By this time the

Isle of Wight had come to be to me the island of grey stone Norman churches, long tithe barns, tennis courts and motor charabancs. Then we came to Freshwater, a tiny bay with fine cliffs, rather like West Bay. Tennyson's house, Farringford, is among the trees just off the road. "A recluse," said our driver, "an eccentric, he didn't find enjoyment in the company of others." Hence the monument on the saddleback of the Downs, "twice as high as a telegraph post," as our guide repeated three times. The approach to Alum Bay is magnificent. There are bare close-cropped Downs on north and south and the road runs through a blaze of gorse. Until you get to the beach you don't realise the marvel of the place, then you look up and see every known geological formation, every colour in jagged soft sandstone. Here are chalk, Headon Beds, Woolwich and Reading beds, London clay, Lower Bagshot sand, Bracklesham beds, Barton clay, lignite and heaven knows what beside. It all crumbles in the hand and loses its colour. The temptation to climb up the crumbling cliffs is very great because if you fall you only fall into sand. It is a queerly desolate place because the hotel is gutted and the pier is falling to pieces. We climbed five hundred feet over the headland above the Needles, found (of course) a golf-course and a notice about the preservation of ravens and falcons. We looked over precipitous chalk cliffs on the southern side and watched wide-winged cormorants and smaller birds[1] looking like puffins or penguins with black backs and white breasts darting like swallows above the sea. There were spots of sun on the water, but it was still a symphony in grey with all the tops cloud-capped. We ate prawns and lobster of extraordinary freshness, and lis-

[1] We found out afterwards that these were terns.

tened to a captive raven croak. We watched a sailing ship battle with the high waves and nearly disappear under the waves going round the Needles. At 4.45 we moved on by way of Totland Bay (rather Bournemouthy) to Yarmouth (like Rye), a red brick ancient village with creeks and wharves and only one disadvantage, which determines one never to stay there, a private toll gate, 1s. 6d. for cars and a penny for each passenger beside. It so happened that this was the first day that I had crossed the Norfolk Bridge Shoreham since the toll was abolished. It made me the more angry. In any case you needn't use this road for the north side of the island is dull compared with the peerless south. Not until we got to Shalfleet did we see anything worth seeing on this road. The church tower here is five feet thick and dates, of course, from the eleventh century. We turned south from Parkhurst Forest to see Carisbrooke Castle. There is too much dull and new red brick in the town. The church is as good as some of the Cornish churches with its Decorated high tower, and contains a tomb to Jane Seymour's aunt. The castle walls stand high on a mound, and there is a fine gate-house. It was granted by Henry I in 1101 to Redvers, who built the curtain wall and the lower part of the huge keep. In 1377 it stood successfully a siege of the French. In 1647 Charles I sought refuge here of Colonel Hammon, who made him a prisoner. He tried to escape by forcing himself between the bars of his bedroom window. His daughter Elizabeth died there at the age of fifteen, nine months after her father was executed. Newport, through which we next passed, is the only ugly place in the island. After Wootton Creek, where black yawls lay on their sides in the mud, we passed the new Quarr Abbey, a

huge red-brick modern building rather like a nightmare prison. Of the old Abbey only two low walls are standing. Binstead, which is on the very outskirts of Ryde, provided the stone for the rebuilding of Winchester Cathedral in 1079 and again at the end of the fourteenth century.

We caught our return steamer comfortably, found our South Down driver waiting at the Southsea Pier, started with him for Brighton at 7.30 and having paused for twenty minutes at the Angel at Chichester were home by ten o'clock, after an amazingly full day in the open of fourteen and a half hours. For lovers of coast scenery, for walkers, for lovers of old churches and old stone-gabled manor-houses, for bathers, bird lovers, geologists and searchers after solitude, the Isle of Wight possesses an almost unlimited series of attractions.

So pleased was I with my "sovereign tour" that I repeated it in golden sunshine the following Sunday, taking with me my father and mother. On this occasion we made history, for we were only left by our enthusiastic driver on the island with four minutes to run the length of Ryde Pier to catch the steamer. The fact that we all did it speaks well for the fitness of charabancers.

VII

OXFORDSHIRE

I understand that Hunters and Falconers are nowhere better pleas'd. Fuller.

EACH time I revisit Oxford I take away a totally different impression of it. I have been back to lecture to undergraduates and to summer vacation schools, I have been back as a dramatic critic to comment upon the O.U.D.S., I have been back as a journalist sent to interview the Vice-Chancellor about the dangers of Communism, I have been back for no more serious purpose than that of seeing if the "House" porters remembered me. Each time I have found myself unduly sleepy, each time I have marvelled at the number of cyclists in the streets, each time I have wandered joyously from one book-shop to another, and each time I have hated leaving it. All other places, Cambridge alone excepted, appear by contrast a little vulgar and a little too full of elderly business men.

The last time I went up was on the occasion of the Inter-University Boxing, which I was sent to report. There were no press seats provided, so I had to fight my way to secure a view. The fighting was as usual, unscientific but delightfully fierce, and ended rightly in a narrow victory for Cambridge, only achieved at the very end in an extra round between the heavy-weights. I found it impossible to tear myself away

after the show, so I stayed for three days at the Clarendon, surely the cheeriest as it is one of the most comfortable hotels in the country. The Cambridge boxers, who were staying in the same hotel, celebrated their victory by turning on all the baths and removing all shoes from bedroom doors, to the accompaniment of loud and continuous singing till three in the morning. The next day was wet and the streets were enlivened by a mild "rag," in which undergraduates sold daffodils, leeks, narcissi, apples and oranges in hawkers' barrows, as a protest against the city authorities' action in turning the street vendors off the curb. In the afternoon, after watching a game of real tennis, I went out to the Yarnton meadows to watch the finish of the Drag. Most of the horses arrived in the last field without their riders. We spent the rest of the afternoon ignobly by joining the "lounge-lizards" in the hotel until it was time to go to dinner at the "George," where undergraduates sang loudly and tilted tables in the intervals of eating. There was an Edgar Wallace "thriller" at the theatre, which attracted so large a house that we were lucky to find standing room at the back of the circle. On Sunday morning we joined the queue at the bus depôt at Carfax and found ourselves among a number of girl undergraduates armed with sandwiches and mackintoshes, about to walk. At ten o'clock we mounted the Burford bus and set out by way of the flooded Thames at Eynsham and the bare uplands beyond Witney. There are few sights so pleasing to the eye as the tiny Windrush winding its way through the meadows at Minster Lovell and Swinbrook. Here is a country where stone walls almost entirely oust the hedges, where all the cottages are of a uniform grey stone, where the air

Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames.

Matthew Arnold.

is clean and bracing, and the landscape spreads out before our eyes a score of miles in every direction. Gabled Burford lay wrapt in a solemn Sabbath slumber, and we wandered in and out under arches to inspect ancient cottages as quiet as they were lovely before joining the car that was to take us on to Cirencester. As our host was in a hurry, we got no chance of stopping at Bibury, but vowed to come back the following day to inspect at our leisure the austere many-gabled court, the clear waters of the Colne, and the rows of grey gabled cottages that went off in every direction. At Cirencester we inspected the church, went out to a gravel bed to look at a skeleton of a Cromwellian warrior recently disinterred, and then spent the afternoon coursing in the grounds of the Agricultural College. On the way back to Oxford we punctured a tyre outside Fairford and had a long drive home through endless woods on a road which must be one of the most desolate in England. The next day we caught an early train back to Fairford in order to see the far-famed stained glass windows in the church. Having already seen the windows of St. Neot's, in Cornwall, which are supposed to be the best in England, I was totally unprepared for the beauty of these, which seemed to me to be far better. The faces of the condemned being hauled off to Hell by hideous demons are quite unforgettable. There are twenty-eight windows, and I could have spent at least a day looking at each of them. The whole spirit of mediævalism seemed to emanate from these vivid colours and bizarre figures. On leaving the church we hired a car to take us over to Bibury, where we found bumble-bees in the churchyard betrayed by the early warmth—the date was March 7th—primroses and snowdrops and daffodils

growing everywhere, and a church the walls of which were stained a rich terra cotta. The place-names on the sign-posts struck me as more musical than any I have seen outside Cornwall. From Ambney Crucis to Ready Token there must be a magic road. As we drove back through Coln St. Aldwyn the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) pack ran across our track and disappeared into the woods beyond Quenington. At the Bull Inn, Fairford, we sat in the highly-polished bar parlour, hung with photographs of notable anglers, and listened to fishing stories until it was time for lunch, when we were enlivened by a discussion on the name of the quite ordinary flower which decorated the middle of the table. We were all in the end defeated by what I believe was a primula. The ignorance of the fisherman and the hunting-man on subjects horticultural is only paralleled by the ignorance of the graduate. We had to run to catch our train after lunch, for the Great Western Railway with sardonic humour bring their line to a stop at what they call Fairford, in reality in a field about a mile and a half away.

Even before I became an undergraduate I got to know the Cotswolds fairly well, for I was coached for Smalls by the parson at Minster Lovell, and I shall remember those early morning rushes across the dew-besprinkled lawn to bathe in the Windrush long after I have forgotten the subject matter of the "Crito." These summer days whetted my appetite for more, and it became my regular custom to explore the country round Oxford every Sunday for the four years during which I was "up." It was then that I discovered the quiet beauties of Lord Saye and Sele's house at Broughton, which is three miles out of Banbury on the way to Edgehill, and Compton Wynyates.

Here in this most peaceful-looking and picturesque of all country houses Lord Saye and Sele secretly drilled the Puritans to withstand Charles I before going off to warn the Oxford colleges to be ready to give up their plate to the Roundhead cause. It was this same Lord Saye who became Lord Privy Seal to Charles II. Some parts of the house were built in 1300, and none later than Elizabeth's day, when the lovely huge mullioned windows and gables (each with its own chimney) were added, and now have their attractiveness doubled by reason of the clear, broad waters of the moat which reflect them. The church is full of monuments to members of the Fiennes family. Whenever I think of Broughton Castle I am reminded of Compton Wynyates, which is probably the most inaccessible and perfectly preserved of all mediæval castles. It belongs to Lord Northampton, and owes its preservation to the fact that Cromwell's men couldn't find it among the trees in spite of its being within a stone's throw of Edgehill. And while you are in this neighbourhood there waits for you the most beautiful of all Oxfordshire villages, Great Tew, wooded, full of thatched cottages, on a small tributary of the Cherwell, known as the Worton Brook. This village, too, reflects the Civil Wars, for it was here that Lettice and Lucius Cary came on their honeymoon in 1631, and remained till he was killed twelve years afterwards at the Battle of Newbury. The ghost of his grandfather, Sir Lawrence Tanfield, still drives round a great elm in Great Tew Park in a coach-and-six. A white lady also walks among the beech trees at the cross-roads on the way to Little Tew.

It is a little difficult in wandering about this country to know what guide books to take, for you never know

whether you are in Berkshire, Wiltshire, Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Warwickshire or Oxfordshire. All these counties border on Oxford, and in a day's walk you can enter all six.

For some unknown reason, except for the purposes of beagling or cross-country running, we seldom explored the eastern side of Oxford.

R. D. Blackmore's romance of " Cripps the Carrier " used to take us out to Beckley to tea, so that we could put in a circular tour through Wood Eaton and Water Eaton on the way home. The Jacobean manor-house at Water Eaton was once the home of Lovelace, whose wife was captured by the Roundheads, driven ten miles away from home in her own carriage, and then told to walk back. They thought the exercise might be good for her soul.

If we went south our bias always leant towards the west. A favourite walk was to take the train to Didcot, climb the Icknield Way and spend the day on the broad green ridge facing westwards until hunger called us down to Wantage or, if we felt energetic enough, to go on to Wayland Smith's Cave and the White Horse Hill, Uffington. This downland walking is exhilarating, and gives one a sense of tremendous superiority to the valesman, but sometimes one regrets the absence of winding streams, gabled stone cottages, moated granges and historic churches. The Icknield Way is the best place near Oxford for real hard exercise. There is no temptation to loiter, but when the warm weather comes I prefer the lazier life of exploring the stripling Thames at Bablock Hythe, Wytham Woods, or the tower where Pope translated his Homer at Stanton Harcourt. This is a village full of interest, for it not only contains his epitaph to the two young lovers

who were struck by lightning simultaneously, but, strange sight indeed for Oxfordshire, it is near here that the three large prehistoric stones, called the "Devil's Quoits," stand. But good and historically interesting as the country immediately to the west of Oxford is with Godstow and Cumnor and the winding valleys of the upper Thames, it does not compare in my eyes with the valleys of the Evenlode between Northleigh and Shipton, and of the Windrush between Minster Lovell and Burford; nor do they compare with the bleaker, wilder country on the western ridge, the country of Upper and Lower Slaughter, Upper and Lower Swell, Chipping Campden, Stow-in-the-Wold, Moreton-in-the-Marsh and Northleach. Here you stand as it were among the ruins of a great magnificence. The vast grey Decorated towers of the churches and the gables and mullioned windows of the solid Cotswold manors are witnesses to the wealth that wool once brought to this now quiet land. No longer do the stage coaches from Cheltenham to London thunder through Northleach or along the bleak high-road above Burford. Chipping Campden is now the Mecca of architectural enthusiasts, and the home of those who can afford to live in exquisite surroundings without the necessity of rushing off to a town to pick up a living. Motorists from Birmingham climb up to it on Sunday afternoons, and wonder for a moment whether all this money-making in vile cities is worth while. The breath and spaciousness and beauty of an England that cannot return are shown to us in this corner of the Cotswolds as they are revealed nowhere else. Whether in the hunting season or in the fishing season or in the walking season, which is all the year round, I know no country to touch this for its har-

mony in the relationship of its buildings with their setting.

The angler, the antiquarian, the fox-hunter, the walker, the architect, and the historian will find every acre of this land teeming with interest.

VIII

WEST SUSSEX

A fruitfull County, though very durty for the travellers therein, so that it may be better measured to its advantage by days' journeys than by miles. Fuller.

THERE was a time when I believed Kipling to be right when he declared that to know England a man must leave her, but a re-reading of Hazlitt's delightful essay on "Why Distant Objects Please" has corrected that illusion of mine. One might as well ask, "What can they know of living who only living know?" It is not necessary to be dead to realise the joys of life. It ought not to be necessary to fly to the Great Wall of China in order to be able to appreciate the Great Wall above Corbridge. It is true that few of us have the sense to obey Walter de la Mare's injunction to "Look thy last on all things lovely every hour" unless we are on the verge of going blind, and we seldom babble of green fields until we are called upon to depart for Elysian pastures or the tropic of Cancer. But the contention that the only people who know anything of England are those who live abroad is no more than the jealous outcry of an exile against his luckier friends who are pretty sure, in his eyes, to be abusing a priceless privilege. Because a man yearns to be home it no more argues a knowledge of that home than the fact of a man yearning for his

lost youth argues that he knows what sort of a youth he was. The further removed we are from an object, both in space and time, the brighter grows the bright side of it, and the dimmer grows the dark side of it. But memory is not to be confused with knowledge, and one does not need, in order to love England, to be blind to or forgetful of her faults.

To know England would take a thousand life-times all lived in, not out of, England. She is as difficult to enter as the Kingdom of Heaven. But glimpses of her have been vouchsafed to those who have obeyed two rules. The first is to sell your car and the second is never to lunch at home. It is the English midday meal more than anything else that has stood in the way of our discovering England. The fact that we have to be back by half-past one acts on us as a chalk circle acts on a goose, or a tether on a goat. Quick transport instead of bringing us closer to the heart of England may only result in taking us " from a dismal and illiberal life in Islington to a dismal and illiberal life in Camberwell."

No, the only way is to walk and to be out all day. It doesn't matter in the least what season of the year it is, or very much what county you are in. As Mr. Polly discovered, no other countryside in the world " change scene and character in three miles of walking, nor have so mellow a sunlight, nor so diversified a cloudland, nor confers the perpetual refreshment of the strong, soft winds that blow off the sea, as our mother England does." England, as Anthony Collett reminds us, is a small country, but full of surprises.

The English hills are high enough to soothe and even to exalt. They are not high enough to shut out

A Treasure-house divine

the sun, depress one's spirit, or fill one with dread. The English woods are dense and rich, but never, like the Ardennes, monotonous. If we get lost in them it is only a make-believe of being lost. Nature everywhere else in the world gives good things, but always too much. The sun is always shining, the woods are never ending, the peaks inaccessible, the rivers menacing in width and unimaginably long. In England she never gives us too much of any one thing. We are no sooner on a moor than we can see the end of it. The eye is not tired by the sight nor the heart by the thought of endless vistas.

Let me give you an account of a typical English walk and you will see at once what I mean.

It was a cold, sunny Sunday morning in mid-January when we set out for the first time to West Chiltington. The Brighton front was crowded with a slowly-moving, rather too well-dressed Church Parade of Hove residents and Brighton visitors, as we mounted the 11.5 South Down bus for Storrington (return fare, 3s. 9d., and heaven send that the conductor won't notice the dog). There were white, billowy clouds far out over the southern sea, but they did not come into action for some hours. Blue-jerseyed sailors leaned over the palings outside the Schooner Inn and gazed pensively at the few small yachts that were lying up below in Shoreham Harbour. Columns of white smoke emerging from the tall chimney of the cement works below Beeding made a long trail over Trueleigh Hill, and proved that the wind from the south-west was freshening. The first sight of the bleak Magdalen Barn (locally known as Dead Man's Barn), and of the black, bare clumps of beeches on Chanctonbury made one forget the rather too osten-

tatious cathedral-like chapel of Lancing. The usually too-much frequented narrow street of the tea-garden village of Bramber was for once deserted, and all was quiet as we drove past grey Wiston on to the Washington Inn. Here for a hundred yards or so we were immersed in a sea of motors, for the London-Worthing main road is never free from the hum of engines and the hooting of horns. By half-past twelve we were at Storrington, once the home of Francis Thompson, now the stronghold of Simple Lifers and Sir Alfred Mond, crammers' "pups" and retired colonels. Tea and eggs at the "White Horse," where you must see the picture of that all-England cricket eleven who defeated thirty-three men of Norfolk, and then, resisting the temptation to climb the Downs, we set out on foot for West Chiltington. On the map the road does not seem exciting and for the first mile the object that aroused our enthusiasm most was not a piece of scenery, but a bare-headed fair-haired girl in a scarlet jumper, who warmed us with her smiles as she trotted past on a roan mare. But when we came to Roundabout, Nature waved her magic wand and ordinariness died. Behind the low-roofed farm lies a knoll crowned with high, swaying pines, carpeted with green laurels and the brown fronds of dead bracken. On the western side a clearing had been made, and already there are six newly-thatched half-timbered houses, but when with typical Sussex suddenness the black, firm line of the Downs vanished before our eyes, enveloped in grey, driving rain, we preferred the shelter of the tree trunks to that of the houses below. We stayed, with hail beating like tiny pebbles against the leaves, watching a squirrel leap from tree-top to tree-top. As the sky grew blacker and the

storm fiercer the bracken, which had been a dull russet before, now nearly dazzled our eyes with its glowing copper. The shining twigs of the young birches on the heath beyond became red as the holly berries that stood out in every hedge. Then as suddenly as it had broken, the storm passed on, leaving us once more basking in the sun, with first a yellow woodpecker and then a blue-and-white jay for company. The long line of the Downs became blacker and firmer than ever, and we wandered on down the muddy lane to Smockalley, where at the copse end stands a red-tiled cottage, now glorified by the name of inn. A hole had been dug for the white sign-post, which lay like a disused gallows athwart the path. Where the customers are to come from to consume the Smockalley beer I don't know, for the only cottage which we passed a little further up the road had curtains in the window, but no other sign of human tenant. The field path on the north side of this cottage was too rich a lure. We forsook the road and found ourselves in a field of radishes, picked out with speedwell. Our pockets bulged as we climbed the further fence and found ourselves faced by a shingled spire standing well up on rising ground in front and a perfectly preserved old windmill, tarred as to its body, with skeleton sails as white as clean linen to the west. We pushed on to the church, and in a dip to the south of it found as good a duck pond as ever I saw, and overlooking it an inn, the " Elephant and Castle." The church is one of the most pleasing in Sussex. The inside of the roof is timbered and oak-beamed and bears the date 1602, the pulpit has linen-fold oak panels, there is a tunnel squint quite twelve feet long, and there are traces of frescoes on every wall. Outside the churchyard wall

are the village stocks, now railed in. There is another inn, the "Queen's Head," at the north end of the village, and a long deep cutting of a road leading back to Storrington, which we followed until we reached the windmill, which is called Meekens. Here we ran to earth our smiling scarlet-jumpered rider of the morning, who now stood, still smiling, at the gate of a grey-gabled manor-house that looked as if it had escaped from Chipping Campden. We deserted the Storrington road at this point, and went straight on instead of turning south-east. This brought us past several ugly new red-tiled cottages into a sandy lane, fringed with firs and gorse in full flower, which led down to a wild, wet marsh, through which ran a strange, minute stream, described on the map as the river Chilt. We discovered here an exquisite still mere, about five hundred yards across, almost hidden by the thickness of the trees which overhung it. The sun was now setting behind Kithurst, and the moon, which was at the full, stood well above Roundabout. We tried to cross the despised Chilt and found ourselves entangled in long tape-like weed, and crashing through wafer-thin ice, we retraced our steps to the track and the bridge and walked across the dry heath of Hurston Warren to the ivy-clad house of Hurston, where the much more lively river Stor dashes over a waterfall in imitation of a real river. From here we followed the Devon-like deep lane, which led to Fryern, where the homing rooks made great stir in the outlying trees above the square-built yellow house. A field path led through the park back to Storrington, which we reached at 4.40 with the light still good. An hour and a quarter for more tea and eggs at the "White Horse" and then at 5.55 a lazy drive home in the warm bus, with the Downs

above us, looming ever more and more mysterious in the moonlight, the bells at Washington pealing the villagers to evensong, the sailors at Shoreham dashing off to the pubs, and the furnaces at Portslade belching forth inferno-like flames.

This is, I think, the least propitious walk out of Storrington, undertaken in the least propitious month, and yet what colour, what variety there was in that casual seven miles' stroll.

A much more inviting one, again avoiding the hills, is to get off the bus at Cootham instead of Storrington. The inn there on Sunday mornings is always filled with soft-tongued, courteous, true Sussex yeomen, who laugh easily, and are extraordinarily friendly. Incidentally the cherry brandy there is the best I have ever tasted. Refreshed with bread and cheese we moved on, one Sunday in June, to the outskirts of Parham Park, where, inspired possibly by the cherry brandy, we succumbed to the lure of tree-climbing. Reminded that we were both old enough and educated well enough to know better by one of the surliest of lodge-keepers, we entered the Park in so subdued a frame of mind that the fallow deer with which it abounds disregarded our approach entirely. Parham is an outstanding example of the good that can be done to an old house when a rich man seeks to preserve it. The house, a grey E-shaped Elizabethan manor, with huge mullioned windows, is quite magical when seen from the top of the Downs, clear-cut and austere when looked at from the terrace on the south, but rather formless owing to many alterations and additions as you come on to it from under the giant primeval oaks that border it on the north and east.

The main entrance is on the north side, and you

climb about fifty broad stone stairs to reach the Great Hall, which is over fifty feet long, and about half that in width and height. It contains Queen Elizabeth's coat of arms and quarterings. The gallery above it is 158 feet long, and runs the whole length of the house, being now used as a library. I was disappointed to find that the copy of Montaigne's Essays with Shakespeare's autograph is no longer there, and the present owner, Major Pearson, also disclaimed all knowledge of the famous heronry. The pictures, however, particularly a three-quarter length of Queen Elizabeth in a very rich white dress embroidered with caterpillars, almost compensate one for the loss of the herons and the all too rare signature. We were shown a royal bed, the coverlet of which was worked by Mary Queen of Scots, and other rare and lovely things before we made our way north through the dense wood, climbing trees to our heart's content now that the lodge-keeper was out of the way. We turned west on reaching Wigginholt Common, past the black, still waters of Wassail Mere, fit home for Grendel, and at the bottom of the lane leading to Greatham, on the southern side, descried a tiny green path leading through a thick copse. It was the kind of winding, mysterious way that no right-minded man could pass by, so we left the road and after five minutes' battle with the undergrowth found our path barred by a white wicket-gate, leading on to a smooth lawn at the end of which stood the open doors of a large library. Knowing that there was only one man in this neighbourhood likely to possess so many books we, greatly daring, greatly fearing, trod the garden path delicately and found not Wilfrid Meynell, who was away, but Sebastian, his son, whose welcome to the stranger was so warm that within a

few minutes we were all splashing about in the open-air swimming-bath that surprisingly decorates the lawn. Wilfrid Meynell's house at Greatham is more of a colony than a house, for there are, I believe, four bungalows all furnished rarely with treasures, inside his gates. In one we saw Browning's books and portraits, in another that amazing cast of Shelley's head, which seems to give the lie to the theory that he possessed any physical charm, and all the time the long line of the Downs above Amberley kept drawing us away from books and reminding us of Francis Thompson. The next time we went to Greatham was in December, and on this occasion, after our bread and cheese and cherry brandy lunch at Cootham, we kept to the south side of Parham, looking in for a moment at the tiny church in the park to see the Zouche memorials, the famous organ and the fire-place in the private chapel. We then walked under the lee of the Downs, not actually on the road, for road-walking is at all times intolerable, but on the hedgeless stubble-land running parallel with it, until we came to Amberley, the village of thatched cottages, where cows and artists are so conspicuous, and the inn so inconspicuous. The church is interesting in two ways. The zigzag stonework of the chancel arch and the ancient hour-glass near the pulpit pleased the antiquarian spirit in us, and Anning Bell's memorial window to Edward Stott, most exquisite of Sussex painters, is as moving in its richness as the tablet on the western wall to the young girl is moving in its simplicity, and this, in spite of their extreme modernity. Outside the church on the west lies Amberley Castle, up till lately one of the Duke of Norfolk's farms, now the country house of the Emmotts. There is a door in the wall leading from

the churchyard on to the lawn of the house and you will be wise if you open it and peep beyond, for there only do you get a real view of the ruined arches and thick walls of the one-time castle of the Bishops. The whole village stands up high and dry above the Wild Brooks, which usually at this time of the year form one single sheet of water right up to Pulborough, leaving only the roof of one black barn, looking exactly like the ark, and the thin pencil line of the railway, still high and dry. On this occasion the floods had subsided, leaving us a chance of getting to Greatham along the muddy cattle way. We left the thatched cottages behind and struck down into the Wild Brook country. At one stage we should have had to turn in our tracks had we not found a heavy pole which luckily fell into position as a perfect bridge as we tossed it caber-like across an unjumpable dyke of deep, stagnant water. Browning must have had the Amberley Wild Brooks in mind when he wrote " Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came." On a December afternoon, when the light fades almost as soon as it appears, to squelch, squelch, squelch across mud-flats criss-crossed by impassable dykes is to be at the mercy of every eerie suggestion. Fallen, rotting tree trunks look like drowned giants cast up by a malevolent tide. I need hardly point out that we lost our way. One always does in country like this, where one is certain that one can see it. It is only in thick, blind country that one never goes wrong. This time we made straight for the Noah's Ark Barn. Had we continued our point as we started we should have made Greatham in daylight. Seeing two small boys and a dog more to the north-west on what was obviously a track we made our way through weed and bog to

join them. We failed to catch them, but we did eventually drag ourselves out of the slippery mire on to something that looked as if it once had been a path. It led, however, when the flats ended, and the blessed rising ground again promised a firmer footing, to a barbed-wire hedge and a ploughed field, on the crest of which we met a farmer. He seemed anxious to help us to find Wilfrid Meynell's house, but he sent us two miles out of our way by suggesting that the main road was preferable to his plough. Travel-stained and weary, we arrived in the dark to find this time that Wilfrid Meynell and his daughters were at home, and the tea in front of that huge wood-fire in the library was as appetising to the weary body as the talk was to the mind. Then came the walk in the dark down the magic copse, with Sebastian as guide, as far as the Wiggonholt road, and then the plunge past Wassail Pond to the bus route, and down by the side of Parham Wood, to reach if possible the Cootham Inn before the bus.

But the best walk out of Storrington undoubtedly is that which leads to the Downs, that inconsiderable range of hills (from the point of view of height) which Gilbert White honoured with name of "majestic mountains." Before anyone goes near the Sussex Downs he should realise two things, that they are not mountains, and that his pleasure would be no greater if they were. One of the most astute comments ever made by W. H. Hudson is in this connexion. "It is, I think," he says, "a very common error that the degree of pleasure we have in looking on a wide prospect depends on our height above the surrounding earth—in other words, that the wider the horizon the greater the pleasure. The fact is, once we have got

above the world, and have an unobstructed view all round, whether the height above the surrounding country be 500 or 5,000 feet, then we at once experience all that sense of freedom, triumph and elation which the mind is capable of. This 'sudden glory,' which may be ours on a very modest elevation, is the most we can hope for; we can no more get a new sensation or a larger measure of the quickly-vanishing pleasure we have enjoyed by transporting ourselves to the highest summits on the globe, than we can change a Skye terrier into an eagle by taking it three or four miles up in a balloon and throwing it out of the car."

Somehow one is always expecting Nature to reward us in proportion to the trouble we take, but she does not work that way. A child can climb the steepest ascent of the South Downs and be fresh enough to swing on the boughs of the trees in the gullies as he goes. Kithurst is just short of seven hundred feet above sea level, the sort of walk one takes between tea-time and evensong, but from its top we feel just as much aloof from and superior to the world below as we do standing on Helvellyn.

In spite of their extreme accessibility, the Downs are strangely deserted. I once counted seventeen people on a November Sunday round Chanctonbury Ring, but I have walked a dozen miles on other days and not met half a dozen human beings. The Downs are not only royal in themselves, but their very entrances and exits are royal, too. Main roads fade into cattle tracks, and deep lanes heavy with the scent of flowers and thronged with singing birds in turn give place to winding, steep chalk ways, banked like toboggan-runs with green, smooth sides. Down these they say the Roman soldiers descended into the plain

unseen of the enemy below. As we climb up ever and anon we cast a glance back and gradually the map of Sussex lies at our feet, the new red and-white-houses of Storrington stretching over the heaths and under the pines in every direction, the thick woods of Parham, safe, thank God, from the builder and contractor, the crazy patchwork quilt of fields stretching up to the blue Weald and the forest beyond.

And then when we reach the summit how extraordinarily rich is our reward. First we inhale that salt tang of sea breezes, mingled with the scent of wild thyme, which gives us that indescribably invigorating and intoxicating attitude to life which we never feel anywhere else. Then we feel, as we tread for the first time that short-clipped, springy turf, as if we had been suddenly shod with the sandals of Hermes. There is no such thing as feeling tired on the Downs. You can walk all day without effort, just as you can ski all day in the Engadine or the Bernese Oberland without effort. But it is the roundness of the Downs that so captivates and charms the mind. "They are the smoothest things in England," says E. V. Lucas; "gigantic, rotund, easy; the eye rests upon their gentle contours and is at peace. They have no sublimity, no grandeur, only the most spacious repose. Perhaps it is due to this quality that the Wealden folk, accustomed to be overshadowed by this unruffled range, are so deliberate in their mental processes and so averse from speculation or experiment. There is a hypnotism of form; a rugged peak will alarm the mind where a billowy green undulation will lull it. The Downs change their complexion, but are never other than soothing and still; no stress of weather produces in them any of that sense of fatality that one is conscious of in Westmor-

land. Thunder-clouds empurple the turf and blacken the hangers, but they cannot break the imperturbable equanimity of the line; rain throws over the range a gauze veil of added softness; a mist makes them more wonderful, unreal, romantic; snow brings them to one's doors. At sunrise they are magical, a background for Malory; at sunset they are the lovely home of the serenest thoughts, a spectacle for Marcus Aurelius. Their combes, or hollows, are then filled with purple shadow cast by the sinking sun, while the summits and shoulders are gold."

The next point to be noticed is the historical importance of the landscape viewed from the Downs. There is a notable passage in one of Hilaire Belloc's books in which he calls attention to this fact. He is standing in imagination as he writes on Cold Harbour Hill just across the Arun valley, but the view is much the same. Cissbury Hill to the south reminds you of first the Briton, then the Roman, and then the Saxon, all of whom built on and used the camp there. Through the woods of Arundel Forest you can just descry the spire of Chichester Cathedral, and behind it gleam the creeks of Bosham, where Cnut's eight-year-old daughter lies buried.

Immediately below you and on your right and left hand stand those deep combes on the steep sides of which the beeches have grown from time immemorial. You see running north and south one of those great natural gaps through the Downs made by the river, with the big castle of Arundel to watch the sea and a lesser castle at Amberley to watch the north. Look north and you see the sandy pine-clad heights, the old woods and heaths and the chain of villages nestling in the shade of the steep escarpments each with its

manor house and Norman church. On the northern horizon lies a parallel range of hills, the Surrey Downs separated from you by the forest of Anderida, round which strange legends of fearsome dragons still cling. From here, too, you get a glimpse of the great Roman road of Stane Street, running north-east from Chichester straight over the Downs at Cold Harbour (from curbare = to curve) to the Villa at Bignor, through Hardham, Pulborough and Billingshurst, to vanish in the woods at Rudgwick. From there, too, you get less well-defined glimpses of those now disused smugglers' pack-horse tracks that run from the forest to the coast, and realise how the maritime plain, downland, weald and forest run in parallel lines from north-west to south-east, the plain disappearing into the sea at Brighton, the Downs at Eastbourne, the Weald at Hastings, and the Forest at Rye.

The natural tendency on reaching the top of the Downs after taking in the glory of the scene is to walk east or west along the ridge, and a stranger to Sussex cannot do better than explore them from end to end, from South Harting, the home of Trollope, to Eastbourne. But it is good to penetrate their hinterland and to take any track that comes, for there is an endless succession of rounded cups and knolls, deserted barns and wild copses that well repay a visit. One may walk for a hundred days and never repeat oneself on these lonely heights. Suppose, however, you elect to take the obvious line from east to west. There lie before you fifty miles of sweet turf, broken only by a descent at Cocking over the Midhurst-Chichester road, a descent at Bury over the Arun, a descent at Steyning over the Adur, at Pyecombe over the London-Brighton road, at Lewes over the Ouse, and at Alfriston over the

Cuckmere. Only six times in the whole journey will you come across your fellows in any number, and you always have to descend to them; they will seldom ascend to you. The only noise you will hear on the Downs is the song of the larks and the ring of the sheep-bells. For the first part of your walk, taking South Harting as your starting point, you will be in woody country, which will impede your view, but after Amberley you will be on bare, smooth downs all the way. I have always meant to do this ridgeway walk in a two-day burst, but as must be fairly obvious to anyone who reads me at all I am entirely unmethodical. The only time I started from South Harting I took the 9.33 bus from Hove to Fittleworth, made a straight cross-country point through the gorse clumps of Coates Castle to Barlavington Down, passed Teglease, the highest point of the Downs (837 feet) without noticing it, and met three hatless girls in plus-fours, who asked me if there was any likelihood of sleeping accommodation at Bury. It was Easter Monday, and they had failed the night before to find beds in Midhurst. I dropped into the valley again at Cocking, where I found a loquacious elderly hostess at the inn, who fed me prodigiously, but expensively. In order to explore the villages I wandered on after tea along the track at the foot of the hills, through Bepton and Didling, whose white-washed church is almost as minute as the sixteen-feet-square church at Lullington, through Treyford and Redlands, where I saw at last the green copper spire of South Harting. A dark girl waved genially out of a bedroom window as I approached the yellow low-roofed "Ship" Inn, and the landlord told me that he had just let his last room to her, so crestfallen I climbed to the "Coach and Horses," also full, and

eventually came to rest at the "White Hart." The next morning I climbed Harting Down and found the view of the Solent and the Isle of Wight so inviting that I soon deviated from the Ridge and turned off through a ride yellow with daffodils to Hooksway, and Chilgrove Manor, where there is an inn. I climbed Goosehill Camp and walked along the ridge of Bow Hill, which is covered with dwarfed yews and juniper trees. I sat on the ancient barrows and looked down over the exquisite cup of Kingly Vale on to the winding creeks of Bosham and the tall spire of Chichester. I spent the afternoon inspecting the Cathedral and city. One of the most interesting buildings, worthy of comparison with St. Cross at Winchester is St. Mary's Hospital, the great hall of which has an exquisitely timbered roof. The aisles contain the dwelling-rooms of the inmates, who seem to like inquisitive visitors. The Cathedral is interesting for its monuments to William Collins and William Chillingworth, but I found the view from the campanile, which is only 120 feet high, much more terrifying than cliffs three times that height. Chichester from a distance always inspires me, but W. H. Hudson has something of right on his side when he says that a closer view is not so desirable. The seventy inns, with their signs of unicorns, harts, cows, dogs, bulls, lambs, swans, dolphins, rainbows, moons, half-moons, rising suns, globes, ships, tuns, anchors, castles, crosses, barley-mows, wheatsheafs, chestnuts, oaks, and so on, do not so much displease me as surprise me, but there is here, as in so many cathedral cities, an unpleasant, poverty-stricken, criminal type to be seen in the narrow streets. Devilish crimes have been committed in Chichester, and sometimes I do not wonder as I look at the faces.

I was told at the " Dolphin and Anchor " that farmers came from as far as South Molton and Barnstaple to the cattle market, but except during Goodwood week Chichester is deserted. It is then festooned with advertisements of newspapers and small children shriek at the motor charabancs for pennies as they rattle past. Race-week is not the time first to make one's acquaintance with the songless or birdless Grove, or that sugar-loaf of the Trundles, from the camp of which one can see the really dense forest of Charlton, the whole sweep of the Solent, and the magic white cliffs of the Isle of Wight. To regain the Downs from Chichester, the best way is to follow Stane Street until you come on to the tops again at Barlavington, in the neighbourhood of which I once spent a glorious week on divisional manœuvres, but there are countless ways through the forest, along any of which you may easily get lost. I often make up my mind, as I said, that I will walk from one end of the Downs to the other, but I doubt whether I should gain any fresh experience or add to my joy by so doing. Greater wisdom, I am sure, lies in being diverted by any inviting hill or village, however far it lies off the main track. The wise man finding himself in West Sussex will stay there until he has exhausted its beauties. Stand for instance in front of that massive forest of straight, smooth-trunked beeches, in the top of which bees hum all day, at Cocking and you will find it hard to resist the lure of Midhurst. Succumb to the temptation and how rich is your reward. Not only is there the mediæval " Spread Eagle," with its retainer in full Commonwealth period dress, looking much more suited to his surroundings than the moderns, but there is, as you emerge from the quiet town northwards, the park of

Cowdray and the castle, so wonderfully preserved that as you stand on the roof above the Norman kitchen, looking down on the ruined galleries and halls around you, the old Tudor days seem to come back with a sweep and you can reconstruct with perfect ease the whole history of the place. Here, too, the river Rother calls you, that winding paradise for anglers, over which dragonflies and butterflies of every colour hover and rhododendrons grow on every bank. The only river I know to compare with it for quietude and wild beauty is the Windrush below Burford. You can turn north almost anywhere along its course and crossing by the swinging plank bridges get back on to the Brighton bus route through Cowdray Park, at Ambersham, Halfway House or Fittleworth. There is not much to be gained by walking outside the great wall at Petworth, but the exterior of the house itself has dignity, there are tulip trees and deer in the park, and there are ancient grey and red gabled houses of rare beauty. The inn is ugly, but they feed you well, and the church has many monuments to the family of Percy. The road to Fittleworth in May is covered with white chestnut and white may and white cowparsley, giving the impression of warm snow. Along this road back to Storrington you pass the narrow ancient grey bridge of Stopham, at the junction of the Arun and the Rother, where purple irises and marsh marigolds grow in profusion all the way along the flat marsh land to Pulborough. You will be tempted to leave the bus again below Nutbourne, where first the tiny Chilt and then the Stor come purling along under the Warren. In the warm weather there will be picnic parties down every sandy lane on Wiggonholt Common, and you will long for the right to enter North

Park Wood to get away from the hum of the traffic.

One of the richest walks in this neighbourhood is to cross the Arun due west of Amberley Castle by the ferry at Bury and wander over the fields first to the "Dog and Duck," which in spite of being off the main road often has to accommodate a couple of hundred motorists in the day, then on to the Roman villa at Bignor, turning south over Bignor Hill through the broad rides of the forest to Whiteways, and then into Arundel Park, which is filled with deer, down to Swanbourne Lake, the haunt of ducks and swans, and back to Storrington by way of the fields through watery South Stoke and the more upland North Stoke, where you regain the downs by way of the track over the railway tunnel.

To make from Storrington a bee line for the sea is to ring as many changes in scenery as a man could wish. First you have the winding climb up to the top of Kithurst, a cross-downs trek to Wepham Down, where one regains reclaimed land in that peculiarly South Downs manner of going through a farmyard at Upper Barpham, which leads to the wooded land of Angmering Park from which you look down over the gentle slopes to the green flats. The country round here is very thick until you cross the Brighton-Arundel Road, after which you come into the fields of Angmering Green, a village of many delights, including an old decoy duck-pond hidden in the woods, a gabled manor at Ecclesden, a church perched on a knoll with a wide brook at the bottom and a well-stocked rookery on the further side. The walk across the low-hedged fields to East Preston, the place they now call Angmering-on-Sea, is singularly peaceful and placid until you reach the garden-city which may strike you as a little flam-

boyant in the height of the summer. Every lane is heaped up with cars that glisten in the sun, the stony beaches and long stretches of sand at low tide are thronged with children and capering parents in gaudy blazers and bathing costumes. To the east you can see how, in the bad weather, the waves keep on eating into the brown earth which is only five feet above the shingle. Even the fringe of tamarisk hedges has gone all the way from East Preston to Ferring and Goring. They have built a sea-wall at the eastern end of East Preston which they call the Lido. Keen tennis players and the sort of people who can appreciate the amenities of a Sports Club like this village. As a centre for combined walking and bathing it is admirable, and it contains one of the most attractive churches in the county. There are enough lovers of ritual in the neighbourhood to make it difficult to secure a seat unless you are a quarter of an hour early. The bathing except at those seasons when you have to wade through a scum of ill-smelling seaweed, is at high tide good, at low tide a matter of paddling.

It is pleasant to walk along the field paths running parallel with the shore, particularly when the corn is ripening, but houses are being built so fast that very soon these field paths will disappear and Brighton front will extend to Portsmouth.

Already there are tea gardens at Ferring and the old barns and farms are now lost among the forest of modern houses. Goring Park, with its long avenue of dark ilex trees, remains, but the builders have been busy on all its borders. It is still worth walking across the fields from here to Broadwater to see the graves of Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson, but as one lifts up one's eyes to the hills of the north and sees the glaring

new red roofs of Salvington the realisation comes over one that the time will not be long before the staid avenues of west Worthing will spread over all this green and pleasant land. Offington Park and Poulter's Lane are already a garden suburb.

While you are in West Sussex you should make a point of exploring the creeks of Bosham, as unspoiled a village in spite of artists and its proximity to the main Brighton-Portsmouth road, as you could wish to find. At high tide you can dive off the quay and dress on the village green. There are crabs and jelly-fish, but these need not worry you. The church has a Saxon tower and possesses a crypt. About a hundred yards from the sea is an old moat which marks the site of Godwin's and Harold's residence. If you sail up the river you will see Tennyson Jesse's Mill and on the way down to the sea you will pass numbers of private steam yachts belonging to Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Guinnesses, who are now lords of the manor. Itchenor is even more isolated than Bosham and at Wittering you will hear curlew and see any number of rare sea birds as you pass through fields of purple vetch, mauve marsh mallows, yellow mustard, and yellow ladies' slippers. There is an old sea wall near West Wittering on which we sat all one long summer afternoon listening to the ring-plover, watching a leviathan-like White Star liner sail slowly round the Isle of Wight, and tiny red-sailed fishing boats wind their way up the estuary. It was from here that we first saw the huge sea birds that the natives call "Olaves," disporting themselves off Thorney Island, on the shore of which stood cows ankle-deep in the sea to get cool. For a quiet summer holiday you will find West Wittering better than many places five times as far from London. From the point

of view of history you could not hit on a better place. It was here that the Saxons first landed in England. It is supposed that Vespasian had his camp at Bosham. St. Wilfrid of York, as early as 681, found a colony of Irish monks preaching Christianity in this neighbourhood. The natives still hear the chimes of the Bosham bells echoing from the bed of the ocean where the Danish invaders' ships lie wrecked with the old Bosham bells in their keeping. It was from Bosham that Harold set out on the excursion to Normandy which let William in, and in the Bayeux tapestry you may see Harold with hawk on wrist on his way to hear Mass at Bosham church before starting.

One Sunday morning in January a blazing June-like sun called us away from the Brighton front and we caught the 10.15 bus for Littlehampton. Our conductor, loquacious and efficient (he did not forget to charge the child's fare for the dog), showed us a cargo steamer broadside on in Shoreham harbour. "Penny wise, pound foolish," said he. "To get out of paying the pilot's fee of a fiver, he's now cost his owner £300, has to wait three weeks for the next spring tide, and looks like losing his master's ticket." Small black diving-birds, about the size of dabchicks, were disporting themselves round the derelict Glasgow boat as we sped past. There had been no cormorants for months. As we turned north and west in that maze-like road at Goring, for perhaps the thousandth time we were startled into expressions of joy at the sight of the beech-crowned knoll of Highdown. This country is in some ways the most satisfying in all Sussex. For one thing the vast fields are hedgeless and only separated from each other and the road by dykes. For another the gently rising ground to the north gives

all the changing colours an added chance of being seen. All along the lee of Highdown at one season of the year the ground is blood-red with poppies. In January the dark brown soil looks as if it had been sprinkled with pepper. There is no church that looks so much in keeping with its surroundings as that of East Preston, with its walls of flint and tower and spire almost as green and yellow as the lichen-and-moss-covered Horsham stone tiles over the lych-gate. Littlehampton was wearing a very winter Sunday morning appearance and we were too early for a drink at the "White Hart," most picturesque and comfortable of mediæval inns, and there was no food to be got anywhere. Luckily our next bus was not long in coming and we were soon on our way again past the artistic new sign-boards of the "True Blue" and "Locomotive" Inns, through Lyminster to Arundel. The sun was shining full on the turrets and bastions of the grey castle and backed by the black leafless forest it looked more austere, majestic and magical than ever it looks in the summer. The Roman Catholic church at the top of the town always makes the town look as if it had been moved over from Normandy *en masse*. Arundel was as deserted as Littlehampton, and as there were no cafés or restaurants we made for the "Red Lion" for a pint of "old." For a good lunch one would naturally go to the "Norfolk," but to see and hear the slow-speaking yeomen of Sussex you must keep to the inns. We bought some sickly jam-tarts at a small confectioner's and climbed up the steep hill northwards past the Roman Catholic church. Always we seem fated to see some strange sight in this strangely picturesque town. Once we arrived at the Catholic church in time to witness a real village wedding, another time we had

to listen to the eerie mutterings of a mad woman in the park, and on another occasion were diverted from our original path by an Oxford undergraduate, a member of the O.T.C. encamped in the park, who had been unhorsed and wanted our aid to find his steed. I had not before that time really gauged the extent of this vast park. This time we ran unexpectedly into Boadicea, Julius Cæsar and St. Catherine V. and M. Outside the school-house a photographer was grouping children dressed for a pageant. On any other day it would, I think, have failed to attract our attention. But on Sunday at one o'clock, when the orthodox ought to be worshipping at the shrine of the roast sirloin we were unprepared. The sun was so hot that we were actually glad to get into the shade of the trees that form a thick avenue on the main Pulborough road. The woods were carpeted with rich wet brown leaves, on which the sun was shining through the branches, making a pattern of extraordinary richness. At Duchess's gate we turned into a ride of the forest thickly planted with young larch trees. Our object was to make a straight point for Stane Street. This was our third attempt. On our first, in the summer, we dived into Houghton Forest from Whiteways, and for an hour of a scorching day on a ground teeming with adders, were completely confused by the infinite number of grass tracks. On our second we were lost in Rewell Wood and when we reached at last the exquisite curve of Friar Mile Bottom, on the sides of which the yew trees smoke, we were so glad to reach a road that we kept to it and had a meal at Slindon, where Stephen Langton is buried, and spent our day inspecting the ancient pound and the Elizabethan manor. On this our third attempt, our luck was in. Almost before

we were in the wood we were out of it. We had hit on a path that fox hunters knew, for the fresh tracks of many horses led down the steep glade to Fair Mile Bottom, across the road, up the gentle slope of the northern side, leaving Madehurst on the left, across the Madehurst road and straight up on the edge of the forest. Quite unexpectedly we came out on the wide ride above Houghton Forest that on our first attempt had struck us as an enchanted land. In the summer it is carpeted with thyme, there are millions of birds and birds, and though the mossy surface is springy, walking is arduous. But on this winter's day it looked even lovelier. In the first place no house is visible in any direction. The ride is fully three hundred yards wide, a saddle-back with dense black woods on its sides and behind us, short scrub, yews, junipers, furze and thorns in front. It was brown with a thousand mole-hills, and everywhere was the screeching of jays, the harsh croaking of crows, the noise of startled pheasants and the soft rustle of wood-pigeons. Small birds beginning to mate were singing invisibly on all sides and rabbits scuttled away at our approach. A brown stoat raced across our feet and stood proudly, impudent and defiant, at the door of his circular castle in the side of a cart rut, waiting to see if we meant mischief, his grey choker as visible as a rabbit's tail, but his face and body as brown as the earth. The holly trees were red with berries and the gorse was in full bloom. The twigs of the young trees were red as the sunset and the firs were deep emerald. Yet people talk of the absence of colour in January. Just as suddenly as we came on the magic ride did we cut across what we took to be Stane Street, only differentiated from the countless green paths that ran in every direction by its

firmer surface. This famous Roman road curves as much as the railway at York station at this point and we raced to the top where the signpost points to Sutton and Bignor in the weald below and Chichester and Slindon in the woods behind. Chichester spire and the southern sea were invisible in the dazzling haze but the land to the north was clear-cut after the snow and the rain. Hindhead and the Hog's Back looked but a stone's throw over the tree-clad uplands. Immediately below lay the white farm of Cold Harbour, the church at Sutton with its houses clustering close for protection, the big white house of Bignor and the Roman villa in the ploughed and green fields near by.

The great wall, and the spire of Petworth stood well up and there were lakes and the white water of the Arun sparkling intermittently among the trees. The slopes of Burton, Farm Hill and Barlavington Down descended steeply to the Weald, most steeply in the densely-wooded black combes or hangers. We turned west to Burton Down and then southward to a farm, which I mistook for Gumber in order to reach Stane Street at another point. We mistook one ride for it and then emerged on to it where we first entered it. Turning down the street towards Slindon we found two vast eyes staring at us from the woodlands which it penetrated at Eartham. Reluctantly we turned back in the failing light and on regaining the sign-post at four o'clock found the Weald blotted out from view in a purple and grey haze. Making for Bury we found ourselves in a dank, dead hollow, with wooden traps laid for birds with maize. A little manipulation of barbed-wire fences and we descended a steep lane made muddy with the passing of many cows to the hamlet of West Burton where on our last visit the hedgerows

had been lit by yellow-hammers repeating their song of a "little bit of bread and no cheese." A mile along this prehistoric track we were once more on the main road at the "White Horse" at Bury, looking on John Galsworthy's great gabled manor-house. An R.A.C. man told us how infinitely richer were the beauties of North Leigh in Oxfordshire where was a Roman villa far "finer than that at Bignor," and at 5.5. we entered our homeward-bound bus to run into a white mist at Whiteways and a sea fog later on. At Littlehampton we had eggs and blackberry jam at the "White Hart" and were back in Brighton by eight o'clock ready for a big dinner at the Regent.

If I were going to explore Sussex methodically I should, I think, adopt one of two plans; either divide the county up into its six rapes of Chichester, Arundel, Bramber, Lewes, Pevensey and Hastings, after the manner of Speed's map, and in this way explore its ten castles, nineteen market-towns, and three hundred and twelve parish churches, getting a little forest, a little weald, a little downland and a little maritime plain into each of my walks, or I should divide it up into four and walk first the forest from Horsham to Crowborough, then the Weald (a bigger undertaking this), then the Downs from Eastbourne to South Harting, and lastly the plain by the sea from West Wittering to Shoreham.

My plan however, living as I do in Brighton, has been to take the South Down bus from there to whatever place I particularly feel drawn to explore and come back every night. The only other place I have taken as headquarters is Angmering, an admirable and very little known centre. Your choice along the coast-line is limited. Everywhere there are new houses being built, notice-boards prohibiting trespassers, wire fences,

and other deterrents, but there is an excellent choice northwards, one of the best being the track across the fields to Angmering Green, thence left-handed over more fields past the quiet decoy-pond in the woods, across the main road, up the Dover Road to Warning Camp, where there is an enormous chalk-pit and a ravine to be crossed before you come to the hill above Burpham, one of the loveliest of Sussex villages. A stream runs under its southern side and it looks over a chalk cliff on its northern side right on to the winding Arun. Ruskin wrote "Fors Clavigera" here, and the writing tradition was carried on by Tickner Edwardes, who once lived here. We found a barmaid at the inn, who read Belloc, and knew many modern artists. We also met in the inn a shell-shocked deep-sea fisherman who chatted genially about Iceland. We walked on from here by way of Peppering Farm to see the whole valley of the Amberley Wild Brooks under water, so we returned by way of the narrow swinging bridge and sinister dank wood that separates genial North Stoke, with its cruciform light church, from South Stoke, with its deserted overgrown churchyard and queerly ugly vicarage. It was here that they found that black wooden British canoe that now rests at Lewes castle.

If on leaving the Dover Road you turn right-handed instead of going to Burpham, you reach at the gamekeeper's cottage at the north end of Angmering Park a place under the trees covered with the skulls of owls and stoats and jays, where you look down a straight green ride over four miles of gently descending slopes right over the sea. It was here that on the eighteenth of April, 1925, I saw my first swallow of the year, heard my first cuckoo, smelt my first cowslip and picked my first bluebell of the season.

But usually the temptation at Angmering was to bask on the beach all day, getting one's skin brown until the heat drove one into the shade of the tamarisk, or else walk along the sands to Littlehampton and go up the Arun in a motor-launch disturbing the snipe and the curlew, and the sedge-warblers in the reeds between Arundel and Bury.

In spite of its distance, all my best walks have been undertaken from Brighton although it has meant sometimes four hours each way in the bus when one has gone as far afield as Bosham. In a train one's fellow-travellers are citizens of the world and one misses the scenery, but on a bus you get into touch with the Sussex people, you have time to appreciate the changing scenery. You can take in the beauties of the barns and the windmills, the manor-houses and the seaside hamlets without tiring yourself by walking in flat country. It would be dull to walk along the Ryeband Rife from Climping to Bognor or the old canal, now overgrown with weeds and flowers, that runs from Ford to North Mundham, but it is pleasant to look down on it from the top of a bus and watch, as I have watched, the flash of blue as a king-fisher darts along the bank. It is pleasant too, to drive along a road fringed with cow parsley and look over low hedges or dykes on to fields of yellow corn or deep red clover, at flocks of gulls following in the wake of the ploughman. To walk from Chichester to West Wittering along the straight flat road would be a tedious business, but on the bus you only have time to notice its strange desolation. You are not yourself depressed and you want your energy in summer-time for the walk up the sandy shores afterwards.

I owe my acquaintance with Wittering to a school-

master whom I met on the village green at Bosham. It was my first visit there and the bus had put me down on the main road at a most unpropitious-looking spot. I walked down the hot lane and soon found myself in a village through which a stream ran by the sides of gardens that were a riot of hollyhocks and roses. The lane ended abruptly in the sea, which at high tide was lapping the sides of the houses. My first urgent need was a bathe, and I was directed north of the village across some fields, where I emerged on to a reedy river, about a foot deep, but about a mile across. It was too dirty to bathe in, so I retraced my steps to the church and was shown with considerable pride the bells, after which I went for a row with an old man, who was quite deaf. Every sailor wore a yachting-cap, and the water was crowded with every sort of craft. To my surprise I was urged to bathe off the jetty, where an old barn with a long ladder juts out, so after mixing with the crabs for a bit I returned to the green, where numbers of small boys were see-sawing. Their master told me that they were from a London school sent down to learn a bit of history and that their camp was at Wittering, which he praised so highly that I took a sailing boat down to have a look at it. We had to turn back at Itchenor, where the creek is crowded with yachts of all sorts, so I had to return the next day when I went there by bus from Chichester, and was immediately struck by the similarity of Cakeham manor-house with its red-brick hexagonal tower looking over the sea to the tower of Laughton. Wittering is a row of bungalows and a sandy waste. As I walked up the estuary I was chased by a carrier pigeon, which would not leave me, but actually kept on pecking my hands and feet. Black thunder clouds gathered over the Isle of Wight and

blotted it out long before I turned the corner of the estuary and found my schoolmaster and his boys coming over the yellow fields and the long flower-covered sea-wall. After bathing I listened to the larks in the fields and the ring-plover, curlew and peewits up and down the estuary, which is scarlet with bog lichen, until it was time to have tea, which they were unwilling to provide at the inn, so I had it with an old sailor's family who were intelligent enough to remind me that this was the landing-place of the Saxons, though no one can land here now, and that I must not miss the tombs to the Earnleys in the ancient church. Chichester, on my return, by contrast seemed as busy as London. It is not easy on the Sussex coast to escape the multitude, but for a little time yet at Birdham, Itchenor and Wittering there will be more interesting birds and flowers than people. The Worthing-Littlehampton-Bognor-Chichester-Bosham route is the main bus route through West Sussex from Brighton, but so far as scenery and interest are concerned a much more useful bus route is that which turns north at Shoreham, goes through Steyning, Storrington and Pulborough to Petworth, where you can, if you wish, pick up another bus to complete your circular tour through Midhurst, Cocking and Singleton round to Chichester. This drive is as full of variety as any in Sussex. First there is the long harbour of Shoreham followed by the winding valley of the Adur with down ridges on both sides, the villages of Bramber and Steyning under the lee of Chanctonbury, through Wiston Lane, a long avenue of rhododendrons glowing under the tall firs, trousered elms, rough oaks and smooth beeches to red-bricked Storrington. Thence by the side of Parham Park with heath and common on the eastern side to the

long street of Pulborough and then along the banks of the Arun to old Stopham Bridge and Fittleworth. Here are bracken glades and dense woods on sandstone soil for picnickers and undulating deep lanes before you get to Petworth, which is a mass of mediæval houses with crooked roofs, and the townspeople take the air on the grassy ramparts of the steep wall. After this you look over the great wall at the deer in the park, and to the south you look across the valley to the long ridge of the Downs. Soon your road takes you through the vast park of Cowdray with the ruined castle visible on the south side, and you rest again in the quiet streets of Midhurst, before turning south through Cocking, right over the top of the Downs to Singleton and Chichester.

We set out on the last day of January to conquer the track of Stane Street, that runs from Burton Down to Halnaker, and incidentally to follow the Cowdray Hounds, which were meeting on Bury Hill. We left our bus at Whiteways Gate at 11.40 and found, at the foot of Bury Hill, some dozen or so deserted cars. On the hill-top we ran into stragglers on foot and soon afterwards heard the horn and watched the hounds casting in the furze bushes of Houghton Forest. It was a clear sunny day but cold enough to force us to keep moving, so having congratulated ourselves on seeing hounds actually in the wide green track that we took to be Stane Street, we walked down it towards Chichester, our path barred in two instances by fallen trees. We emerged on to a green track that ran across the ridge of two enormous fields that were bounded by woods on either side. To our surprise the old windmill on Halnaker and the spire of Chichester Cathedral were far too much to our right, but we comforted ourselves by saying that owing to the word " Coldharbour " we

must expect for once the Roman road to wind. Along this open track came two girls bumping themselves to pieces on horses that they could not ride, an unshaven tramp who looked like the second murderer in " Macbeth " and an old lady in black with two dogs, who was looking for an old glove that she had lost. They all agreed that we were on Great Down making straight for Slindon and that we were nowhere near Stane Street. We therefore turned north-west through Northwood, which isn't a wood at all but a vast patch of scrub. We were turned back by the noise of men shooting and retraced our steps under the lee of Nore Hill and consoled ourselves with the thought that Stane Street could not provide lovelier views or a more springy path than that which leads to Slindon. Furthermore, I had to be in London in the evening, so we had no time even to call at the inn, but had to race south on to the main Chichester road and join the 3.14 bus at the Royal Oak, a gaunt uninviting-looking public-house. As it takes two and a half hours each way from Hove and the fares for two people come to about twelve shillings, I was all the more angry at my inability to read the map. During the war I scored a hundred per cent. in my map-reading examinations at Chelsea. It infuriated me to think that I could not even after two big efforts make Stane Street on an inch-to-the-mile map. Next time, to make quite certain, I shall start from the south-western end where it begins by being a real road : then I can make no mistake. I do however realise that I should never have found the lovely green ride that runs from Slindon across Great Down had it not been for my inability to read my map correctly, and we had the satisfaction of seeing, as we looked back for the last time at the ridge of Burton Downs so covered with stunted yews that they

looked like the chin of an unshaven giant, that the hounds were still playing hide-and-seek much where we had left them.

The next day which was the first of February, was equally cold and clear. We caught the 10.8 bus and got off it at 10.45 at the Three Horse Shoes at Lancing. We walked north by way of winding lanes fringed by an unending succession of new bungalows to Sompting, where men were sowing by hand just as they used to in Biblical times. This was my first visit to this famous church and I was at once struck with its clear-cut austerity, very much in keeping with the rectangular Sussex barns behind it. The tower is unlike any other in England. The usual Sussex pyramidal witch's hat is here gabled so that you have four perfect rhomboids of tile or slate and walls of flint running high from the ground with bits of Roman red brick let in to the Saxon work here and there. The church is cruciform in shape, but not æsthetically wonderful. The most interesting thing in it from my point of view is the list of field-names in the neighbourhood. These include such delightful sounding words as Smock Croft, Lower Trudgeons, Demesne Nower, Beggar's Bush Field, Tye Hill, Lychpole Meadows, Stocks Long Dole, Malthouse Barnfield, Brown's Gower Nab, Stocks Pax Mead, the Lean or Southway, and the Nower. The estate adjoining once belonged to the Abbey of Fécamp in Normandy, and it was the granting of land in Sussex to this Abbey by Edward the Confessor that led William the First to conquer the whole of a land so obviously delectable. The Knights Templars and the Knights Hospitallers in turn owned Sompting, so it was with an historical sense definitely roused that we turned west along a track running across a mighty hedgeless field

that sloped to the sea, and then took the dry chalk lane on to the bare downs past Lambley's Barn to Lychpole Hill and that most ancient of all camps on Cissbury. Here is a walk well within the capacity of even the most senile dwellers along the sea coast, one of the most exquisite and easy strolls in England, and yet we met with no single person the whole day through except shepherds and labourers. From the ruined barn on Lychpole you look over glass-houses on the maritime plain all glistening in the sun to a sea that sparkles even more brightly. You walk first along an avenue of firs and thorns, then on open stubble, all white with loose flints, then on to dead brown grassland looking over Canada and Stump Barn to No Man's Land and the beech clump of Chanctonbury, in February almost jet-black. And long before you expect it you are at the great eastern gate of the vast camp, 600 feet above the sea, where once in the dim ages Neolithic man forged his implements of flint, and later the Romans and later still the Saxons came, not altogether to admire the view. A green path runs round the inner grass ramparts and in the vallum thorn trees and holly trees grow. We ran round to the north gate and then abandoning our original idea of reaching Washington in view of the great banks of billowy white-snow clouds that were gathering in the west we descended past the egg-shaped dew pond and made over Fox Down into the hollow below No Man's Land and climbed Park Brow, where one can still see the hut circles and ancient fields that were tilled by prehistoric man. We diverged out of the straight path to take a photograph of the dark sinister-looking Magdalen Barn with its black sentinels of trees posted on either side and then struck over the brow of the hill down the steep green slope leading

into Steyning Lane where a kindly farmer has provided a path along the top of his hedge for those who dislike mud. There is no mud to compare with that to be found in the two paths out of Steyning on to the Downs. The whole weald had been turned by the recent rains into a vast lake and only Henfield stood high and dry. We had just twenty minutes at the " White Horse " in which to gulp down old beer in silver tankards, brandy in our tea and slices of bread and cheese before our homeward bus left at 2.20. On my return, on looking up what Dallaway had to say of the famous village of Sompting I discovered this gem : " In the year 1318 Adam Aylneth settled on John de Patenay, and Lucy his wife, daughter of the said Adam, one messuage, thirty acres of arable, and ten acres of meadow, at the rent of a rose on St. John's Day."

It was of this that I was reminded when I met in the inn at Angmering Green a reporter on the *Baltimore Sun* while hunting with the Crawley and Horsham. The morning had been blank. We induced him to join us. He was well read, and the day threatened to degenerate into an exchange of " What do you think of Sitwell as a poet ? " and " Have you read Jew Süss ? " when we found and ran over bluebell and anemone-carpeted woods up to Michel Grove, where hounds were drawn off, and we watched sadly the pink-coated field disperse in groups over the green downs. The American sighed. " In Sussex," I said, " the land is not to be bartered for money. But ten acres of meadow were once valued at the rent of a rose on St. John's Day."

" It was worth coming to England to hear that " he replied. I blushed in my pride. Who would not be proud to be the native of such a country ?

IX

THE SUSSEX WEALD AND FOREST

Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim blue goodness of the weald. Kipling.
I never get between the pines but I smell the Sussex air. Belloc.

ONE of the best of the inland walks is to be got by taking the bus to Lindfield. Having admired the gorse common and the church and resisted the lure of the antique shops, cross the fields, yellow with buttercups, and follow the banks of the baby Ouse to East Mascalls, one of the best restored of old timbered houses in the country. The windows are mullioned, there are oak panels and beams everywhere, stone fire-places and mantelpieces, rich red-brick Tudor walls, on a foundation of old grey stone, with queer scratchings in the stone and S-shaped timber let into the walls. Within half a mile of this house, on a bridge by an old lock, stands the " Sloop " Inn, where they still beat the apple trees at Christmas-time in order to promote a good crop. Just above the inn is Massetts Place, with its tall, roofed gable, plaster-work and irregular oak beams. This was until recently the home of Lady Wolseley, whose book, " Some of the Smaller Manor Houses of Sussex," is calculated to send all its readers searching through the Weald for treasures similar to those which she unearthed at Wapsbourne, Halland, Colin Godman, Pekes and Priesthawes. It was from her that I first learnt to look for those old Whapple ways, over which

Well, go thy way, little Dove! Thou art the finest river that ever I saw and the fullest of fish.

Isaak Walton.

the ancient salt-carriers used to bring their goods from the sea through the clearings in the forest. It was she who taught me to look for those sign-post poplars that were planted near the farms to guide the returning husbandmen on winter afternoons. In her company I went back to an age when rent could be paid in silken lace, cummin seed, a pair of gilt spurs, in silver shillings, and in one superb instance by a rose on St. John's Day,[1] according to the whim of the manor's lord. She it was who first made me enquire of labourers the place-names of fields, though I failed ever to touch the loveliness of those which she discovered at Priesthawes. Sweet to the ear of the æsthete, and of the first importance to the historian are such names as Moll Coppers, Brick Wishes, Theeches, Joan Roach Marsh, Great Dunce and Little Dunce, Hip Holes and Loates. With her we inspected the exquisite oak panelling and decorated ceilings of that haunted Tudor Manor House at Hangleton, which members of the West Hove Golf Club pass by daily without even turning their eyes aside to see. Here was a farm so active that President Kruger made a special journey to see it, and in earlier days so magnificent that it housed an English King in George the Fourth. Lady Wolseley's old house at Massetts is in a lonely wooded lane, and looks south on to the high gorse-clad ridge of Chailey Common. Having inspected her ancient home we wandered eastward to Scaynes Hill, where we found an ugly church and a huge inn, where men were busy laying out a tennis-court. It was a wild, blowy day in January when we set out to find the smuggler's house, Colin Godman, that she recommended as worth a visit. We decided to get out of the bus at Pilt Down

[1] Vide page 187.

in order to see the historic spot where Charles Dawson in 1912 discovered the world-famous Pilt Down skull, but the bus conductor, who seemed to have our interests very much at heart, advised us to get out at Monkey Puzzle Corner and sample the food at the Star Inn, which we did. The proprietor, an ex-dockyard policeman from Tipperary, not only supplied us with a rich lunch, but poured a generous dose of neat brandy into our tea and diced with us for the paying of many drinks. He irradiated good cheer and kept us well entertained during a long downpour with stories of his life in Shadwell and as hall-porter in a block of flats at Hove. "The old woman as owned the flats," he said, "tried to get us to live in a wine-cellar so airless that you had to blow in all the ventilation with your mouth." Two other men in the bar-parlour regaled us with poaching stories. "And the ole pheasant wur hung up in the top of the tree and I passed under and eyed her every day for weeks, till one day a great gale blew her down, and she wur as fresh as the day she wur born. I rackon 'twas the cold air wot kep' 'er fresh." A pale and languid son of the house stood behind his father's back continually winding him up, as one story succeeded another.

"Life is as much comedy as tragedy," said the innkeeper. "For instance we had been waiting years for my wife's father to die. He died just six weeks too soon, for he left us a thousand pounds. I immediately took my pension of eighty-four shillings a week. Six weeks later, after the police strike, it would have been eight pounds. Still I don't grumble. I get three good meals a day, never a spare moment, and have my old woman with me, and the King himself couldn't say better than that."

I can recollect no instance of an innkeeper doing so much to gladden the hearts of his guests. It seemed cheap at the price, 8s. 6d. for eggs and tea and brandy and port and old beer and cigarettes and drinks all round to the company. The skies were leaden as we crossed the sodden common past the open golf-course and the lake and turned towards Fletching, where we found a church with a Norman leaning spire, a brass to a glover who took part in Jack Cade's rebellion and the modest tomb, hidden away in a private mausoleum, of Edward Gibbon. There were also old helmets and gauntlets of the Nevills, and alabaster monuments of the Tudor period. The village of Fletching is what is called "model," but there was something a little unpleasant in finding not only that the gates to Sheffield Park, in spite of the fact that the owner, a man called Soames, was in Egypt, were locked, but that even the villagers were prohibited from taking dogs on to the cricket ground. We were told that Soames permitted no hunting on his estate, either of the otter or the fox. We peered through the gates and the rain descended so fast that we had to seek shelter in the inn, where they charged us a shilling for lighting a fire. We soon exhausted the delights of stuffed birds and sporting prints, and were reduced to reading exceedingly well-bound copies of Porteous', Stanhope's and Dodderidge's sermons. Colin Godman soon became out of the question, but we walked in the failing light to Splayne's Green, where, turning westward, we came to a lonely cottage of such beauty that even Colin Godman could not beat it. The black pall of clouds had passed and the ridge of the Downs stood out in relief backed by a thin bar of glowing red and orange and yellow. Rectangular barns and the naked branches

of trees were thrown into firmer definition by this exquisite background, and in a little dell standing bare in a field stood our dream-house. It had a large red-brick hexagonal Tudor chimney, out of which curled the blue smoke of a wood fire. There were narrow, vertical slits of white plaster, with black old oak beams running parallel along the upper part of the house, and on the ground-floor level were more black beams that were once horizontal and vertical, but now made irregular quadrilaterals. There were two crazy diamond-paned windows, and an old decrepit door. The roof of Horsham stone was covered with a mass of green moss and down the garden path walked a stately old lady with snow-white hair. There was no sound anywhere except an owl calling in the wood behind and somewhere a hawk screaming. As we turned south one large yellow twinkling star appeared over the distant black downs and the puddles and pond turned silver as we passed. We ran on across the golf course to find the spot where the skull was found, but it was by this time too dark to see anything but the ghostly forms of two swans swimming on the pond, so we had no alternative but to give up the search and regain our homeward bus.

I am disappointed that Lady Wolseley did not tell us something of the history of that ancient family, the Coverts, or their ruined home at Slaugham. I have often been to that lovely place, but the best way is by way of Doomsday Green at the back of Coolhurst, through St. Leonard's Forest and by the side of the Hammer Lakes. This is a path strewn with rhododendrons and pines, along sandy, winding lanes, through woods carpeted with bluebells, with water glistening in every clearing. You will probably find the inn at

Slaugham full of motorists, but few of them cross the road to the church and fewer still know of the ruins across the field.

The church is filled with monuments to the Covert family, the churchyard is one mass of yews, and as you cross the buttercup meadow to the ruins the odds are on the cuckoo in the trees above the pond which marks the source of the Ouse giving you welcome. There is a path and a right of way past the ruins over the water, but the present owners have placed a keeper's cottage very near the box-hedge that marks the boundary of the ruins to prevent any enthusiast from doing more than peer over at the Italian terraces, noble fragments of fireplaces and walls inside the rectangular confines. At each corner of the walls is a four-square cottage, and by scrambling up the crumbling walls we saw lupins and hollyhocks in endless profusion. Slaugham Place is as quiet as Swinburne's Deserted Garden, but from the east comes the ominous sound of motor traffic, and the wise man leaves the main road, which is the London-Brighton road, severely alone. On leaving the old place walk due south by the side of the lake under the lee of the new mansion, up the fields to Warninglid, and thence by the quiet lane that runs parallel with the London Road to Bolney, in the church of which delightful village is "a true and complete peal of Grandsire Triples," on which 5,040 changes were rung in two hours and fifty-eight minutes, on November 12th, 1924. There is a memorial to a young member of the family of Huth of Wakehurst, who fell at Hill 60, inscribed "πᾶσα γῆ ταφος" and in the pews I found on my last visit, which was on a March hunting day, copies of Bunyan's hymn, "He who would valiant be 'gainst all disaster" in every pew.

The Crawley and Horsham were meeting in the village that day, and the sight of five exceptionally pretty small girls riding in Bolney Woods amid a setting of anemones, kingcups, primroses and violets will remain with me whenever the name of Bolney comes back to my mind. From Bolney the best way home is by a cross-country route along the banks of the Adur from Twineham Grange, through Shermanbury, past Mock Bridge, where Margaret Fairless lived, to the tiny village of Ashurst, where the authoress of "The Roadmender" lies buried with the simplest of wooden crosses to commemorate her. The last time I was there was on a May Day when I had been otter-hunting all day on the water between Bines Bridge and Hole Street, and on my way back to Ashurst found all the woods posted with notices, on which were written the words, "Caution—Snakes," a far more effective deterrent than "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

I am for ever having shots at exploring Stane Street, and always being defeated. In my efforts, however, I have nearly always discovered a hidden beauty that could not well be excelled even by this famous Roman road. I discovered its northern track out of Sussex, while I was on my way to lunch at Maiden Erleigh on the Sunday before Ascot. It was rhododendrons, rhododendrons all the way through Leonards Lee, and we were going so fast that at the cross-roads, where Stane Street disappears into the Roman woods, I had just time to crane my neck to the right to see the track disappearing into the undergrowth, and to the left to see the straight road from Billingshurst. If I failed to find Stane Street I was more than recompensed to find at Buck's Green an inn where I had a larger

lunch and, on my way back, a finer supper than I ever had in any other inn in England. The name of it is the "Queen's Head." There were huge dishes of broad beans, green peas, and new potatoes, all fresh from the garden, to go with the young lamb that lay waiting for us in that upstair room. There was, of all unexpected things, a whole basin of rich Devonshire cream made by our hostess, a West Countrywoman by birth, to go with our raspberry and red currant tart. There was, most surprising of all, a magnum of Bollinger on the ice to be shared among four of us. We did less than justice to Solly Joel's lunch as the result of this amazing meal. We were not surprised to learn that Londoners came in vast hordes to the "Queen's Head" for their annual bean-feasts. The procedure is to fill the charabancers up to the brim with food and drink till about 2.30, then turn them out into the village cricket field, where they lie on their backs on the sweet-smelling grass and look up into the sky or across the blue weald to the ridge of the Downs, or else go to sleep till six o'clock, when they eat another prodigious meal before setting out for home. There is an elm or oak just in front of the inn which is rapidly dying as the result, it is supposed, of the petrol fumes of the passing traffic. Buck's Green is right in the highway of life, but our hostess told me that she had recently hired a maid from Plaistow, a village a few miles distant, who at the age of sixteen had never in her life seen a train or even heard one. Not a bad record for the year 1926 in so accessible a county as Sussex. Among all the other marvels of the "Queen's Head" I had almost forgotten to mention the prize drake which sails majestically on the secluded pond in the orchard. This drake has taken all the prizes that

drakes can take in England, and Buck's Green and Rudgwick are as likely to be remembered for his sake as they are for their own remarkable natural beauties. But I shall never be able to pass the " Queen's Head " without conjuring up visions of two Gargantuan and wonderful meals. May I always have as keen an appetite as I possessed then.

One Easter Monday I was at the Aquarium at ten o'clock hoping to catch the Uckfield bus. (I had decided to give the Downs a rest.) It was luckily running in duplicate. It would have been full had it been running in ten portions. All the shop girls and domestic servants were off for the day to see their parents in the Wellington, Plashett, Isfield, and Little Horsted area. On the way to Falmer we passed armies of boy scouts and girl guides, married couples on tandems in search of flowers, courting couples arm in arm in search of solitude, scorchers, motor charabancs, cars without number. It was with relief that I saw the last of Lewes.

As we dropped the town-worker we took up more and more country-men. One woman neighbour of mine dropped her seven-year-old daughter peremptorily on my lap while she succumbed to a panic about her " Money-purse." She found it in the end in a sort of breast-pocket.

" Comes o' wearing clothes same as a man," she said. " What I sh'd 'a done without my money-purse I can't think. Fifteen shillun' and all."

By a queer coincidence precisely the same incident happened to me a year later outside Offham church. " Money-purse " is obviously the correct term.

At Half Way House the need for the duplicate ceased, so we were all bundled into the front car.

We reached Uckfield at 11.20. I made a dash for the Crowborough bus, and had it almost to myself (save for one fat woman with a persistent cough, which she enjoyed and I hated) until 11.40, when we more than filled, and climbed out of the town on to the heights. I had been cursing myself for a fool at abandoning my Downs for an unknown interior country when we emerged out of the pleasant weald by Heron's Ghyll and Camp Gate, and I got out. It was exactly midday. The view was completely (to me) unexpected. I was facing due north, and there lay before me a barren tract of peaty moorland; the Forest of Ashdown is not unlike the Forest of Exmoor. I turned west to Crow's Nest: there were cars parked in the heather every thirty yards or so. All England seemed to have selected the Forest for its Easter Monday picnic. I left the hard road and climbed Camp Hill: in the ring of trees a dozen boy scouts were boxing. I kept parallel with the western road until I caught sight of a very old man with a face like a crab-apple collecting sticks near the old windmill. He was unexpectedly quick of hearing. He began to tell me how deep the snow lay hereabouts in winter when all the rest of Sussex was immune, but I wanted to get on.

I told him that I wanted to get to Wych Cross and was anxious to avoid motor traffic. He pointed down into the deep gully. "Cross the stream at the bottom," he said, "and you'll find the old road."

Better to drop 250 feet (565 to 339 to be accurate) and up again, I thought, than to keep on the level and have the dust and wind of a thousand cars.

I started down the narrow, thinly-marked track among the heather and gorse. There were ominous rustlings on either side. The adders were taking

advantage of their first hot day, and resented the disturbance. I trod heavily : the earth shook with the weight of my tread. I leaped, I sang, I scented the adders where there were none. The rustlings increased. By the time I reached the brook at the bottom of the gorge I was dripping with sweat. I wished that I had taken the northern circuit on the barer downland. There was no water there for the snakes to drink. As I climbed out of the valley at Pippingford I was glad to hear the hum of the friendly motor and know that I was on firm earth again, but the long mile from Chelwood Vetchery to Wych Cross made me sigh for the snakes again. On the east side of the road there were builders' notices, on the west picnic parties on the road itself cars in desperate hurry to arrive God knows where. I began to sigh also for the snow of which the old man had talked. My lips were cracking and my nose became filled with petrol perfume.

At Wych Cross there were knots of cyclists sprawling on the banks of the four cross-roads. It was with more than ordinary relief that I swung west on the Coldharbour Road and left the fat blue trail of the first-class road to the wheeled traffic. Through the trees it was soon possible to get a glimpse of the purple valley to the north, with Forest Row and East Grinstead to remind one of the proximity of London. On the south there was merely a grey haze stretching over the whole sleepy weald : it was possible to leave the road and wander among the trees or on the peaty barren moor. After Coldharbour there was a succession of pretentious-looking houses, Plawhatch Hall taking up the most room. At Tyes Cross I suddenly began to quicken my stride. It was 2.15, and I saw the word

"Inn" marked on the map 1½ miles further on at West Hoathly. I did not want to find it shut when I got there. I should have been wiser to turn aside to the Station Hotel at Sharpthorne, but I thought I might just manage the extra half mile. At Sharpthorne there is a patch of ground occupying about quarter of an acre by the side of the road. There was a notice-board fronting it on which it was stated that the people of Sharpthorne might play there if they kept "good behaviour"! I covered the quarter mile in about 75 seconds, and slipped into the Cat Inn as the girl was cleaning the last glass and the proprietor was sweeping the floor. I cried for bread and cheese: I cried for two bottles of Bass. Sweating I consumed them. . . . They demurred at having to serve me. I said that I was walking from Crowborough to Horsham. In any case I should have hurried, for the proprietor swept vigorously. The room was a riot of dust. It was all because I had, in my usual hurry, entered by the wrong door. The same inn provided me with unusual delight on my next visit.

I finished my bread and cheese on the churchyard wall. Four bare-headed undergraduates were taking an afternoon siesta at my feet. A shingled flapper was trying to cajole one of the servants at the Manor House to desert her post and come out and play. The Manor House at West Hoathly goes near to being the most perfect very old house I have ever seen. Its courtyard is flagged, its windows diamond-paned, its stone tiles are grey and lichened. It is a small house of two grey gables with an outer wall of grey stone, and an arched gateway. The church spire stands up on a 600 foot eminence, and can be seen from almost any part of the southern weald on a clear day.

I had intended to turn south at West Hoathly to Haywards Heath, by way of Horsted Keynes and Lindfield, but the call of the Forest was too insistent.

I took the field foot-path to Rockhurst and found myself in a laurel avenue strewn with notices about trespassers. I managed to cross one private drive after another, striking due west, until I reached the Caterham-Haywards Heath road at Pearcelands. I cut into a narrow muddy track at the bottom of which I encountered an enormous hound with a girl in land-girl's kit. Instead of setting her dog on me, she was extraordinarily pleasant, and told me that there used to be a right of way in the old days through Pearcelands, a deep gully covered with thick trees. I jumped the brook, climbed two fields diagonally, and came out at Newhouse Farm, where I found a delightful red sandy track. I was on the Paddockhurst Estate—the private property of Lord Cowdray. Whenever, in Sussex, I find myself in a peculiarly lovely territory it always turns out to belong to Lord Cowdray. I am glad, for he is the most considerate of landowners.

I passed through a glorious wood, with ravine, bridge, river, huge boulders, rabbits and pheasants, and found myself on a by-road with woods on either side. On the gate across the road I read the usual notice about trespassers, and saw in front of me the huge red-brick "pile" of Paddockhurst. A clock struck the quarter. I wanted to get to the inn, which was a bare mile across the ravine, but about three miles by way of the road, so I crossed into woods on the south, dropped into the river bottom, and climbed out into the fields below Monk's Farm. The men working

in the stables looked at me suspiciously, but let me pass unchallenged, and I got on to the main Redhill-Balcombe road exactly at the Cowdray Arms. I was too late to get any tea. They gave me ginger beer and cake, and I abandoned my idea of going on through Worth Forest, Tilgate Forest and St. Leonard's Forest to Horsham, and turned into the woods of Balcombe Forest instead. Here is indeed a wild wonderland. The trees are all gnarled after the manner of those in Arthur Rackham's pictures, and there are endless footpaths leading through the undergrowth.

It was almost impossible to believe that I was on the top of the tunnel on the main line of the London and Brighton Railway, for by taking any path that offered I was in as remote a country as any in the New Forest. Balcombe Forest, unlike Ashdown Forest, is covered with trees: the paths are bewildering. Led only by the rumbling of the trains under me, I came out exactly at the southern entrance of the tunnel on a grassy bank covered with violets. Balcombe Station was only a mile away, but I again got lost twice before I caught sight of the church spire and made a dash for it across the wet fields. I got down to the station at 6.20. There was a train for Brighton at 6.23. I was in luck's way.

Brighton's platforms were like those of Victoria and Paddington on Maundy Thursday. The road to the station was filled with a struggling army of tired human beings with brown paper parcels and attaché cases. The Front was littered with deserted deck chairs.

I was home at 7.30 and in bed two hours later, dreaming of green lanes and yellow furze-clad Downs, of purple

moor and forests of silver and green. Always and everywhere there were primroses and daffodils.

The next occasion on which I tried to reach the Forest was at the beginning of February. I discovered that the South Down bus return fare from Brighton to Chelwood Gate, a two-hour run each way, was only four shillings, so in spite of a grey sky, buoyed up by the fact that the wind had changed in the night from south to north, we did our usual dash up First Avenue to catch a bus, with spaniel, sandwiches, maps, papers, camera, guide-books, letters, and money somehow dispersed on or near our person, and breathed again as the sun broke through the clouds before we reached Castle Square. The bus left the Aquarium at 9.55. Workmen were busy trying to get the widened London Road finished before Easter. On the north side of Clayton Hill, where we had once seen cows run amok and destroy in ten seconds about a mile of barbed wire, there was a rude camp of many sinister-looking gipsies. Not till our return did we discover that by drawing one of their vans across the road had they held up a party of Brighton amateur actors the night before and demanded their watches or their lives. We sped on past Hassocks,—where once we changed horses on the old Berkeley coach—to the inn at Friar's Oak, owned by the father of a Test Team cricketer, where we had once beagled in a foot of snow and taken our skates in order to try the pond at Hammond's Farm in case there was no hare-hunting. In the streets of Burgess Hill we met scarlet-coated riders on their way to the meet at the Sportsman Inn on St. John's Common, with a day in front of them as wet underfoot as it was dry overhead. We were held up at the level-crossing at Wivelsfield, now a long avenue of cheap

bungalows, and had time to remind each other of the famous run with the beagles from Ditchling, when we had a terrifying time trying to whip hounds off two railway lines, along which expresses seemed to be dashing at ten seconds' interval. Under the railway and then over it we passed from World's End up on to the sandstone heights of Hayward's Heath, and thence to Lindfield, a village as full of antique timbered houses as Chipping Campden is full of gables. We cast languishing glances at the Stand-Up Inn and the Bent Arms, and were carried on down to the bridge over the Ouse below the great house at Paxhill, where the floods were so severe that the garden of one cottage was entirely submerged and the waters were beating and swirling round the back door. From the heights of Stone Cross we looked north on a new world of upland forests and were soon on the Green at Horsted Keynes wondering whether we would try the Green Man with its newly-painted gay sign of the mediæval forester, or the more sombre Crown Inn. A timbered house with yellow plaster, tall Tudor brick chimneys and brown Horsham stone roof, shone clear-cut in the sun, but we were swept on along a winding steep lane into a wooded ravine and up on to the bare tops past the Crocodile Inn on Dane Hill. Again we descended into a valley made beautiful by a rushing stream and climbed up to Chelwood Common, where more gipsies were huddled together under a gorse bush eating and then our ride came to an end at Chelwood Gate, and we began at 11.50 our walk into the teeth of the north wind up the shining tarmac to Wych Cross. To our surprise we found the heather common of Ashdown Forest covered with snow. I thought of my old man of the previous year. At Brighton there had been

heavy rain, but no suggestion of a white mantle appeared until we hit the 600 foot line. From the tall, gaunt circle of firs at Wych Cross we looked through the bare trees on to the church at Ashdown Park, and beyond and found that the whole of Surrey was white. We turned westward towards Hindleap and Coldharbour and found that the trees on the north side of the road kept our road dry and our path sunny. There were more gipsies at Cripps Corner, who came dashing out with smiling faces imploring backsheesh. Our way was now lined with huge country houses, that at Plawhatch being the most remarkable by reason of its massive pergola of perfect yews cut into the shape of arbours and tunnels. The trees changed to the southern side and the roads in consequence were slushy and the winds blew. There was no traffic except that of biscuit-makers' vans, which passed and re-passed with monotonous regularity every three minutes. Perhaps Candlemas is the biscuit-makers' harvest. Arrived at West Hoathly, I found that I had to revise my earlier impression. On this occasion I entered the Cat Inn by the front door, and was shown into a parlour possessing an ancient fire-place full of Sussex iron. There were Alken prints and samplers on the wall, and while our eggs were being boiled we went off to inspect the church. All the thirty-three men of West Hoathly who fell in the War have their names and record inscribed beautifully in a book, which hangs by a chain close to their memorial, on which each man has the crest of his regiment and a coat of arms emblazoned depicting his rank, service and decorations. A splendid idea, which I have not seen elsewhere. The date, March, 1626, is worked in nails on the front of the massive outer door. Beyond the church-

yard wall to the west lies a Tudor grey manor-house with two gables and eight stone mullioned windows. It also possesses a coat of arms emblazoned on the walls. Next door is a crazy timbered house, with tiny windows, which is called Priest House Museum. It was said to be open to the public, but we knocked in vain. Three roses in bud nodded genially to us from over the heavy door, and we peered in at kitchen dressers and old beams. From the back we saw the stone terraces and old oak exterior steps of the Manor House. At lunch we discovered that a murderer, Jacob Harris, had been run to earth in 1734 at the Cat Inn and hung on the gibbet at Wivelsfield. I wonder how many readers of Thomas Turner's delightful Pepysian diary have made a vain journey on his account to West Hoathly. Sussex has a most strange peculiarity. East Hoathly, where Turner lived, is near Laughton. West Hoathly is in the Forest. East Chiltington is near Plumpton, West Chiltington close to Storrington. Lower Beeding is on high ground near Horsham, Upper Beeding is low enough to be flooded out most of the winter, and is near Bramber. East Grinstead is nearly in Surrey, West Grinstead is close to Knepp. East Dean is close to Birling Gap, and West Dean is behind Exceat. In Devon, if you come to North Molton you have a reasonable assurance that South Molton is only just over the hill. But while East Blatchington is a suburb of Seaford, West Blatchington is a suburb of Hove. On the other hand if you get to West Hoathly by mistake looking for traces of Turner you have plenty of consolation. The view across the Weald to the long line of the Downs is magnificent and you will be loth to descend into the ravines. On this visit instead of striking across

country westward we took the high ridge road to the south past Langridge and Ludwell making a bee-line for Ardingly. All the way the high spire of Highbrook enticed us out of our path, but we kept on down the steep descent of Horn Combe, and up again on to the main road. Reluctantly we had to miss Wakehurst, supposed to be the best Elizabethan house in Sussex, and struck straight across the fields to the squat tower of Ardingly church, where Culpeppers and Wakehursts lie buried. We climbed a ladder to the west window, and found scores of bees by no means all dead, and then further up stout logs turned into ladder steps leading to a locked belfry. The church had an indescribably musty smell and we were glad to get into the sunlight again. As we reached the road the school children came out of school and straggled along with us for a mile or more. They taught us something of the art of dawdling, for the snail pace they adopt in going towards work is repeated on leaving it. They stopped to watch an enormous hedge of twigs being burned, and we stopped, too. They stopped to watch fluffy balls of birds with tiny black and yellow heads and long, waggling tails feed on insects from the trees, sitting upside down to do it. We christened them tom-tits without having any idea what they really were. They were long-tailed tits. We asked several people, but their answer was, "We are strangers about here." They seemed to regard us as eccentric either to watch birds or to want to know their names. At any rate these birds were quite tame until the noise of a lorry disturbed them, and their music was "chit, chit." The dawdling had lost us the bus we meant to catch, so we now made for Horsted Keynes, by means of the road, which made a two-mile detour where the field path shortened the

distance to one. As usual, I didn't see the footpath on the map until too late. As usual, we were recompensed for the mistake, for at the bridge at Sheriff's Farm we saw a wild waterfall and woodland glade that would bear comparison with the Teign at Chagford or the Lyn above Watersmeet. Again at Horsted Mill we sat on the bridge and watched the boiling maelstrom of melted snows before ascending the hill to the village and going over the church. It was already after five o'clock and the sun had set, so we had to strike matches to see the monuments to the Wyatts of Treemans. Luckily, Archbishop Leighton's tomb is outside. There is, however, an exquisite miniature stone carving of an unknown crusader that needed no matches to show up its beauty. The great house with white windows, ivy clad, was reflected in the clear still waters of the lake as we passed, and a pink doll in an upper window was standing guard over the deserted yellow house that I had so much admired in the morning. No answer was vouchsafed to our knocking at the "Green Man," so we crossed the common to the "Crown," where a Beatrice stove was lit for our comfort, and we gazed on a photograph of "W. J. Evelyn," presented by himself to the innkeeper and wondered who he was, and why he was so important. "Who is Evelyn? What is he that I should commend him?"

There were more interesting groups of footmen and privates in the Coldstream Guards. At 6.15 we crossed the common in the dark, treading on crisp, frosty grass under a sky studded with stars. In the general stores we found the secretary of the Brighton Beagles, which reminded us that we were not so far out of the world as we had thought. At 6.18 we rejoined our

bus, and had it to ourselves the whole way back to Brighton, the driver reminding us that he had to cross the Southern Railway line seventeen times on each journey to Chelwood Gate, and the conductor reminding the driver to plunge right through the gipsies, who would probably try to board us. As we chugged our way up Clayton Hill we saw the savage, unshaven faces lit up by the wood-fires, round which the gipsies sat munching their supper, and the temptation to get off and, Borrow-like, to throw in our lot with them for a time was overwhelming. But they probably wouldn't talk. They'd be self-conscious and irritating. To pass them in the night is to give birth to thoughts that would be strangled quickly if one did not pass by. As we turned down the main Pyecombe Road we saw our way home lit by the long line of red lanterns marking the miles where the road-widening was still in progress. The line of lanterns was just as romantic, æsthetically satisfying, or whatever you like to call it, as the gipsies' camp fire. We were at home by eight o'clock, and then discovered from the London evening papers what exciting events had happened on the territory over which we had passed. A landslide had blocked up the railway between Ardingly and Horsted Keynes, and we hadn't noticed it. Our gipsies had held up and assaulted the Sussex Players on Clayton Hill, and yet had the effrontery to stay where they were, and be jolly over their supper round the camp-fire. Let no one call our Sussex walks prosaic after this.

The morning was unpropitious. The wind was in the south, and great banks of clouds were flying over, so I settled down to a day's work, but by midday the sun was out, and all the clouds had disappeared, so

we collected some sandwiches hurriedly and caught the 12.13 bus for Steyning. Arrived there at one o'clock we drank and threw darts in the Star Inn, while an old sea-captain repeated over and over again the refrain, "London pubs is dirty. They don't rinse their glasses in London pubs." The whole valley of the Adur was flooded, so we expected it to be wet under foot if we left the main roads, but I was intent on exploring West Grinstead, and to that end I had planned a bee-line across country. Having walked about a mile up the Partridge Green road and made our usual comments about the strange cleanliness of the magpie's plumage, and the fact that we couldn't get out of sight of Chanctonbury wherever we walked, we were about to turn into Wappingthorn Wood when we were deterred by the sound of guns, and the advice of a young pink-faced labourer wearing two tufts of hair on his chin after the manner of a Shakespearean clown, who told me that there was no path. We thereupon foolishly continued on the main road until we came to Horsebridge Common, memorable to us owing to that occasion on May Day of the year before, when we got lost otter-hunting and emerged on to this road after treading very warily in woods placarded with notices which read, "Caution—Snakes." So great is the power of suggestion that we believed this pleasant variation on the usual notice about trespassers. I seemed fated to be diverted from my proposed cross-country route, for no sooner had I pointed to a lane made of brick-dust leading out of Calcott Wood, which was the one I should have taken had it not been for the labourer, than I heard myself hailed by name by a passing motorist. It was the Steyning doctor, who happened to be a contemporary of mine in under-

graduate days at the House. We had not seen each other for seventeen years, and our conversation, which began on the subject of other contemporaries, soon changed to the matter in hand. He told us that whenever he got an hour or two to spare he tramped these woods. "All these farms are in my district," he said. "I have a fifteen mile radius to cover for my patients, and almost as soon as I came to Steyning I was sent for in the middle of the night to one of these outlying places. So now I spend my free time getting to know the whereabouts of every farm."

Having lied to him to the effect that we were in no hurry, we put ourselves in his hands, and he dismissed his car. For the next hour he led us a pretty dance. Even for February the going was heavy, and in some places we felt as if we were sinking in a Dartmoor bog. I would never find that way again. There was an irregular criss-cross of field paths and rides. I know that we passed King's Barn and that Jessupp's Farm was almost weighed down by the mass of ivy that grew on it. I know that we were lost in Frenchland Woods for some time, and that we unexpectedly hit the very piece of water up which we had hunted the otter on that famous May Day. I know that we had to ask our way at Dayland Farm, and that I was staggered to see a mother and daughter at the door dressed as if they were visitors at the Metropole. From there our path to the high ground at Capite House ran through green glades, and then we joined the road from Ashurst, and at Woodman's Farm our guide left us. He hated roads, so he turned back to his wet woodlands. I was by this time cheated of my desire to make a point to Knepp by way of the chain of farms, from Pothill to Soil, thence to Hobshort's and Rookland

and Rookcross, so we walked along the Worthing-Horsham road by way of Dial Post, famous for its point-to-point meeting, and resisted the temptation to diverge left-handed to Shipley, thereby missing the home of Hilaire Belloc and the famous echo. In the night, Dallaway assures me, these twenty-one syllables will reverberate in one's ears if you shout them on the north side of Shipley church :

> *" Os homini sublime dedit cælumque tueri*
> *Jussit et erectos."*

It was at Shipley, too, that a certain Simon de Punele, having been caught *flagrante delicto* with Matilda, was offered the choice of affiancing her, losing his life, or "*ipsam Matildam retro osculare.*" He elected to marry her, but because of the irregularity, in 1276 Matilda de Ringgesand, his sister, recovered her seisin of a messuage, an acre of land, a fish-pond, garden and water-mill. There was an astonishing amount of water flowing under Bay Bridge when we reached it, and the Adur on the eastern side of the road was like a mountain torrent. The only bit of Knepp Castle that remains is exactly like the only bit of Bramber Castle that remains. The only difference is that Knepp has not been vulgarised. We turned aside to see " the largest sheet of water in S.E. England," in the park of the new Knepp, and found a muddy enormous lock, which seemed just made for skating. Dabchicks were swimming about on it, and there were dead bulrushes and reeds everywhere. We returned to the main road, and at the junction of two roads found the Burrell Arms, a cheerless sort of place without a fire, where our spaniel ran some danger of being eaten alive and ourselves of freezing to death. All country inns ought to keep one roaring fire going for

the stray guest. Even the best of teas fails to give comfort in a cold room. After a quarter of a mile along the Henfield road we took a footpath south, which led over the brow of a knoll right on to West Grinstead church, which is the quietest and most picturesque in Sussex. It stands almost on the banks of the Adur, and from it leads a flagged path, which crosses the river by a narrow wooden bridge and leads to a wicket-gate, beyond which lie the cottages known as Butcher's Row. To the east of the church stands a four-square Tudor manor-house, tiled with Horsham stone, known as Clothalls. The church itself has a squat, shingled spire, and the ancient oak pews have the names of the farms inscribed on them in ancient letters. They make good reading. Here are a few that I deciphered in the failing light: Pointers, Great Tuckmans, Fullers, Joles, Daniel Hold, Place Farm, Small Ham, Little Champion, Clothalls, Sunt, Pin Land, Potthill, Copy Hold, Priors Bine, Dial Post, Bowsholt, Bassells, Sharps, East Rith, White Foot, Gore Lands, White Soan, Thistle Wood, Dunstans, Brighthams, Fig Land, Hobshorts and Lancasters. There are Flaxman monuments to the family of Burrell, and two of the best brasses I have ever seen, one of a daughter of David Strabolgy, Earl of Athol, who died in 1376, and the other of Sir Hugh Halsham, with a woman who has, like the other, a small and most life-like dog in collar and bells, looking up at her. But the main interest after all of West Grinstead is not the exquisite quietude and beauty of Clothalls and the church by its side, but the castellated house in the vast deer park, where Pope got the idea for and actually wrote "The Rape of the Lock." Any place more unlikely for the inception and execution of this

classic poem of the Augustan Age it would be hard to imagine. It is perhaps the best proof that the mind works best when it is as far as possible removed from the scene on which it is working. Shock upon shock. The author of the "Beggar's Opera" was also a guest of John Caryll in this house. The ridge of the South Downs has been responsible for many inspirations, but somehow one had associated Pope and Gay with scenes much nearer Newgate and the Kit-Cat than these. As we were not on horseback we had no need to fear the coming of the ghost of the headless horseman, Captain Powlett, whose monument we saw in West Grinstead church. He never descends so low as foot-sloggers, but rides, sitting on the crupper of your horse, with his ghostly arms gripping your waist. We wasted a few moments looking at the ugly St. Dominic's Priory, and then walked up the lane by the side of the park, resting for a little to talk to two friendly deer and listen to the owls hooting as they lit the lamps in the great house. I have never known a place so still. If ever I had my choice of a house where I could be quiet for the rest of my life I should choose Clothalls. It is the place to conceive an epic in, the sort of house that reminds one at every turn not of Pope, but of Milton. Night had fallen long before we reached the tiny station, and it was too dark to decipher whether the sign over the inn near by was a Saracen's Head or a coat of arms. A train came in, and the only passenger was a shoulder of mutton. Our train came in and we had it to ourselves. In the intervals of compiling my epic at Clothalls I should earn my keep by taking a job as porter at West Grinstead station. Henfield by comparison is a wildly gay city.

The fourth of February was one of those rare hot cloudless days that make everyone wonder why people go to the South of France in search of sunshine. There were crowds lying basking on the beach at Brighton and more crowds promenading without overcoats. It looked as if the weather was settled, so we decided on the fifth to go further afield than usual and hunt with the Crawley and Horsham from Shipley Pay Gate. In order to be at the meet more or less in time, we had to catch the 9.8 bus for Washington. There was frost on the ground, the fields were white, banks of clouds were sweeping over the Downs from the south, but the sun kept on breaking through so we felt sure that it would be fine. At Washington we were delayed owing to the breakdown of the Worthing-Horsham bus, so we went into the Frankland Arms for ginger wine and were entertained by an elementary school master who showed us a copy of "Pictorial Education," a periodical which enabled him to teach history by pictures. We reached Dial Post about twenty minutes late and struck down the road past Swalhoys Nest Farm towards Shipley Church. At a bend in the road by the entrance to Knepp, we saw a crowd of cyclists, farmers and school-children standing with their eyes fixed on a covert up Green Street way, so we knew that in spite of our lateness they had not left us. Almost as soon as we joined the throng there came a long blast on the horn and about fifty riders galloped down the road past us and then turned east. I settled down for a long run, but discovered that the fox had gone into a drain about three fields away. For three-quarters of an hour riders ambled up a wet field as if they were in the Row, foot-followers in scores stood on the rickety bridge, where the men were digging out the fox and there were groups

of motorists, horsemen in scarlet and black, school-children, cyclists and foot-followers scattered about the neighbouring fields. At last the wretched fox was bolted and, stiff with cramp from its imprisonment, loped along in and out among the crowds, headed everywhere, bewildered by the yells. It was a miracle that it was not chopped at once. It is still a mystery to me why every spectator should rouse such a hullabaloo instead of keeping quiet and giving the animal decent law. With one hound right on top of it, it decided to hurry and raced past us, showing itself to be a cub with a brush as long as its body. Away went the pack and crash went the horses through and over the hedges. We followed vaguely over wet clayey plough and then let them go. It seemed likely that they would spend the day in the park of Knepp Castle. A footpath brought us out on to the low red house with the white German windmill, once a village shop, but for the last twenty-one years the home of Hilaire Belloc. What was once the shop-front is now a library lined with books with a multitude of windows facing west. We turned east past the district nurse's cottage, where a slate hung outside her door, to the tiny post-office which abuts on the churchyard and seems more like a lodge to the church, the exterior of which is noble, its Norman tower being massive and impressive. The interior however has been so scoured and restored that the only pleasure we could take in it was derived from the tomb of a Caryl who died in the same year as Shakespeare. The wonderful ancient gilt reliquary is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. On leaving the church we decided to search for an inn, but Shipley has no tavern, and our choice lay between the Burrell Arms at West Grinstead which had depressed us because of

its lack of fire a few days before, so we again passed Belloc's house and turned south over a narrow flagged path which crossed the river to Whitehall in the company of Belloc's chauffeur. He directed us and accompanied us to the Blacksmiths' Arms, where we found good cheer, a roaring fire and two excellent companions in the good-looking chauffeur and an elderly man in a bowler hat, whose face lit up with a grin of rare delight as he dilated on the joys of hare-hunting. Apparently only about once in three seasons do they get a great hunt after the fox. They mainly spend their days in this country chasing him from one covert to another round a very limited circle. Villagers are usually vague in directing one if asked to suggest a pleasing walk in any direction, but we owed it to these two men that we did not pursue our original intention of going into Billingshurt, and Wisborough Green and thence to Stopham. When we set out in the direction they suggested it began to rain heavily and most of the landscape was blotted out with mist and rain. We came almost at once to an enormous low series of sheds and a notice to the effect that this was the Coolham Section of S. F. Edge's Pig Farm. We turned south by Broomer's Corner and again at Hungerhill Barn and there joined a road that was straight enough to be Roman. It was flat as far as Little Danhill and then it started rising at Picketty out of the clay into the sandstone and we were soon on the ridge above Thakeham where we turned east past the White Lion, a very tempting-looking inn, in order to see the church, which is picturesque both inside and out and contains a fine stone slab, on which is carved the figure of a mediæval knight, and many monuments to the Apsleys. Just below the church we left the road and struck south

through a very narrow and muddy bridlepath with a long thin copse on either side of it, where we came on a couple of poachers working with guns and ferrets. This track, which must have been a smugglers' or "owlers'" way in olden days, is completely hidden. A regiment in single file could easily make its way along it without being seen either from an aeroplane or from any observation post on the hills. We emerged at last by climbing a stiff lane on to the fir-clad Heath Common which resembles Macbeth's blasted heath, owing to the fact that the trees have been cut down in many places and only the black stumps remain, showing up queerly among the dead brown bracken. This common is being fenced in in every direction, and we crossed it by a muddy track which led past some unsightly tents, caravans and huts called "The Sanctuary" under the lee of a large crucifix placed on the summit of the knoll. We ran through a clump of firs and arrived on the Storrington-Washington road exactly as our homeward-bound bus came round the corner, as pretty a piece of time-judging as I have ever done, for to have missed it would have meant a tedious wait of two hours in a deluge and a rapidly rising gale.

We had intended to catch the 10.10 bus for Hawkhurst, but on looking it up in the time-table I found that the single fare was 4s. 6d. and that there did not seem to be any cheap returns, so we scrambled on to the ten o'clock for Mayfield (return fare 5s.) to learn from the conductor that the return fare to Hawkhurst was only 6s. 6d. and that in his opinion the Hawkhurst drive was the finest on the Southdown service. It was a grey cold February Sunday with the wind in the north and there were few passengers. At Plashett we saw a man with

a bird-cage in his hand, either attempting to cajole a canary back into its prison or else trying to ensnare finches. A little further on, at Little Horsted, we saw an elderly man with half a dozen Alsatians in leash, accompanied by a young girl, who was being hauled along by half a dozen more. At Uckfield we had to wait half an hour, so we passed, not without a sigh, the King's Head, with its promise of a good lunch lavishly displayed outside the door, the old Ship and the seductive Maiden's Head, and turned past the tiny Grammar School, with its ancient bow windows, and Pudding Cake Lane to the church, where morning service was in progress. We climbed to the galleries, which were empty, and found a printed notice on the door, signed by the churchwardens, warning the congregation not to give way to "UNSEEMLY CONDUCT." There was nothing of interest to keep us there, so we returned to a sweet shop, where the owner was so busy reading "Daughters of Ishmael" that it seemed a shame to disturb him. Uckfield wears the air of a prosperous suburb, and we were glad to leave it for the more countrified aspect of Buxted Park, where the willow twigs were all red with sap and the tender shoots of some other tree were a light apricot. Lambs' tails were abundant and there was promise of primroses in the hedgerows. We were soon up on the heights by Pound Green looking across the northern valley to Crowborough and Ashdown Forest, and south over the Weald. We passed an old-fashioned inn of blackened timber called "Ye Olde Eight Bells," of which there were only four on the sign-board, and then a house called Five Chimneys, a Tudor red-brick trim farm, with an oast-house, duck-pond and other picturesque surroundings. The five chimneys are all tall and

clustered together, appearing from the very centre of the roof. From this point through Hadlow Down, we ran along a high ridge with exquisite views on either side and large ancient country houses, of which the finest were Hadlow House, a red Tudor brick mansion, and the tall white house of Summerhill, where we turned north-east past the inn at Five Ashes, with its five trees in a stately row in front of the door, and so down into the dip where the Rother runs, and up to Mayfield, a city perched on a knoll five hundred feet high. Opposite the bus terminus stands the Middle House, which Richard Jefferies found to be too ornate, as exquisite an example of an Elizabethan timbered house as I have ever seen. It had only recently been turned into an hotel and in the bar we excited a good deal of controversy among the dart-throwers by asking how far it would be to walk to Burwash. Most of the villagers described it as far too long a distance to walk, and when pinned down to a definite mileage hovered between seven and nine. It was only afterwards that we discovered a sign-post immediately outside announcing the fact that it was eight. After admiring the array of churchwarden pipes and the old oak beams, we went across to the church, where pigeons were sheltering from the wind in holes in the stonework. The interior of this church is light, dignified and noble. There are iron tablets let into the aisles commemorating the dead of three hundred years ago, the side aisles were paved with ancient red bricks and on the walls were any number of monuments to the family of Baker, who once owned Middle House and who appeared to like to call the girls of the family Philadelphia and Marthanna. There were so many boys in one generation that they were labelled John I, John II

and John III. There was a small window with a fine stained-glass full-length figure of St. Dunstar, who tweaked the Devil's nose with red-hot pincers, and after the Devil had twisted the church askew, put his shoulder to it and made it straight again. The actual pincers are on view in the Archbishop's Palace, now a convent, but when we tried to get in we were told that a written permit had to be obtained beforehand, so we crossed the road to the Middle House again and found some well-dressed motorists sitting in the lounge, which has a fine but rather ornate fireplace and decided to spend seven shillings on lunch in order to see the dining-room and the prison chamber upstairs, where an owner of the house had once shut up his wife for ten years. She obtained her freedom by taking advantage of her lord's drunkenness, hitting him over the head with a platter, and seeking sanctuary in the convent. The bedrooms have all polished-oak sloping floors, and like the dining-room, are panelled with old oak. We found enough appetite to enjoy a lunch of tomato soup, roast beef and an intoxicating trifle, and went out to look at the village sign, which depicts the maiden who gave her name to Mayfield—the maiden's field—and as we repassed the gabled black and white house, with its date 1575 and its squared S-shaped oak, we agreed with Coventry Patmore that it was "the sweetest village in England," with perhaps the possible exception of Chipping Campden. The countryside exactly resembles Devonshire, with its deep combes, wooded hill-sides and general undulating contours. It has the added attraction of cowl-shaped oast houses and the poles in the hop-fields. In the summer it is probably spoilt by cars, but in February its quietude and its dignity lie undisturbed by tourists. We had spent so

long examining the antique squire's chair, the fine carving over the fire-places, the panels and the iron-work of this one-time centre of the iron-workers, that we had to abandon all thought of Burwash and set off due south past Cranesden for the valley of the winding Rother and up through the woods on to the heights of Heathfield, famous for its cuckoo fair, held yearly on April 14th, where we found as depressing and ugly a street as that of Delabole. Here we turned westward along a high road lined with fine fir trees and suburban new red-brick houses, with cars passing in both directions much too fast and too often for our comfort, until we arrived at the Cross-in-Hand Inn, where a suspicious looking landlord was reluctantly compelled to give us tea, which disturbed his afternoon's entertainment of listening-in on the wireless. A more lugubrious noise than that of music broadcast in a deserted inn on a cold windy afternoon would be hard to imagine. We were made more downcast by the absence of a fire, but to our surprise, after waiting for a quarter of an hour, we were summoned to another room where a gas-fire had been lit for our comfort and we settled down to enjoy ourselves. Unluckily, the proprietor, like the men in the bar of the Middle House at Mayfield, was a bad judge of distance, and told us that Summerhill, where we meant to pick up our home-going bus, was over two miles away. He had some reason to be misinformed, for immediately outside the inn were two sign-posts, one of which described Mayfield as four and a half and the other as five and a half miles away. With less than half an hour to spare we hurried along past Dadsland and Isenhurst, to find ourselves at Summerhill with ten minutes to spare. Ten minutes at a windy cross-roads in the

failing light of a February afternoon seems a long time and we were more than ordinarily glad to get inside a warm bus and begin our reading of the Sunday papers.

Plashett, so far as I am concerned, invariably lives up to its name. In spite of a rising glass and a weather forecast of " Mainly Fair," a steady downpour greeted us on our arrival to hunt from the Old Ship Inn with the South Down and February did her best to overfill her already well-filled dykes. The meet was the smallest in my memory, but some diversion was caused by the hound Chanter resolutely and wisely refusing to start. He got under the wheels of cars and hid behind the foot-followers, while the huntsman called him and chivied him in vain. We then entered Plashett Woods and spent our usual two hours wandering among the brambles, up and down muddy rides, while a fox, quickly found, ran round and round in good honest circus fashion. The riders stood stock still and wilted visibly as the rain dripped from their top-hats. At one o'clock we gave it up and made for Isfield Church, where I am told are some beautiful monuments to the Shurley family. We were unrewarded for our trek in the rain for the street of Isfield (Lower Field) is even uglier than the street of Uckfield (Higher Field). We were compelled to reduce our speed to two miles an hour owing to a fractious cow which allowed no one to pass and friskily " ragged " its herdsman by exploring every avenue and garden as it rampaged along. There are several exquisite tall poplars in the village, a picturesque mill and two bridges over the Ouse. A long way past the village we turned through a gate past Isfield Place, a huge Tudor mansion with a fine hedge of ornamental yews and towers placed at each angle of the four stone

walls that enclose it. The church stands alone in a field, far from any houses and is probably worth seeing. We didn't see it because it was locked, which was more than a little annoying in view of the distance we had walked specially to see it in a torrent. Sadly we took the field-path back and found ourselves faced with a wooden bridge that seemed likely to give way at every step. When we reached the further side and not till then we found a notice warning passers-by not to use it as it was unsafe. The people of Isfield are obviously not expected to attend church for it is not only a lengthy but a hazardous pilgrimage from the village. We arrived at the Old Ship to find many of the grooms and second horsemen well in their cups, giving away tips for the forthcoming point-to-point. This inn is the only one where I ever failed to get bread and cheese, and we had to console ourselves with ginger wine plentifully sprinkled with dead flies, which added body to a rather spiritless drink. On the homeward-bound bus we had to listen to a wild tirade against every form of hunting from a long-haired man who boasted Exeter as his birthplace, surely the only Devonian yet born to hold such principles. We were joined at the Swan Inn, Falmer, by a very drunken bricklayer, who found considerable difficulty in finding his way from the bus to the new council cottages at Moulscombe, where he was at work. The rain had obviously been too much for him, but nobody seemed to notice anything wrong with his rejoining his gang after a protracted dinner-hour that lasted till three o'clock.

The sun was shining in a clear sky and the water on the ponds had enough ice on them to cause the dab-chicks to wander in the fields like partridges, when we set out to the meet of the Crawley and Horsham at

Anstye. The day before we had been defeated in our efforts to find the South Down at Hurstpierpoint and had spent the day in the inn watching grooms and second horsemen being fed with smoking hot plates of roast beef and in the ugly church looking at the Campion monuments. We had looked in at Danny, that exquisite hidden red-brick Elizabethan manor, before climbing Wolstonbury and rejoining our homeward-bound bus. On this occasion we were determined not to suffer defeat and in spite of the fact that we did not reach Bolney cross-roads till eleven and still had a mile to walk when we reached the Green Cross Inn at Anstye the riders were still there. We turned off the road at Harvest Hill and watched hounds draw the thick woods round Heaseland and Moon Hill without avail. It was a good day for meandering slowly over the fields, for in the sun it was warm and there was no wind. There was a good deal of wire about and the horsemen were unusually wary because of the soft surface of the frozen ground. By one o'clock we had merely completed a circle and were back at Leigh Manor, so we left them to it and took the road to Cuckfield, past the lovely avenue where stands the fatal lime tree which sheds a bough whenever any member of the family at Cuckfield Park is about to die. We resisted the temptation to feed at " Ye Old White Hart," in spite of the notice, " Good accommodation for man and beast," but succumbed at once to the menu outside the King's Head, which gave a promise of jugged hare. Alas, the menu was a day old, but there was good Scotch broth, steak and kidney pie, apple tart, Stilton and excellent old beer, which sufficiently consoled us. There were furthermore two men lunching together at another table, who proclaimed themselves to be one

time Shirburnian and Tonbridgian. As I had been master both at Sherborne and Tonbridge, we had plenty to say to one another. The church at Cuckfield, which stands out as well as the church at West Hoathly, has a gorgeously ornate interior roof and an extraordinary number of monuments to the families of Sigerson and Burrell, one of which commemorates Gerald Burrell, son of Sir John of Devonshire, who attended Henry V to France with one ship, twenty men-at-arms and forty archers. On leaving the church we took the footpath through the park towards Wyllies, that most secluded and inaccessible of girls' schools, over mole hills and dead bracken, down wooded gorges and avenues of fir trees. We passed the girls walking with a governess, struck across the road and down to the antique timbered farm of Westup, which I once went to look over with a journalist friend of mine who wished to take it. He was, however, put off by the old couple who lived in it, who divulged afterwards that their tenure ended when a tenant could be found brave enough to live there. Exactly as we passed it we heard the horn and saw outlined against the black woods of Hoadsherf a scarlet coat. Our usual amazing luck had followed us. Whenever we desert hounds they run our way. Forgetting everything we ran down the fields to Merryfield and were sufficiently in the run to be of use in removing posts for the reluctant jumpers. One horse had been cut so badly on the wire that the road was a stream of blood and on the top of the hill a hatless rider appeared with a handkerchief tied round his temple, bleeding almost as freely as the horse. Hounds were racing away over Broxmead, so we followed into the valley and on to the heights, only to find at 4.15 that we were left with the second whip to find

one lost hound. The pack had been called off and were about to go home. Sadly we watched them disappear into Wykehurst Park and set off down the London-Brighton road to tea and a bus. On the north side of Bolney Common we found to our surprise that the old timbered farm known as Bolney House, had been restored and turned into a tea-house. We sat in front of an old stone fire-place with a roaring log-fire burning and ate scones and jam under a ceiling as riddled with old oak beams as Clapham Junction is with railway lines and paid for that privilege 1s. 6d. each. The setting was worth it if the tea wasn't. We just had time to run as far as the King's Head before the bus arrived at five o'clock to take us back to Brighton. Our journey was enlivened by the mutual confidences of two old women in black, who were returning from a funeral (it was the season for hearses ; we had passed about a dozen during the day), and were as a result extremely cheerful because it hadn't been their own. They were far more entertaining with their reminiscences of a childhood spent apparently in stealing chestnuts than were the faithful band of foot-following retired colonels who continued to talk hunting till we were back at Old Steyne.

More and more it seems to me that I owe what little knowledge I possess of Sussex to my days of following the fox on foot. There was for instance that meet at the Barley Mow at Selmeston, when we arrived an hour and a half late and were immediately joined by a man on foot who told us that he was about to track them by their hoof-marks. It was a longish job. We picked up the trail in Tilton Wood and worked north-west on the Bopeep-Beanstalk track under the Downs, then across Firle Park down on to the Glynde flats,

which were as usual mainly under water. It was here that I discovered for the first time a circular reed-bed bearing the strange name of Barber's Wish, and a little further on a ford across Glynde Reach called Bull Dog Bar. It was here after two hours of hard walking without a sound of horn or sight of horse, that we suddenly ran right into them coming back on a roaring scent. We turned with them, crossed the railway twice, ran through Ripe and Chalvington and watched them die away in the distance behind Selmeston. Having no chance of catching them we rested in Selmeston Church and found some remarkable wooden pillars before returning to the Barley Mow for our hard-earned eggs and jam. But a much more profitable day was that on which we set out to hunt with the Crawley and Horsham from Oakendean, on the first sunny Saturday after a week of dense fog. We arrived there at eleven and found only a handful of followers. The meet had been put forward half an hour. By half-past eleven there were a hundred and fifty riders, a good number of them girls of quite exceptional attractiveness, forty or so cars and as many bicycles and foot-followers. At 11.45 we set off southward towards Lydford, a good deal discomfited by motors and kicking horses, and found a fox almost at once, which ran due east. There followed an hour of tearing oneself on brambles and thorns, running over plough and pasture until we sighted them checked at Galestons. We had just time to get up to them when we saw a large dog fox bolted and away we went again but only to the next cover and then to a thin belt of trees up and down which the fox ran all too lazily. They headed him in the north end and in a minute he was in the middle of the pack. Pretty well all the field was up but the cars luckily were

out of sight. The London-Brighton road was only one field away but we were hidden in a hollow. When they went away to draw again we looked longingly back at the tower of Bolney only a couple of fields behind, but we resisted the temptation to go there to the inn we knew and followed the field as they trotted south to Twineham Green, west between Twineham Court and Twineham Grange, and then south again towards Shermanbury. The sight of the old yellow timbered "Royal Oak" at Wineham was too much for us, so we stayed and were rewarded with the best old beer I ever drank and a meal of eggs and crab-apple jelly. A red-bearded farmer beguiled the time with stories of historic hunts and then at 2.30 we went on our way to Shermanbury, which seemed to be infested with Alsatians. A one-legged man, whom we had seen at the meet, met us and told us not to take any notice of the placard "Private" on the Park gates, and we walked along the banks of the Adur along an avenue of antique trees until we came to the tiny church which boasted a list of rectors from 1288. The old high oak pews had the names of the estates written on them just as we had seen in West Grinstead, Green Trees, Morleys, Fair Oakland, Ewhurst, Wymarks, The Grange, Bufford, Sakeham, and Simark's Hall. There were snowdrops on most of the graves. We walked on past the old mill and then turned north again and made our great discovery of the day by coming on the tiny timbered manor of Ewhurst, almost completely encircled by a moat full of water at least forty feet across. The only place where the moat stopped was filled in with a high Elizabethan gate-house facing a large duck-pond. Everywhere there were wooden footbridges over endless streams that made a Mesopotamia of the

Park. We were still on the tracks of the horses, which had passed the Gate-house an hour or so before making for Cowfold monastery and Partridge Green. We followed them across the Brighton-Horsham road to Green Trees, where we heard the horn and the hounds in full cry, but had to run back to the road to catch the Brighton bus. As we did so we heard an eerie hooting of an owl near by, and in spite of the fact that it was still light an enormous owl so light a brown as almost to be white, flew across the road in front of us and disappeared into the trees.

The more one covers a particular piece of ground the more woefully obvious becomes one's ignorance of it. A few days after I discovered the moated manor of Ewhurst, the South Down met at the Wheatsheaf, Albourne, a difficult place to get to, because the bus deposits you at the King's Head, Albourne, which is just two miles away from the other inn of this scattered hamlet. It was a big field for cars, and a small one for horses and they were drawing the wood on the north side of the road when we arrived. A fox went away at once and we after it, but when we got to Shiprods, the farm that Sir Frederick and Lady Sykes now use as a week-end cottage, we were stopped by a vast lake. The Adur was in flood. The fox and the hunt had crossed by a small wooden bridge into Shermanbury Park and left us waiting on the southern side for them to come back to their own country. But an hour passed and there was neither sound nor sight of anything except belated horsemen who had lost them and on the road by the Wheatsheaf cyclists and cars passing and re-passing, handing on vague rumours about places so far apart as Cowfold Monastery and St. John's Common. We had no alternative, in view of

the conflicting evidence, but to join the merry gang in the inn. There were no eggs this time, but the biscuits and butter and cheese were all fresh, so we settled down to listening to the yarning of the earth-stopper, who told us that his real country was Rugby and that he used to run for Birchfield Harriers in the old championship days. After an eulogy on the cleanly habits of badgers and the fact that they take their bed in at the slightest sign of rain, he left us and the secretary of the hunt in immaculate scarlet, as clean as a badger, rode up. "I've never even seen a hound since we started," was his comment. It was the same everywhere. Horsemen came in and patrolling cyclists and cars returned, but no one had any idea where the pack had gone. The whole lot had mysteriously been swallowed up in the woods to the north. We went to the village sweet-shop, and inspected a rusty pair of skates, and a library of books including "The Wicked Wife," drank a hot drink called olives, and listened to the shopkeeper's eulogy of the fox.

"We shall quite miss him when he goes," he said. "Every morning as regular as clockwork, he comes sauntering down the side of the fence watching the old widow feeding her hens, picking out the one he wants as if he were a bird fancier at Smithfield market, and then every day I see him trotting happily away with his choice selection in his mouth. He just laughs at us and we feel rather flattered at his attention. Yes, it will be very dull for us all when he goes."

Whether he went or not finally that day we never knew for we had to choose one route, and we elected to go to Hurstpierpoint, where they were having their usual funeral. The landlord of the New Inn refused to give us tea on the ground that his staff was down with "flu,"

and we were left with nothing better to do than to watch an old caretaker with a pair of shears run round snipping bits of grass on the war memorial ground until our bus came. We found, however, a wall on which was carved in stone "*Balba murum ædificat.*" How the boys of St. John's College must shudder as they pass that hideous reminder. On the drive home each of the red-faced, elderly foot-sloggers laid down authoritatively his final and expert opinion as to what had really happened during the day. If all that they said was true the pack must have covered the whole weald and forest and finished up north of the Trent. It is worth while being left once in a way. It is such fun to listen to everybody's reasons for not being up with them. The only man I believed was the one who cast a shoe. I have learnt far more of Sussex since I have followed the fox on foot than I have ever learnt in any other way. I should never have explored the wonderful furnace pond at Crabtree had not a fox from Warninglid led me there. That was the day when I was told by a passing lady that a stag always keeps the wind in its left nostril. After killing in some thick undergrowth at Colwood we discovered that up-and-down-winding lane that passes Colwood Park House, a bit of Devonshire bodily uprooted and set down in Sussex. Here as we appeared at Bolney the sound of the horn made us almost turn in our tracks rather than visit the timbered tea-house on the Common. Should I ever have known the waters of Shermanbury had I not crossed and re-crossed them a hundred times with one or other pack? At one time it is the beagles on a fox that takes them from Twineham Grange to Henfield Station, at another it is the South Down on a straight point from the Wheatsheaf up to Bolney, at a third it will be

Crawley dashing from Gravenhurst to Cowfold Monastery. Hare and fox and otter all seem to converge on the upper reaches of the Adur.

The Downs themselves present very different aspects to us. When we walk, we usually have an objective, and keep straight along the ridge. When we hunt them we find their by-ways. We meet, say, at Trueleigh Barn and by three o'clock we know the shape and impenetrability of every gorse clump between the Dyke and Thundersbarrow. Each patch by the end of the season becomes memorable for some kill, not usually after a lengthy run. The hardest day's exercise Down hunting I ever had was at Harvey's Cross, when I managed to get there in a car, the only one at the meet, only to find that the petrol gave out as we arrived. A two-mile walk into Rottingdean and two miles out carrying a two-gallon tin of petrol, makes me remember Harvey's Cross. Meets at Lewes race-course are like Bank Holiday picnics. The horses stand about all day and the foot-sloggers drop down periodically to Offham for drinks at the Blacksmiths' Arms. The Crawley Downs give better scope for a run. The finest view I have ever had of first the fox, then the pack, then the field in full gallop over four or five miles of uninterrupted downland was from Patching Hill straight over Black Patch to Storrington. Even a blank day provides some fun. I arrived at the Green Cross at Anstye one warm Tuesday morning in March only to find that the Crawley meet had been suddenly postponed. It was drizzling and the wind was freshening from the south-east. What better way of spending the morning could I have devised than that of listening to farmers discussing the weights of badgers, the rarity of falcons, the depredations of otters, and the habits of the

local foxes? Far better, at any rate for my sort of person, than sitting in an hotel lounge waiting for the rain to stop, with no better conversation than the patter of golfers driven in from the links. A quart of beer does you more good and is far cheaper than four cocktails, and there is as much good fellowship in a bar as there is absence of it in a lounge. Hunting, too, makes you go back over your tracks more soberly when you no longer have to run. You see an alluring field-path and make a note of it, returning to it when there is no more hunting. It was in this way that I discovered the deserted smugglers' lane that runs from Woodmancote to Edburton, a short walk but full of fascination. There is no real footpath, and down by the marshland you may hear the heron "croaking" and the plover plaintively "pee-witting," while the bees sound like a distant organ. How interesting too is Edburton Church. The temptation to go down to it from the Downs is not great, but seen first from the north, with the Downs quite grim and gaunt for once behind it, one is back in a flash in Edburga's town, the home of the daughter of the great King Alfred. There are poems about Edburton that should be rescued from oblivion. They hang in the church porch and are as interesting as the leaden font, the oak altar-rails and pulpit presented by Laud, and the Saxon sundial which I failed to find. Edburton is innless and you have to walk on to Fulking, where there is an excellent cottage tea-garden. The easiest way home is, of course, over the Downs, but for some reason we decided to catch a bus on this occasion and found ourselves condemned to walk in the dark for some miles along the newly-widened London road, where no provision is made for the walker, who if he leaves the dangers of the road only

exchanges them for bottomless pits or lava-like heaps by the side of the road. To add to our trials we found that the Plough Inn at Pyecombe has only a six days' licence and is closed on Sundays. To see the headlights of an unending procession of cars returning to London on Sunday nights is, for five minutes, not unamusing, after an hour it becomes an inferno. The best way home is the foot-way, as far as possible from the roads and the lights. Then you may fall in with some wise-acre who will tell you something that really interests you that you didn't know before, that elder-trees invariably grow where they dig out the foxes in the gorse and things of that sort.

If you want to prove to a friend how completely rural and exquisite the weald can be, turn north at Buncton cross-roads and show him the flagged floors of the Fountain Inn at Ashurst, then turn west again to the deserted church at Warminghurst, where the prayer books still lie half gnawed by rats and service of intercession pamphlets left over from the Boer War lie in the pews, make still further north-west over the private road to Lee Place to the upper reaches of the Arun, turn south at Wisborough Green through the wooded heights of Birdham, bathe in the reaches of the Rother before tea at the Swan at Fittleworth, and finish the day on the iris-covered flats at Coldwaltham listening to the golden plover.

X

IN AND AROUND BRIGHTON

Long shalt thou laugh thine enemies to scorn,
Proud as Phoenicia, queen of watering places!
Boys yet unbreach'd and virgins yet unborn,
On thy bleak downs shall tan their blooming faces.
Horace Smith.

I WOULD rather live in or near Brighton than anywhere else in England for a multitude of reasons. We are within an hour of London, so it is possible to sleep with the noise of the sea in one's ears every night in spite of working in the city. The sun shines more brightly and for a longer period here during the year than in any other part of England. The town is never dead or depressing. The amusements are first-rate, the people are alert and dress well, its front is extremely dignified and its air is always invigorating. During my six years here I have never been at a loss, for always the Downs and the Cliffs call me and it is rarely that a day passes without my responding to that call. If it is too wet to go far afield there are always the lanes, those narrow mediæval by-streets filled with enchanting antique shops. There are museums, libraries, art galleries and cinemas without number. You can dance every day of the week cheaply to the best of bands on perfect floors. And so far as walking goes there is always a strange fascination in taking part in that procession of well-dressed and for the most part notable people who form her famous Church Parade. When the weather permits, which is usually every day from May to November, you can bathe from the beach

before breakfast and lie in the sun during the rest of the day. There is fishing from the pier, sailing on the sea, excursions by steamer and by motor char-a-banc, good shooting in the weald, hunting with the South Down, Crawley and Horsham, East Sussex, Lord Leconfield's and Eridge foxhounds, with the Brighton Beagles and the Crowhurst otter hounds.

But the best thing about Brighton is the ease with which you can get out of it, and there are walks within anybody's reach that can compare with any in England. The area that I would now describe is bounded on the east by the Ouse and on the west by the Adur. Take for instance a typical walk westward. We mount our bus on the front and get off at Shoreham, and inspect the majestic Norman new Shoreham church with its vast pillars and thick walls and picturesque flying buttresses. A path across the field leads to the smaller Norman old Shoreham church, which is light and possesses three magnificent arches of dog-tooth carving. Follow the line of the Downs and you are soon looking down on the Adur valley, over which the Shoreham aeroplanes are sure to be flying. There is wire nearly everywhere, but you can climb over that and make for the heights of Thundersbarrow, from which you get a rare view of all the undulating round-shaped downs that lead to the sea. If this is just an afternoon luncheon stroll you can cut down to the Windmill Inn at Southwick and catch a homeward bus. An alternative is to continue on the northward path which leads past Warren House, straight down to Upper Beeding, where you can turn south either by the road that leads you past the tiny churches of Botolphs and Coombes to the Sussex Pad at Lancing, or you can climb the Downs above Steyning and return by way of Magdalen

Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time.

Wordsworth.

Barn and Steep Down at the back of Lancing College, again rejoining your bus at the Sussex Pad after a tea of eggs and giant radishes at that comfortable inn. These Downs are different from those in West Sussex for they are bare of trees and somehow more homely for that reason. The only things that you see on them are isolated barns on the sides of the hills and lonely farmhouses in the combes. An alternative way back from Beeding is to strike east across the ridge of the Downs, over Trueleigh Hill and the British camp at Edburton to the Dyke. All the way below you you will see the ancient villages of Edburton, Fulking and Poynings, with their Norman churches, vast farms and thatched cottages, scarcely altered from what they were in Elizabeth's day, very unlike the bungalow towns by the sea. From the Dyke, which is disfigured by a dingy-looking hotel, but can never be other than one of the finest view-points in Sussex, you can either thread your way home over a series of golf-courses down to the exquisite Elizabethan manor of Hangleton or the windmill at West Blatchington, or else come down by train. The main road is to be avoided, because it is entirely filled with motorists come out to see the view and take the air. If you feel ready for tea you may drop down the steep canyon-like sides of the Dyke itself, a most strange formation supposed to have been cut by the Devil, with the idea of letting the sea flow into the weald and drown the inhabitants, a purpose foiled by an old woman lighting a candle which the Devil mistook for dawn and fled dispirited. At the foot lie a cluster of cottages called Saddlescombe, where you can have tea by the side of a duck-pond. If you feel like a longer walk climb out of Saddlescombe by way of North Hill Barn and Sweet Hill Barn, and drop down into the

valley at Patcham for tea at the old cottage on the way up to the church. You are again in a main bus route here, and if the day is young you should take a bus a mile or two up the London road to Pyecombe and climb over Wolstonbury, an ancient camp which juts out so far from the rest of the Downs that you get a perfect view of all the great slopes, both to the east and west, from Chanctonbury to Mount Harry. At your feet, down one of the steepest of all descents, lies the Elizabethan manor-house of Danny, hidden from every road and even from the top of the hill. It has a great hall very like that at Parham, some excellent portraits including one of Charles I in Roundhead guise except for the order of the Garter, a library full of Royalist literature, and endless passages that seem to shout out for children to play hide-and-seek. Climb the hill again and make eastwards over the top of Clayton tunnel, past the two windmills on Clayton Hill, and you have an eight-mile stretch of superb downland turf on the edge of the hills the whole way to Lewes. You will meet horsemen, cattle and shepherds on this ridge, but few walkers except perhaps at the huge dew pond below Ditchling Beacon, where it is possible for cars to climb. A good way to reach Ditchling Beacon is from Patcham past the ancient dove-cot and the white marble chattri, where you can get refreshments, thence by way of Standean, and if you want to get back quickly there is a high path which leads you back to Patcham over Tegdown. If however you want to follow the hills and yet need food, drop down into the weald beyond Westmeston, where there is a church standing alone in a field, to the Half Moon at Plumpton, the descent to which leads through a deep chalk lane that is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle

and the songs of finches. To climb the hill again you wind along a deep chalk cutting through the beech woods on to a track just short of Black Cap, that takes you if you strike south, past Buckland Bank to the farm at Balmer, and then across two steep fields to Falmer, where you join another bus route. Most people however once they are on the top want to stay there. The view of the weald changes with every step you take and one does not want to lose the sense of elation that the hill-tops give. So you go on by way of Black Cap and Mount Harry, where you veer round towards the grand stand of Lewes race-course, and stand on the battle-ground where Simon de Montfort fought. The view from here of the chalk cliffs and castle of Lewes, of the winding Ouse and the green flats of the valley leading to the sea, with the sugar-loaf of Caburn and the beacon hill of Firle is one of the loveliest in the county, marred only by the towers of the prison. Lewes is a town of infinite attractions, and you will do well first to climb the heights of the castle and there listen to the excellently well-informed guide, who lovingly and slowly takes you round and explains each different attraction. At one moment you will see how the soldiers got their water in ancient days, at another he will point out to you quaint rectangular formations on Malling Hill, which were once the fields and huts of prehistoric man. He will show you the Cleave Down, which the glaciers moved, and explain to you how the flints came to be formed. A morning in his society may well prove to be the finest history lesson you ever listened to. You will lunch or tea at the " White Hart," among the barristers if the assizes are on, among the farmers if it is market day, and among the motorists if the weather is fine, and then climb by way of the golf-course on to Cliffe Hill,

bearing round to the south above Glynde to the great camp on Mount Caburn, an isolated hill separated altogether from the main ridge of the Downs. From here you see the trains winding down to the seaport at Newhaven and the steamers setting out for France, before completing your circle on the tops in Lewes again. The quickest and best way of reaching Lewes from Brighton is to take the Rottingdean bus. Brighton college boys will be playing football on the grounds on your left, running or walking along the sea-cliff road until you reach the girls' school at Roedean, where multitudes of girls will be playing hockey, and at Rottingdean where crammers' pupils and preparatory schoolboys will again be playing or running or walking about. This is the educational centre of Brighton. The cup of land just before Roedean is one of the most symmetrical I know and behind the hill beyond the school lies Ovingdean, immortalised by Harrison Ainsworth. The Kiplings and Burne-Jones of Rottingdean are no more, but there are still Lord Lovat and Sir George Lewis and the village is miraculously unspoilt. At the Sally Lun you get the best tea in Sussex, but you will have to wait for it on a hot day. It is no longer unknown. After a drink at the "Black Horse," if you want to walk to Lewes, make a bee-line for the barn on High Hill, which overlooks the steepest and loneliest of ravines across to Pickershill Farm and Harvey's Cross. Nature still holds her own here, but only just, for to the north stretches the bungalow town of the Wick, and the red roofs of Peacehaven are only just out of sight. But from Harvey's Cross to Bird Brow you still have a wide expanse of gorse and soft turf and your view of the Ouse Valley is brightened by the sight of the white cliffs beyond Seaford. The descent to

Kingston is steep and you are unpleasantly reminded as the red bungalows of Kingstonville come into view that this part of the Downs is almost lost. If Rodmell rather than Lewes is your goal, you make the new water-tower your mark on leaving Rottingdean and find yourself soon among the as yet untenanted avenues of Saltdean. This track leads you over Highdole down to one of the lowest and most exquisite of dew ponds at the foot of Mill Hill. There is nearly always a shepherd and his sheep on these steep slopes, and the odds are on your starting a hare or a fox on these lonely uplands. Just over the brow of Mill Hill lies Rodmell which in the "Abergavenny Arms" possesses an inn where you see the Sussex labourer at his most typical. Rodmell is a completely unspoilt village, the cottages of which impinge right on to the watery meadows. In the church there is a palimpsest and a map of the Roman road from the sea at Newhaven to London. The village street is a haunt of ducks and hens, and pansies and honeysuckle grow everywhere. There once stood a manor house here with mulberry trees and ice houses, given by Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn, and Queen Elizabeth is supposed, as a young girl, to have walked here. There are barns in the farmyards with openings in the middle through which you can see in the distance the ridges of the Downs. To return to Rottingdean by a different route, walk down the sea-road to Southease, the only place where you can cross the Ouse between Lewes and Newhaven, and then turn right-handed up Southease Hill, where you come suddenly upon Telscombe, a model village of the Downs, the squire of which, Ambrose Gorham, sees to it that his tenants need neither doctor nor inn. The church has that squashed witch's cap for a tower

which is so typical of these Norman churches and has been finely restored. But as you climb out of the village southward, you are faced by a thousand bungalows spreading far and away over the cliff's surface. Your only way of escape is to take the high track to Portobello, which is still so deserted that the last time I passed an adder stood and hissed ominously at me as I went by. On fine summer days and on cold sunny days when the wind is the north, there is fun to be got from walking at low tide from Saltdean along the slippery white chalk to Rottingdean. There is a smugglers' cave about nine feet above the ground-level that is well worth exploring if you can scramble up to it by piling driftwood high enough to make a ladder. An excellent way home from Rottingdean is to climb Beacon Hill past the old Windmill down to Ovingdean, past the huge badgers' holt on to the golf-course at Red Hill and so back to Kemp Town. A walk to avoid is that from Rottingdean to Falmer, unless you like a succession of old railway carriages and buses turned into human habitations. The truth is that the whole triangle formed by drawing lines between Brighton and Lewes and Newhaven is nearly spoilt by wire and by being built over, but it is still possible as I have found to be lost between Bird Brow and Newmarket Hill when a sea fog has suddenly descended. There are two sounds only to guide you in these circumstances, that of the hooters of steamers at sea and the sheep bells near by. In the summer the whole cliff road from Brighton to Newhaven is covered with motorists, and it is no good any longer trying to imagine that there is any pleasure for the walker on the cliff edge, the crowds are too great and every nook and cranny of the grass is occupied by picnickers. The long street of

Peacehaven is the most depressing I know. Nothing can however spoil the sunset or the moonlight, and I have known nights at Rottingdean, heavy with the scent of roses and night-scented stock, when the water has seemed almost purple and the twinkling lights of the piers at Brighton and Worthing have stood out like fairy trains from the mainland. Build as they may on this sacred ground, the larks will still sing and the purple thyme smell sweet on Highdole and swallows will dip over the dew-ponds in the first or second week in April. Golf-courses may be planned all over the Dyke, but there will still be the wreathing mists and the orange of the sunset lighting up the ridge of Thundersbarrow.

That is the most fascinating thing about the Brighton area. Its modernity is only a veneer. Take a bus to Southwick, get off at the village green, walk down the leafy lane to Kingston Buci, and you will find as perfect an old church as is to be found in England. There are the old horse-box pews, the double-decker Jacobean pulpit, the singing desk, the outlines of the anchorite's cell, the minstrels' gallery (restored), Easter sepulchre, piscina and aumbry, all in exquisite preservation, and shut right off from the world, within a stone's throw of Shoreham Harbour.

XI

EAST SUSSEX

The dirtiest, but in many respects, the richest and most profitable country in all that part of England. Defoe.

THE best days are almost invariably those on which you plan to do one thing and do another. The Beagles were meeting at Bishopstone one January morning, so we took the bus there and arrived a little late, not however too late to see the men in the green and white spread over the hill-side. It was however cold, so we took photographs of the Saxon porch, which has a dial above it bearing the name Eadric. Men were busy putting in hot-water pipes, so the interior was in a sad mess. There is a tablet to Hurdis, the parson-poet, on one of the walls, which contains a rather queer misprint. The manor house is attractive because it has no hedge at the end of the lawn, but gives straight on to the road. We followed this winding muddy lane out of the sun past Poverty Bottom on to Gardener's Hill, where we turned right-handed along a track that seemed to cut right through the heart of the Downs. There walked along it a strange procession, a man carrying a sack which was filled full enough to contain all his household goods, a young woman carrying a baby, an elderly woman also with a bundle, and three small boys, one leading a mongrel on a chain. They were not together; the man led the way and the others were following at intervals of about fifty yards.

Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

Milton

Obviously they were what is called in Derbyshire "flitting," but it wasn't until I asked them where they were going and they answered "Newhaven," that I realised that I was witnessing one of those things, common enough in Cornwall, that are very rare in Sussex. Here were weald folk going into exile abroad, having their last sad walk across the Downs. We sat on the top of Heighton Hill where there are curious formations in the green turf that obviously link up with the other almost similar prehistoric fields on Malling and gazed on what is probably the wildest and least-known part of the Downs. Here is no trace of wire, only steep ravines and uplands stretching over Five Lords' Burgh to Hobb's Hawth and the Rails above the valley of the Cuckmere. To the north lay the downland ridge, not any longer straight, but bow-shaped, jutting outwards at Firle and being pulled in at Itford and at Alfriston. The path we were on was a direct narrow grassy track leading from Berwick and Alciston over Bostal Hill to Denton and Newhaven. Within the radius of two miles in any direction from where we were it would be hard to find any building other than Toy Farm, which lay snugly under the lee of Black Cap. A lonely clump of trees hid Peacock Barn, but otherwise we were as free from any traces of mankind as if we were in the middle of a forest, in spite of being able to see the whole of this section of downland unimpeded by woods. We ran down the north side of the ravine through thick dead grass and climbed on to the furze-clad Downs above, where we found a huge store of flints, several of them pierced by tiny circular holes as if some maggot had eaten its way through the chalk. A cold wind from the south-west drove us on to the top of the ridge, where we looked down over the vast green wet

hedgeless meadows, intersected by a thousand streams, that separate Glynde from Laughton. Resisting the temptation owing to the cold to stay on the top, we ran down the steep six hundred feet to the village of Firle in the trees below, where we had a fine lunch of cold pork and jam tart at the Ram Inn, the landlord of which bears the famous Sussex name of Haffenden and has collected in his rambling, ancient inn of many staircases, a great quantity of old furniture and engravings. We caught our homeward bus after an icy afternoon walk along the road at Beddingham.

One of the best walks eastward that we ever did was from Rottingdean over Highdole to Southease, where we crossed the Ouse and climbed the steep slopes of Itford and followed the ridge the whole way round by way of Red Lion Pond and White Lion Pond to Beddingham, Firle and Bostal. Here is a gallop for horses of about seven miles at a stretch without a fence or wire.

There are tumuli all the way along, and at intervals those deep chalk-cuttings that one associates with the Romans. Just when you feel, if it is summer-time, that you have had enough the ridge ends abruptly above the Cuckmere and you descend to Alfriston, the church of which is like a small cathedral compared with most Sussex churches. The village is usually spoilt by crowds of excursionists from Eastbourne and it is better not to stay to tea if you are in a hurry. There is a garden attached to the Star Inn which has some fine old oak, but is a little sophisticated. On this occasion our tea was made uncomfortable by the entry of a party of seventeen downland walkers who talked loudly and affectedly about mileage. The Downs have to suffer more from their so-called admirers than from

those who do not realise their existence. To explore these heights in a troop is very effectively to banish the Down spirits. To be alone, unless you are constituted like Hazlitt is tedious. If I am alone I find it difficult to forget myself. If I am in the company of one other I immediately begin to live in and for the beauty of the scenery. After tea we crossed the green to the church and found school-children playing noisily, so we climbed the churchyard wall to inspect the timbered pre-Reformation parsonage. But we did not feel really at peace again until we had crossed the river and climbed the hill to the tiny church of Lullington in the trees, where, as my companion said, "There is just room to be married and little else." We walked on to the church at Litlington, a village full of tea-gardens and motor charabancs and then climbed out of the road on to the high ground above Charlston. The farm at Charlston Bottom is typical of this part of Sussex. A cup is scooped out of the Downs and its sides are ploughed. Haystacks, farm buildings, dove-cots and an old tiled farm stand in a clump of trees at the bottom end. The track always leads down into and through the middle of the farm. Children were gathering blackberries in the hedges above the farm as we passed over to the heights above Westdean, a village that possesses no road running through it. The churchyard wall and the cottage gardens give right on to the Downs. The rectory is as old as the church and possesses windows of hard chalk. The parson came to greet us accompanied by his dog, as we walked towards the church, and began lovingly to describe its beauties. Incidentally, he it was who taught us to pronounce Exceat as it ought to be pronounced and used to be spelt "Excete." The village lies in a cup

of the hills and is mainly occupied by cow-sheds and lofts, long blue Sussex hay-wagons and white-washed orchard walls. The whole place is almost spoilt by one disfiguring tin advertisement for mineral waters, which only shows how a little evil may leaven the whole lump. To regain our bus after one of the longest and best of tramps, we had a last steep climb out of the wood on the south side of the village, across a stile at the crest and down over two fields to Exceat, a Tudor farm overhung with trees down on the Cuckmere.

Another favourite way of ours of reaching the Cuckmere is to take the bus to Seaford, a rather difficult place to get food in the winter, and then walk along the front by the Martello Tower, climbing up to the British Camp on top of the golf-course, from which you see the glittering white cliffs of the Seven Sisters and nothing else but downland, east, west and north. All too soon you are down in Cuckmere Haven where you can get tea and drinks at the coastguard cottages before climbing down on to the beach. Cuckmere Haven is about the only accessible beach in Sussex that is not spoilt. It is the only place where one can still bathe without having to wear a bathing costume. The long pebble ridge is nearly always deserted, whatever the time of year. Those who are fond of watching the face of England change, should go there and watch the efforts of the Cuckmere to reach the sea. Whenever there is a storm the sea casts up another great barrier in its efforts to keep the river from reaching it. The first time we went there the tide was high and it was impossible to cross the fiercely flowing stream, which meant a two-mile detour by way of Exceat Bridge. The last time we went there we failed to find any communication between the river and the sea at all, but there was a suspicion

of a dry channel some three hundred yards further to the east. On our first visit a large ship was driven ashore by Birling Gap, and we walked along the shore under the huge menacing cliffs that seemed to lean right over us until we actually reached the beached vessel. There were foreign sailors gesticulating on the beach and boats being lowered. A great crowd stood on the top where there was an apparatus for landing shipwrecked sailors if the necessity arose. We retraced our steps and walked over the top of Cliff End to Crowlink, our path carpeted with viper's bugloss. It was here that we put up the first fox we ever saw on the Downs. We continued on our way over the Seven Sisters, a series of switchback humps, to Birling Gap, an unexpectedly doleful place with a bungalow hotel filled with spruce golfers and motor charabanc excursionists. After tea it began to rain, so we turned inland to East Dean, which has a church with a Norman tower. We then climbed westward to Friston, where a Norman church, windmill and duck-pond, are picturesquely grouped on the summit of a hill overlooking all this section of the Downs.

From Brighton there are three bus routes to Eastbourne, one by way of the sea, which has the disadvantage of passing through Peacehaven and Newhaven, but the advantage of passing over Friston. The other two are inland routes and pass through Lewes, one diverging north through Ringmer, famous for the South Down Kennels and Laughton, a place not on any account to be missed. The first time we went there we got off the bus at the Roebuck at Laughton and walked south to the church, which has some wonderful oak beams and rafters. The famous Pelhams and less famous Funnells are all buried there. There is a

grass track leading south-west, which gives on to some very wet fields and an indistinct path, by which we found our way to the ancient red-brick fortified house of Laughton Place. Its fine tower and hexagonal turret stand among trees in a wild waste marshland. A moat surrounds the house, which is now a farm, and the Pelham buckle, a badge assumed at Poictiers, is carved on the walls. The people are very friendly and the son of the house took us all over it, letting us climb the massive tower by way of the spiral brick staircase on to the leads, and then took us across the farmyard to what is now a granary but used to be a fortress for the soldiers, where are thin wedge-shaped slits for the bowmen to shoot their arrows through. In the huge mediæval kitchen we found a jackdaw and some baby ducks by the fireplace. All animals seemed to have the run of this part of the house. The most beautiful part of the old place is the rich brown wall of the barn, which is decorated with a dark blue chequered fretwork of bricks similar to those in the Tudor part of Hampton Court, standing right out of the still moat. The "Roebuck" regained, you can catch the next bus on to Eastbourne. The third route passes by the park of Firle, the "Barley Mow" at Selmeston, and clings to the foot of the Downs past the Benedictine Priory at Wilmington on the hill-side of which can just be seen traces of the Long Man, skirting Wannock Glen, where there are labyrinthine tea-gardens most unpleasantly full when the sun shines, and so round by way of Willingdon to the city of new red-brick houses. This bus drive is excellent for a wet day, for Eastbourne is one of the best centres in the country for antique shops, and if the weather clears after lunch you can get your exercise for the day by

walking back to Alfriston over the top of the Downs through Jevington, where there is a good inn filled usually with keen cricketers and grooms from the racing stables.

Ever since I first read Thomas Turner's immortal diary, which will take its place eventually as second to Pepys, I have meant to make a pilgrimage to the village of East Hoathly, where he carried on his trade, lived and died.

"The Diary of Thomas Turner, of East Hoathley, Sussex, 1754-1765" (Lane, 4s. 6d.) is the diary of a nobody. He met no famous men, he made no stir in the world, he never travelled, and had we met him in the flesh, we should have dismissed him as a dull tradesman. At one time he was a schoolmaster on a salary of threepence a week. Later on he became a general dealer, grocer, draper, haberdasher, hatter, clothier, druggist, ironmonger, stationer, glover, and undertaker. There seems very little chance of such a man writing anything which could either amuse or enlighten men and women 150 years after he died.

But in point of fact there is not a page of his journal which does not endear him to us, or fails to tell us something interesting about the habits of our ancestors of the eighteenth century. As Mr. Priestley, in his racy introduction, says: "This diary shows us what the rural people of this country were doing during the last days of George II, and the first of his grandson, when Pitt was creating an empire, when Dr. Johnson was completing his dictionary . . . when the great Frederick was making war and Voltaire was writing 'Candide.' It shows us what these people of ours thought and read and ate and drank."

That is where Thomas Turner scores. He gives us that rarest of all things, the point of view of the man in the street. He is, like most men in the street, Dickensian in his rich comicality, as wistful and pathetic as a character in Lamb's or Steele's essays.

"We watch him waging his more than seven years' war with his thirst, always making good resolutions and always letting them slide . . . we mark his relations with his wife, his quarrels and regrets. We follow him to church . . . then to dinner, when there may be boiled beef and carrots and currant suet pudding. . . . Then to where he sups out, returning 'not thoroughly sober.' . . . Not only do he and his friends get drunk, but their wives get drunk too, so drunk that they have to be carried home to bed. . . . Yet against this Hogarthian background of his actual life, Turner's cast of mind appears astonishingly grave and mournful."

His wife, who, in spite of numerous quarrels, is obviously the apple of his eye, dies, and he is inconsolable until he meets the charmer, Molly Hicks, whom he ultimately marries.

And so, as another diarist might have said, to the diary itself.

Thomas Turner was born in 1729; he began his diary, which has often been compared to that of Pepys, in 1754, and finished it when he married Molly Hicks in 1765.

In his very first entry he makes an excellent resolution with regard to drink:

"If I am at home, or in company abroad, I will never drink more than four glasses of strong beer: one to toast the King's health, the second to the Royal Family, the third to all friends, and the fourth to the pleasure of the company. If there is either wine or

punch, never upon any terms or persuasion to drink more than eight glasses, each glass to hold no more than half a quarter of a pint."

On June 20th he writes: "This day being my birthday, I treated my scholars with about five quarts of strong beer, and had an issue cut in my leg."

Ten days later: "This morn my wife and I had words about her going to Lewes to-morrow; oh, what happiness must there be in the married state, when there is a sincere regard on both sides. . . . I married, if I know my own mind, entirely to make my wife and self happy. . . . I have almost made, as it were, a resolution to make a separation by settling my affairs and parting in friendship. But is this what I married for? . . . Oh, were I endued with the patience of Socrates, then might I be happy."

On Friday, August 12th: "This day being the first race-day at Lewes, my sister and I rode to Lewes . . . upon a horse borrowed of Mr. French. The King's Plate of 100 sovereigns was run for by Mr. Warren's horse, Careless, and Mr. Roger's horse, Newcastle Jack, which was won by Careless. . . . 'Tis said there were £100 laid by the grooms that Careless beat the other six score yards, which he did."

December 25th: "This being Christmas Day, the widow Marchant, Hannah, and James Marchant dined with us, on a buttock of beef and a plumb suet pudding."

February 25th: "This morning about 6 o'clock, just as my wife was got to bed, we were awakened by Mrs. Porter (the rector's wife), who pretended she wanted some cream of tartar. . . . She found Mr. Porter, Mr. Fuller and his wife, with a lighted candle and a part of a bottle of wine and a glass. The next

thing was to have me downstairs, which being apprised of I fastened my door.

" Upstairs they came, and threatened to break it open ; so I ordered the boys to open it, when they poured into my room. . . . Their immodesty permitted them to draw me out of bed, as the common phrase is, topsy-turvy. . . . Instead of my upper clothes, they gave me time to put on my wife's petticoats ; and in this manner they made me dance, without shoes and stockings, until they had emptied the bottle of wine, and also a bottle of my beer."

It is interesting to notice that on the following Sunday " We had as good a sermon as ever I heard Mr. Porter preach, it being against swearing." Even Pepys never bettered that entry. Four days later : " We continue drinking like horses, as the vulgar phrase is, and singing till many of us were very drunk, and then we went to dancing—pulling wigs, caps and hats."

On June 10th : " I was very drunk. . . . I got on horseback at the Cats . . . and met Mr. Langham (who) pulled me by the nose and struck at me with his horse-whip and used me very ill."

On October 7th he complains once more about his wife. " Oh, woman, ungrateful woman !—thou that wast the last and most compleatest of the creation . . . art often, oh, too, too often, the very bane and destroyer of our felicity."

The following May the spring rouses him to rhapsodise over " the birds tuning their melodious throats, and hymning their Creator's praise, whilst man, frail, degenerate man, lies supinely stretched on a bed of luxury and ease." Which looks as if, for once, he had been spending too much money on books.

He finds time to comment with pleasure on General Wolfe's success at Quebec, but very soon after "it was my unhappy lot to loose 3s. I think almost to give over ever playing at cards again, if I reflect how much more service this 3s. would have done, had it been given to some necessitous and industrious poor, than fooled away in this manner, I was not a-doing right when I was a-loosing it," which entry gives him a right to be placed not far from Micawber in the gallery of immortal comics.

June 23rd: "About five o'clock in the afternoon, it pleased Almighty God to take from me my beloved wife, who, poor creature, has laboured under a severe though lingering illness for these 38 weeks. . . . In her I have lost a sincere friend, a virtuous wife, a prudent good economist in her family, and a very valuable companion."

He recurs again and again to his loss and to his drunkenness until June 23rd, two years later, when he says: "If ever I do marry again, I am sure of this, that I shall never have a more virtuous and prudent wife than I have already been possessed of," which shows that Time is healing his wound.

Later he laments his "present irregular and very unpleasant way of life, for what I used to lead in my dear Peggy's time," which looks as if he had forgotten not only her ill-temper, but his own frequent falls from grace.

On March 28th, 1764: "In the afternoon rode over to Chiddingly, to pay my charmer, or intended wife, or sweetheart, or whatever other name may be more proper, a visit at her father's . . . it being an excessive wet and windy night I had the opportunity, sure, I should say the pleasure, or perhaps some might say

the unspeakable happiness, to sit up with Molly Hicks, or my charmer, all night. I came home at forty minutes past five in the morning—I must not say fatigued: no, no, that could not be: it could only be a little sleepy for want of rest."

On Good Friday: "The weather was again excessive bad," and he repeated the experiment with the result that he discovers that Molly is "a very industrious, sober woman, and may perhaps one time or other, have some fortune. As to her person, I know it's plain (so is my own), but she is cleanly in her person and dress . . . she is, I think, a well-made woman."

On June 19th, 1765, he married her and ends his diary on this note: "I begin once more to be a little settled and am happy in my choice. I have, it's true, not married a learned lady, nor is she a gay one; but I trust she is good-natured, and one that will use her utmost endeavour to make me happy. As to her fortune, I shall one day have something considerable, and there seems to be rather a flowing stream. Well, here let us drop the subject and begin a new one."

Anyone who reads these extracts will, I think, wish to explore the village that gave so naïvely humorous a diarist birth. I discovered it, as I have discovered so much that is good in Sussex, by accident, following hounds on foot.

It was a windy, unsettled day at the end of February when we set out by bus to the meet of the South Down at Blackboys, where we arrived half an hour late and found them gone. We were directed past an old windmill, which was actually working, and soon ran them to earth at a thick wood on the outskirts of Framfield. There was a very small field, and we were kept waiting about in the wind and rain for nearly an

hour before the Master decided to try another covert, and we were given a chance of warming up by trotting two miles south to the covers round Whyly, a new five-gabled red-brick mansion near the site of the house once occupied by Colonel Lunsford, who was popularly supposed to live on a diet of small children. This rather impetuous cavalier, who was a friend of Charles I, fired at a relative of his, Sir Nicholas Pelham, of Halland, as he was entering East Hoathly church. The bullet hit the church door and cost him £8,000 and outlawry. We found a fox in these woods, and were given leave by the mistress of the house to run over her lawns, where innumerable rustic bridges are built over innumerable small streams. The fox broke north over Hawkhurst Common and made a straight point for Stonebridge, where they lost him. Luckily for us, who were plodding away over plough and sodden pastures, well in the rear, they next decided to draw the coverts at Laughton, nearly five miles south, so we had the satisfaction of watching them come back to us, and then rejoined them in a trot down the road that led to East Hoathly, where we were only too glad to stay at the King's Head and prove if E. V. Lucas was right in his description of it as "admirably conducted." Let me say at once that he was. Never were eggs fresher, napery more cleanly, crab-apple jelly sweeter, or tea more palatable. After a huge meal we gave up all thoughts of the hounds and went on to inspect the church, passing to our surprise and delight the signboard of another Turner, descended, one dared hope, from Thomas, who carried on nearly as many trades as his famous ancestor. E. V. Lucas was equally right about the church. Its interior is remarkable for a "prettiness that is little short of

aggressive." It has as many stained glass windows as, though of a different age and value from, those in St. Neot's in Cornwall. It has nothing to recommend it except its tower and rugged exterior. We therefore returned to the Eastbourne-London road, and turned south over a field to see the famous remains of the huge barn at Halland which the Duke of Newcastle once used as a coach-house. It was Lady Wolseley who first called my attention to the beauty of this noble ruin, and she chanced upon it as I did while following hounds. It stands on a rise looking over the flats of Glynde to the long ridge of the Downs, with a long avenue of lime-trees leading up to it. The garden walls of the house still stand, and part of the old open-hearth chimneys. The old, elaborate terra-cotta, fluted, ribbed Tudor chimneys now form part of the foundation of the coach-house. Some of the stone window mullions still remain, and though the stew-ponds have gone, a decoy-pond is still there, haunted by teal, snipe, widgeon and herons, though no longer eleven acres in extent. The field-names are extraordinarily interesting: "Petty-bands," the "Arnery," reminiscent of days when falconry was popular; the "Denchers," which means to strip and burn turf; the "Coulters" and "Coldharbour," which Belloc tells us means the presence of a turn in a Roman road. One glance at the map proves that a Roman road ran past Halland, for the straight road, with wide grassy border, that runs from Ringmer to Shortgate, and then disappears, would, if continued, as it must once have done, have led right through Halland. Celtic arrow-heads have been found in the "Coulters." We are indebted to Thomas Turner for a picture of the

life lived at Halland in the days of the great Duke of Newcastle. He talks of there being upwards of forty coaches and chariots, and objects strongly to the presence of four French cooks and loud "hazzaing" on the Lord's day. He cannot, however, have objected to the Duke's hospitality, for after one feast at Halland Thomas found it convenient to lie on his back in the "Coulters" contemplating astronomy. As we reluctantly left the Halland fields to catch our bus we saw the scarlet coat of the huntsman coming once more north up over the fields to meet us, but we had to turn our backs and console ourselves as well as we could in the box of the R.A.C. man at the cross-roads, where we were asked to admire a new map, which explained with remarkable clarity how best to get to such places as Bury St. Edmunds, Oxford and Southampton, and the distances thereto. Motorists whizzed past north, south, east and west, not in the least interested in fox-hounds, Thomas Turner, or the Duke of Newcastle, and as our bus came along, we, too, forgot the past in listening to the comments of the villagers on their way to do their Saturday evening marketing in Lewes.

In some ways the best time of all for seeing the country is March. A touch of high wind to dry up the February floods, a day of warm sun to succeed the wind, and you can watch the burgeoning of spring. Within a few hours the whole scene changes. It is like watching a fairy godmother wave her wand over Cinderella; the grey rags become iridescent gossamer in the twinkling of an eye. It was the middle of March when we next revisited Halland. We got off the bus at the Roebuck at Laughton and had an egg lunch at a converted cottage tea-room called "By the Way," run by a most plucky doctor's wife from Berkhamsted.

Her husband has to be kept in Switzerland owing to severe arthritis, while she endeavours to pay his expenses through her profits on her tea-house. She told us that she had catered for a thousand people during her six winter months, and now hoped for a thousand or so a week. We walked after lunch up to Laughton Common, and then turned north-east along a gorse-fringed lane as straight as any Roman road leading to Halland House. Saffron butterflies were playing above the gorse. There were bees in the fleecy palm, plover imitating hawks and crows in their games in the stubble, and in the hedges I saw my first anemones and first celandines of the year. The earth smells were all warm and as intoxicating as the new colours. One cared less for the architecture of the rare old barn and the remains of the great Duke of Newcastle's garden walls than for the signs of the spring. We just inhaled the scents and revelled in the colour. A field-path leads straight to East Hoathly past Halland, and after a second glimpse at the church there we crossed the road and found ourselves following a deep, narrow track between two high hedges, that in Thomas Turner's day may have carried smuggled lace and brandy to him. We passed innumerable crazy-timbered cottages, cut into quadrilaterals, and most ungeometric designs by the old oak beams before we came to the home of the Jefferays at Chiddingly, a place of lichen and brown barns, of mullioned windows and Tudor brick. Chiddingly Church has a clock with the most soothing tick that ever I heard, a Jacobean pulpit, an ancient stone spire round the base of which runs a rusty iron chain, and (most admirable of all) a suggestion book for visitors. I have nothing to suggest except that those in search of quiet beauty should stand

in that churchyard among the purple and yellow crocuses while the evening shadows lengthen and look down south and west over the ridge of the Downs as the sun sets. We crossed the fields to Muddles Green, where men in the evening light were cultivating their gardens, and on to Thunders Hill, where stands one of the loveliest houses in all England. I find it almost impossible to describe why or how the first view of Pekes affected me as it did. The main modern red-brick gates are repulsive, but there is a deep-rutted lane at the back which leads through a white gate to a lily-pond and flagged paths, and out of the trees stand the many red gables and high Tudor chimneys of the ancient manor house, where still on moonlight nights the ghost of Sir Richard Milward raises the vizor from his haggard face to see if his much-loved daughter Agnes is looking down from the casement window, repenting perchance of her elopement with John Jefferay. We conclude that she did not, for a grandson of this flighty marriage became the famous plodding and studious Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1577, whose monument in the church still stands. Beyond the tiled house stands a most picturesque oast-house converted into a sort of dower house, with plaques of great vividness over the doors. Beyond that you pass the walls of terraced gardens facing south and east, and a magnificent view of the whole estate is to be got by walking into the fields beyond and looking back. A more peaceful scene it would be hard to imagine than that which one gets from the terrace overlooking the winding stripling Cuckmere and the thick woods away to World's End Farm, where once we lost a fox after a straight point from the Barley Mow at Westmeston. It was with reluctance that we turned

south down Nash Street on to the main Eastbourne-London road, and turned into the Golden Cross for drinks, but even here we had our reward for the conversation between a tramp and the son of the house turned entirely on " efferts " and their ways. It was pleasing to find that education has failed to make the natives talk of " efts " as " newts." With an enormous orange moon behind us, making the tracery of the trees through which we saw it look like perfect filigree, we walked on to Laughton to be caught up by our home-going bus, after an excellent circular walk of about seven miles. The meet the next day was at Newick Old Park gates, and the weather was more summer-like than ever. Usually I run to hounds in a heavy overcoat, handicapped with a camera, a book or two, a map, three morning papers, and a block of writing-paper. But the March sun was too strong. For the first time since November I shed my coat. We left the bus at Chailey and found a sequestered road to the north of Markstakes Common as full of high-chimneyed, thatched and timbered cottages as any part of Sussex I know. When we arrived at the wood the Master was reminding motorists that they were not wanted in the wood, and the huntsman was describing the habits of a hound who sulked all day if a whip touched her on the way from kennels. " 'Er can't abide bein' lifted," said he. We walked slowly and happily in the rear as hounds plunged into the ride, smelling the sweet spring smells and marvelling at the anemones and celandines, the buds on the trees and the chorus of singing birds. They found almost at once, and for once we were caught napping. " They'll only ring round these vast woods," said I, and we sat down on the fresh moss and waited for them to

come round, but they never came. There's only one way with hounds, and that is to keep as near to them as you can from the start. Only the week before we had been out at Michel Grove with the Crawley, and they had found an outlier which ran a straight point across three miles of Downs before our eyes, over the top of Blackpatch, past Cockhill Barn, and High Titton to Chantrey Post, where he disappeared into the Weald. Naturally we were not going to run until we had seen the last of the field race after him over the soft turf, and a mighty fine sight it was, but eventually we saw the last horseman disappear left-handed over Kithurst, and we decided that the fox was rounding, if he was rounding at all, left-handed for Amberley and Burpham. So we veered left to cut them off, and our reward was merely that of interrupting a farmer who was shooting rabbits by the score, having frightened them out of the warren by firing the gorse. He had seen no hounds, and it was not till the next day that we discovered that they had killed at Sullington Warren. So on this occasion we lay in the sun in Newick Old Park wood waiting for them to come back, as they always come back at Plashett, and there was no such thing. But what odds on such a day! Leisurely we got on to the road at Spithurst, and heard that they were on an outlier going north. We turned after them, but found the water at Longford Bridge so enticing that we rested again there listening to the hum of bumblebees and a thousand birds singing. We cared very little where the hounds had gone, and lazily pursuing them still further north we eventually got to the high reaches of the Ouse at Buckham Bridge, a place that only needs an artist to make it as popular as Stopham. On a knoll above the stream here is Moon's

Farm, as typical a piece of oast-house and barn as man could wish. It looks over the strange piece of furze and gorse land known as Pilt Down, now a golf course. There were many picnickers lying about in the hot sun as we crossed the common to the Star Inn at Monkey Puzzle Corner for lunch. In order to get home early we had to catch a train from Uckfield, the field path to which obviously lies through the most delectable woods, but there seems to be a conspiracy on the part of the natives to keep these woods to themselves, for the innkeeper and all the villagers told us that we had to follow the road, and it was only when we arrived opposite the famous rocks at Uckfield that we saw a sign-post through the woods, " Footpath to Pilt Down," a path which would have saved two miles of road walking. Once more we made up our minds always to trespass rather than keep to the road. The train journey from Uckfield to Lewes is worth making, if only for the view it affords of the Ouse and its many tributaries.

One of the chief charms of travelling by charabanc in East Sussex is that the main roads run on the tops of ridges, which provide both to north and south a perfect view of the undulating landscape. The bus from Brighton to Hawkhurst would be worth taking quite apart from the fact that it passes through Burwash and lands one near to Bodiam, for all the way it provides an ever-changing panorama on both sides. It is always worth taking the motor charabanc excursion from Brighton to Hastings, if only for the ridge above Pevensey and Hurstmonceux, where one passes a succession of exquisite oast-houses and timbered manor houses of great antiquity, and looks over lovely, green, flat plains to seaward, and wooded hills to

landward. One of my best excursions in East Sussex, however, was by train one May morning from Brighton to Rye. An austere fellow-traveller who tried to shut out the sun by drawing the blinds unbent so far as to tell me that he had spent his honeymoon six years before at the Mermaid Inn. I must be sure to go there. I made a note of it. The first impression one gets of this city set on a hill is that of a mellow series of red-tiled houses clustered all over a mound. Winchelsea seen from the railway seems not to exist as a town. It is just a tree-clad knoll. We sensibly visited first Rye church, a lofty, light building, which is memorable for the slow swinging pendulum of the mighty clock. We climbed the tower, and from there began to realise the real beauty of the famous town. It was a cloudless day, with a fresh wind blowing from the east. To the east one's eye rested on an endless green flat broken only by the winding estuary of the Rother. To the south lay the sea, with lofty sand-banks protecting the dyke-land; half-way towards the green mound of Winchelsea rose out of the marsh the four squat grey Norman circular towers of Camber Castle. Immediately at our feet on all sides nestled red-tiled, irregular, gabled houses, so close together as not to permit of gardens. As sentinel on the southern side stood the grey Ypres tower, festooned by clusters of yellow wallflowers. We descended to search for the Mermaid, which I had visualised as adjoining the Landgate on a main road. To my pleasure and surprise it was really hidden in a narrow, steep, cobbled street reminiscent of Clovelly. There were neither charabancs nor cars drawn up outside. Inside the low-ceilinged, much-panelled vestibule there was only a manageress, who showed us Mary Queen

of Scots' sideboard and two priest's holes in recesses of the vast Sussex chimney. There was linen-fold panelling everywhere, particularly in the coffee-room, which contained no seething mass of low-voiced tourists seeking information about Henry James, but one ancient reading "Saki." Lunch over we discovered that it was possible to get to Bodiam by motor-boat, but only in the morning, so we caught the first bus we saw, which took us to Camber, which is nowhere near the castle, but a place of sandhills and a golf course, with a stretch of sand that Woolacombe might envy. We lay among the rowans while the sand dug itself into our teeth and eyes and ears and hair. There were some people bathing and more paddling. There was even a donkey being ridden. After forty minutes of that we caught a return bus, which by luck connected with one going to Winchelsea, a town that provided me with one of the surprises of my life. At one moment you are in the flats with an ordinary small hill in front of you surmounted with trees, the next you are climbing through a magic city gate into an enchanted land.

"That's the house where Ellen Terry lived," boomed a voice at my elbow. It was the hotel visitor, who looked up from his volume of "Saki" to enlighten the stranger.

Winchelsea is a city cut into squares. Somewhere I read or heard that there are thirty-nine of them. The magnificent church stands in the middle of one of these, a fragment of the vast building that once stood there. On the west side of the churchyard wall stands the oak under which Wesley preached his last open-air sermon. A chestnut in full bloom hid one fragment of the north wall, and more trees greener than I have

ever seen hid most of the private houses. The church contains all sorts of pleasant surprises. The roof is timbered with huge antique oak beams, the pillars are partly of chalk and partly of Sussex marble; the monuments of the Alards showing the first English admiral in chain-mail are of course world-famous, but no one had warned me of the presence of that great baize-lined, old-fashioned, square, high-sided pew in which Millais painted his infant daughter. I suppose with two historic towns, so dissimilar, yet so near, everyone becomes at once a hot partisan for one at the expense of the other, and I am, let me say at once, an upholder of Winchelsea. Think of its history. Here William the Conqueror landed in 1067, here Henry II landed in 1138. Before that dreadful October night in 1250, when the sea flowed twice without ebbing and destroyed three hundred houses, there were fifty inns in this flourishing seaport. Later the men of Winchelsea took to piracy, and were severely handled in 1266 for doing so. In 1287 the city was once more flooded out, and this time practically destroyed. The new Winchelsea was built at the express command of the King, and in 1350 the English and Spanish fleets had a battle, which was watched with considerable interest from the walls. Nine years later 3,000 Frenchmen entered it and set fire to it, and again, after reprisals, in 1376. Their last visit was in 1448, by which time the sea had become very shallow. Rye bears some traces of having endured plague, pestilence, famine, and murder, and to be rather proudly picturesque. You see artists at the street corners as you see them in Polperro and Newlyn, but Winchelsea is reticent. All you notice is its quietness, its squareness, and its quite indescribable beauty. It is a shining city of

happiness. The houses are infinitely various, some thatched, some tiled, a good proportion white-washed. There is a windmill, a manor-house, an excellent hotel, significantly called the New Inn, an ancient prison used as a billiard-room and social club, and I suppose (I saw none) some shops. But the thing that took my breath away about Winchelsea was standing at the four cross-roads in the middle of the town, city, village, hamlet, or whatever it is, and looking through green avenues into a misty haze that gave on to the bluest of blue seas and greener hills. Winchelsea is one of the few places I have seen where I know that I should be happy to live. Rye still looks as if it were rather worried lest an enemy should appear and burn it once more. It has, as I said, few gardens. Winchelsea is a blaze of gardens, where birds sing incessantly. It has a sublime faith in the lasting power of peace. It was with a good deal of reluctance that we left it. An open charabanc took us on to Hastings, and as we plunged into valleys and climbed hills we picked up more and more farmers, who talked in terms of turnips and wheat, not, for once, discontentedly. It is a jolly drive through Icklesham and Guestling, Fairleigh and Ore, and we were sorry to reach Hastings, but our luck was again in, for we instantly boarded another charabanc bus going for a circular tour by way of Bexhill to Battle and round for two shillings. After leaving the new red villas of Bexhill we climbed on to the Ninfield road and by way of Catsfield through Normanhurst, where Lord Brassey owns a very large mansion, to Battle, the gateway of which is one of the great sights of Sussex. Here you may see the place where Harold stood and fell at the battle of Senlac, and the ruins of that Abbey

which Sir Anthony Browne razed to the ground, with the result that his family was destroyed for generations by fire and water. The house, we were told by our driver, is now a school.

There seemed to be a fate against our getting to Bodiam. The day following the Winchelsea excursion was equally cloudless, a perfect May Sunday, but the South Down Company were only running one whole-day trip, a nine shilling tour through what they called the apple orchards, starting at eleven, so we had no alternative but to take that. Hot days of uninterrupted sunshine are not so common that one can afford to waste them. We were late in starting, after the irritating manner of motor charabancs, owing to the non-arrival of one couple. Delay in getting off at all periods of these journeys is always caused by one couple only; usually the man is young, bowler-hatted, and completely regardless to the wants or convenience of the rest of the party, His partner is usually non-descript and puffy-faced. We set off by way of Lewes, where race-horses were being exercised on the Downs, through Ringmer, where brightly decked-out children were playing on the village green, actually on the sacred cricket pitch itself. As we took the straight grass-bordered Roman road towards the lonely poplar of Halland we began to reconstruct runs in the rain earlier in the year. At the cross-roads below Wyllies there was a long stream of cars on the way from London to Eastbourne. At Blackboys we saw what I am sure were two storks feeding in a garden gaudy with yellow and red rhododendrons, and then emerged on to the pine-fringed ridge through Cross-in-Hand to Heathfield, to the north of which Mayfield's clustering red-brick houses perched on their isolated hill

made me think at once of Rye. The Heathfield stretch is in itself commonplace, but the hills and valleys that fall away on either side are superb. It presented a symphony in greens heightened by touches of red and yellow. Then came Burwash, an immense surprise to me. I was prepared for our driver, who was pleasantly laconic except with regard to murder and other crimes, to stop and reverently point to the home of Rudyard Kipling. Instead of that he did not so much as mention the author's name. Nor did he slow up. He was intent on reaching Maidstone by 1.30. My impression of Burwash is therefore a little blurred, but I recollect being staggered by its beauty. It is on the last spur of the ridge before one descends to the Rother at Etchingham. Its long, straggling street is beautified with small trees, and the cottages are red-tiled and ancient. The church is squat and dark grey, with a Norman tower, and looks as if it ought to contain the effigies of crusaders. There are many new houses lying back from the road, but most of them seemed inoffensive. There are at least two inns, and both look inviting. It was at Burwash that we hear of the child being put to bed early on certain evenings with this injunction, "Now, mind, if the gentlemen come along, don't you look out of the window." We all know to what excellent purpose the best-known Burwash resident has put that story. Etchingham has a lovely church, with fine brasses within, and once a moat running round outside, in the bottom of which was supposed to be a great bell, which could not be hauled out until six yoke of white oxen were harnessed to it. Having crossed the Rother and the railway we climbed to Hurst Green, where hop-poles all interlaced with string, so like geometrical problems,

occupied most of the fields. It was here we saw our first wild rose of the year in full flower. The date was May 8th. At Hawkhurst, famous for its terrible gang of smugglers, we stopped at the Royal Oak for a drink, and found that we were less than five miles from Bodiam Castle, but our way lay through apple orchards, which really meant hop-fields, and reluctantly we had to forgo the delights of the great castle. Cranbrook provided some compensation, for the George has an oak staircase that is 400 years old, and there is a workhouse almost as delectable as the town's white windmill. Staplehurst, too, had an attractive old-world timbered house and a monument to five martyrs who went to the stake in Queen Mary's reign. We then ran along a wide valley filled with orchards, white with apple blossom and fields hidden by regiments of hop-piles. On a ridge in front stood an immense white house, from the roof of which a red banner flew. "The Royal Standard," said our laconic driver. "I don't know who lives there." He stopped his mighty car to find out. It is the Lord Cornwallis, but the standard he flies is surely not royal. There is a strangely sluggish river in this valley called the Benet. All too soon we came to Loose and Maidstone, a horrible place in which to find oneself disgorged on a May morning for lunch. All that the driver could advise was a visit to the prison. "Horatio Bottomley lies there," said he, and immediately our whole party sprang to attention. They even walked up the hot street to see his prison. I found the Medway dirty and uninspiring; the Museum is a converted red-brick Tudor manor house, and a printer inhabits a fourteenth century tithe-barn. I did not discover where the fourteenth-century parish church and college lay until

we looked back on leaving the town and saw them by the river looking very like Lambeth. I was glad to leave Maidstone behind. The road beyond to Tunbridge Wells was, however, a liberal compensation. We ran for a little above the Medway valley, past Barming church, which stands in an apple orchard; everywhere there were oast-houses, sometimes six together in a circle. In one place, Whitbreads, at Beltring, they stood like bent soldiers with white packs on their backs, or monks with white cowls on their heads in four rows, with five in each rank. There are big country houses all along this valley, including Barham Court, white and square, on the north side of the road, and Mereworth Castle, with an amazingly long avenue on the south side. Churches rise out of fields of golden buttercups, and Royden rises a terra-cotta red from the valley below West Peckham, where the churchyard gives a view over the whole weald of Kent. Unluckily our driver thought the place with the view was East Peckham, the village of which is red-tiled and exquisitely out of the world, but it lies lower than anywhere else on the route. The only view from there is of Hadlow Tower. At Paddock Wood we saw the huts reserved for the hop-pickers, and climbed up to Matfield Green and Pembury to get the view we ought to have got from East Peckham. Soon we were passing the luxurious homes of the dwellers in the outskirts of Tunbridge Wells, each of whom appears to own a private park. The common was ablaze with gorse and there were crowds of visitors having sun-baths on its sides. The Pantiles were cool owing to the shade of the lime trees, and after inspecting the sun-dial, "Ye may waste but never hold me," and the rather frightening black and white discs to test astigma-

tism, we had tea in the Swan Hotel in a room full of canaries and parrots. We then joined the reclining throngs on the common and thought of Charles II and Queen Anne and Dr. Johnson setting the fashion that has now come back. Poverty at Tunbridge Wells would be preferable to wealth at Maidstone. Our fellow tourists did not agree. We had difficulty in reclaiming them at Maidstone. At Tunbridge Wells they sat in the car ages before it was time to move off, and looked at punctual arrivals with boredom or disgust. Soon we were driving through the green woods of Eridge, and our driver forgot to tell us what he could of the Marquis of Abergavenny, whose monogram is as common on Sussex cottages as the Pelham buckle, but paused to point out precisely the spot where a small girl left the park and crossed the road to a shop before being murdered a year or two ago. Near here are Saxonbury Hill, occupied once by the famous Ella, and Bayham Abbey, the ruins of which still stand. Soon we had climbed the 796 feet to modern Crowborough Beacon and found ourselves gazing south over a sea of golden gorse, and the black, arid heath of Ashdown Forest. For the third time our driver stopped to remind us of crime. It was not the lovely vista of Sussex in a blue mist, or the magic Downs veiled in haze far to the south, or even the stunted trees of the forest that caused him to pull up. He caused us to crane our necks to see a white house to the north among the trees. "Hayley Morriss's house," said he, and drove on. As an antidote he paused again at the "Crow and Gate" to tell us that the landlord, who is thirty-eight years old, is only thirty-seven inches high. "The smallest landlord in existence" was his comment. At Duddleswell we turned

south off the forest land, along a ridge of gorse to Maresfield, where for a few miles we met the long procession of Eastbourne cars homeward bound for London. Uckfield, a town I had disliked in the winter, looked cosier than usual. After all, there is always the very artistic sign of the "Maiden's Head." We were glad of our first near peep of the chalk-pits after passing Little Horsted, and in Plashett Woods, where we so often hunted the fox in pouring rain, boys were playing cricket. Soon we came to the point-to-point course, all baked up now, and the two lovely small houses, one white with royal blue shutters, the other cream with green shutters, giving the world a brave example of what small country-houses ought to look like. A few minutes after that and we were in Lewes, and the circle was complete. In spite of hop-poles and apple orchards, the Garden of England seemed not so delectable as the South Downs. That is the use of travel. It makes you realise that home's best!

On the following Saturday we went back to Rye. I wanted to try that motor-boat trip up to Bodiam, which left Rye at 11 o'clock. Unfortunately, when we reached Brighton Station we found that the nine o'clock train wasn't a cheap one, so we had to wait for the 9.50, which arrived too late for the boat. There was not only lack of knowledge but a lack of courtesy on this occasion. The Rye ticket-collector and the garage-proprietor were both brusque and off-hand in their answers to our questions, and only a man in a little wireless shop by the Land Gate really tried to help us. There was one boat a day and only charabancs on Sundays, so we went to inspect the Ypres Tower and at 12.30 caught a bus for Northiam. This was an exquisite ride through avenues of laburnum and lilac and

chestnuts in full blossom. I have never seen as many good houses before of such a variety of styles of architecture. All the cottages stand back from the road with a green fringe. At Northiam we found an excellent inn called the " Six Bells," of unexpectedly large dimensions. Quite the most noticeable feature of this country is the size and age of the countryside inns, all of which appear to be ready for and to expect an invasion of motorists for lunch daily. Having made our choice of steak and kidney pudding as against a steak (fancy being given the choice in a country inn) we set off while it was being cooked to inspect the vast oak under which Queen Elizabeth once feasted, and thence to look at the church, which is lofty and light and remarkable for the fact that it contains the coats of arms of several Sussex families carved in the stonework of the outside walls. The most important family is that of the Frewens, who lived at one time in the Caroline house of black and white timber on the west of the village. In Charles I's reign one of the male members of the house was called Thankful Frewen, and became Keeper of the Purse while his brother Accepted became Archbishop of Canterbury. The other families whose coats of arms I saw were that of Laton, Clarke, Scott, Congerhurst, with three congers for crest, and Wadeaux, who gave to the county her martlets. It was in a field near the Rother in this village that about a hundred years ago a Danish vessel, sunk in the ninth century, was discovered in an absolutely perfect condition. There was a skull in a cabin with a pair of goat's horns attached, a duck, several sandals very broad in the toe, some jars and a mug and a piece of board with thirty perforations, which was either a sort of calendar or game. With that amazing luck which

always seemed to characterise our Sussex excursions, as soon as we rose from lunch we found a bus outside going north. We took it as far as Sandhurst, which is in Kent, the other side of the Kent Ditch and the Rother. Here we saw a notice outside Dr. Nesfield's house complaining of the loss of his tortoise. A small boy, bearing a very large bottle, guided us over the hop-fields to Sandhurst church, which stands very high and has a great square tower. The inside has been too well restored. Bodiam church lies just across a narrow valley, separated by the Kent Ditch, which here is easily distinguishable, partly by the line of pollarded willows that mark its course, partly by the fact that it is a sort of dyke. An old mill marked our re-entry into Sussex. Bodiam church goes back a long way, but is uninteresting. The castle shows itself almost as soon as you leave the church. Its towers of grey stand out from green trees in a wide low valley. Luckily there were very few people about. At first it reminded me of Haddon until I came to the moat with which it is entirely surrounded. Then its grandeur and its formidable nature became more evident. The round towers at the four corners are very noble and the square towers in the middle of the walls solid. The entry is on the north side. Inside it reminded me of Cowdray in that it is easy to reconstruct each room, the Lady's Bower, the Chapel, the Great Gallery, the Great Chamber, the guest rooms in the towers, the kitchens with their huge fireplaces, the servants' quarters, stables and dungeons ; one tower is still scalable and as we peered over into the deep water and looked out over the valley it was easy to slough the centuries and imagine oneself preparing for the tiltyard down by the river. As we went away we found one charabanc and one

charabanc only, with two seats and two seats only, due to leave for Hastings in twenty minutes. What luck could have been better? We sat down in the gardens for tea and were entertained by the driver of the car, once a four-in-hand coach-driver, as so many of these motor men are. He told us that at Brede there lived a giant, whose deeds were so terrible that the villagers chased him to the top of the house and there stuck their hay-forks into him.

"There was once," continued our informant, "a very wicked clergyman called Dean Swift. I don't rightly mind what he did, but whatever it was it was wicked and they actually show you the cradle he was rocked in in Brede churchyard." So much for the fame of the author of "Gulliver's Travels."

Our way to Hastings lay through Sedlescombe, which I had been told is the prettiest village in Sussex. It is red, long and straggling. They dance on the village green on Saturday nights. There is a Butter Cross, not so good as the one at Witney. There is a charming inn and an couple of sixteenth-century small houses. There was nothing to cause one to want to leave a charabanc. We went on.

XII

WILTSHIRE

A pleasant County and of great variety. I have heard a wise man say, that an Oxe left to himself would of all England choose to live in the North, a sheep in the South part hereof, and a man in the middle betwixt both, as partaking of the pleasure of the plain, and the wealth of the deep country.
Fuller.

PRACTICALLY every approach to Salisbury is picturesque and romantic. The route from Winchester by way of Nan Trodd's hill, gives you a bird's eye view of all the Wiltshire hills and dales in the distance. You pass near to Hursley, home of John Keble, and Ampfield, where you get a view of downland and copse, chalk-pit and meadow, park and manor, hedges snow-white with cow-parsley and elder, trees white and red with chestnut and may, and thin regular lines of green young wheat and barley in a thousand fields. To the south-west lie the dark trees and darker heath commons of the New Forest and at one's feet the green valley of the Test. At Romsey people stop to look at the Abbey where Matilda met Rufus, the Princess Mary de Blois abjured her vows, and other abbesses from Elizabeth Broke to Joyce Rowse gave evidence of the frailty of women. After crossing the Test there is a climb to Sherfield English and Whiteparish, after which there is a steep drop down the Pepperbox into Alderbury, where the whole valley of the Avon lies stretched at one's feet, and the matchless spire of Salisbury Cathedral at last comes into view. It is as well, I think, to exercise partisanship in this matter of favourite towns and cathedrals. The artists prefer

Th· conscious stone to beauty grew.

R. W. Emerson.

Rye to Winchelsea and architects seem to give the preference to all sorts of cathedrals before Salisbury, which is too symmetrical and perfect for their taste, but I put Winchester first of English towns and Salisbury first of English cathedrals. In the first place no other spire exercises half the fascination that this one does rising out of the greenest valley in England, with bare downs on every side. It was in 1220 that the foundations of the Cathedral were laid and William Longespée, whose tomb is one of the great glories of the Cathedral, laid the fourth stone and his wife, Ela, whose romance keeps on obtruding itself on one's notice all over Dorset, Hampshire and Wiltshire, laid the fifth. It is all the work of one builder, Elias de Dereham, with the exception of the spire, which was added in 1330, and is the loftiest in England. It rises four hundred feet, and it is of stone, an amazing achievement for an addition, for the piers were never intended to support that extra colossal weight. The tower walls are just shells with an octagonal stair turret at each angle crowned with a crocketed spire. The big spire is also octagonal and rises from between four lovely pinnacles, but its walls are incredibly thin, tapering from two feet thick at the base to nine inches almost at once. It is the most tranquil and restrained of all our cathedrals, devoid of all excrescences, a perfect interpretation of the classical spirit as opposed to the romantic. It is still, I think, the lightest of English cathedrals, but the Purbeck marble has been oiled with the result that what ought to be silver grey is dark brown. There is perfect harmony of proportion and immense space everywhere. The wonderful glass was destroyed by Bishop Jewel; the Roundheads did more damage, and the eighteenth century finished the vandalism by destroying screens,

chantries and tombs. There is in existence a terrible letter written by a glazier as late as 1788, in which we hear of the old stained glass being beaten to pieces for the sake of saving the lead. The few fragments that are left make one shudder at the thought of the wantonness of Mr. Barry, the glazier, and his crew. There are still some exquisite shields of the thirteenth century, notably a paly gules and gold of eight pieces of Eleanor, wife of Henry III, azure powdered with *fleurs de lis* gold of St. Louis of France, gules three leopards gold of Henry III, and gold cross gules of Roger Bigod, Earl of Norfolk. But the outstanding glory of Salisbury is the tomb of William Longespée. The great earl is carved all in stone in complete chain-armour, his head turned to the right, his shield in his left arm, bearing the six golden leopards of Anjou, his right arm loose by his side. As Edward Hutton rightly says, it is worth any trouble to see this stone figure of shadowy grey. The tomb on which the slab rests is of wood that was once richly painted. Another superb tomb is that of Robert Lord Hungerford, clad in complete plate armour of the fifteenth century wearing the collar S.S. "Souveraigne," a decorated sword and dagger hung from a jewelled girdle and the feet resting upon a dog. Near the tomb of the Boy Bishop is that of the son of William Longespée, who went twice to the Crusades and "took a tower full of Saracen ladies and treasure." "Please God, my father's son will not flee for any Saracen" are supposed to have been his last words. His mother Ela is said to have seen him enter Heaven in full armour. There is a tomb of Sir John de Montacute, who fought at Cressy, and a monument of Sir John Cheyney, a giant who acted as standard-bearer to Henry VII at the battle of Bosworth and was un-

horsed by Richard III. Nowhere else in England does one come so close to the Crusades and the Wars of the Roses. Nowhere else do heraldic devices seem so alive and pregnant with meaning. Look at the heraldry on the tomb of William Wilton, look on the canopied monument of Giles de Bridport, where you see saintliness depicted on a face in a way that you will never forget. The cloisters are of later date, but the windows have exquisite tracery and through them one glimpses cedars and a world of peerless green. It is worth while calling to mind before leaving the cathedral Fuller's story of the countryman who said, "I once admired that there could be a church that should have so many pillars as there be hours in the year; and now I admire more that there should be so many hours in the year as I see pillars in this church."

But it is rather the great men than the great building that enshrines them that fill the mind as one wanders about, and of them all that strangely dominating figure of William Longespée, the half-brother of Richard Cœur de Lion, whose father was Henry II and whose mother may have been the fair Rosamund or one of the family of Akeny. Bastardy comes out well in the story of Salisbury, for the Bishop, Richard le Poore, who caused the cathedral to be built was the great-grandson of Roger le Poore, who lived quite openly, while he was bishop, with Maud of Ramsbury. Longespée won the first great naval victory for England by defeating the French at Damone in 1213, and destroying five hundred vessels. In the next year he was captured at Bouvines, being knocked off his horse by the Bishop of Beauvais, who hit him with his mace. He was lucky to be exchanged for Robert of Dreux and returned to lead the royal army of Henry III at the battle of Lincoln. He

defended Guienne against Louis VIII in 1225 and was driven out into the Atlantic on his way home by storms. After three months of wandering he returned in a dying condition and we last see him on his knees before Richard le Poore, declaring that he was a traitor to God. A queer mixture, this "Flower of Earls"; like the rest of the Plantagenets, cruel and impulsive, generous and deeply religious. It was at Salisbury that Sir Walter Raleigh, a prisoner on his way from Sherborne to the Tower, anointed himself with unguents to make it appear that he had leprosy and so gain respite in which to write to King James to explain the failure at Guiana. Cromwell and Pepys were both visitors to the George and the latter found it expensive. "So home to dinner and that being done, paid the reckoning, which was so exorbitant that I was mad and resolved to trouble the mistress about it and get something for the poor—and came away in that humour." The King's house, whence Richard III set out for Bosworth, and Sue Bridehead, who was married in St. Thomas' Church to Jude the Obscuire, escaped by wading across the Avon, is now a training college for women teachers. Across the fields at Bemerton lived George Herbert and further on at Wilton stayed Sir Philip Sidney. George Herbert not only wrote poetry but repaired with his own hands the chancel of his ancient church and three parts of his rectory. The great house at Wilton stands on the site of the Benedictine Nunnery, founded by King Alfred.

Wulftrude, mistress of King Edgar, became Abbess and gave birth to Saint Edith there. In Edward I's reign, Osborn de Sittard carried off two nuns and was sentenced "to be whipt naked with rods three several

Sundays in the church of Wilton, and also in the church and market-place of Shaftsbury." He was not allowed to wear shirt or knightly insignia, but only russet and sheepskins until he had been three times to the Holy Land. Henry VIII granted the place to Sir Tilham Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Sidney wrote "Arcadia" for that famous countess whose epitaph is probably the best-known in England:

> Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
> Death, ere thou hast slain another
> Wise and fair and good as she,
> Time shall throw a dart at thee."

It was at Wilton that Shakespeare's famous "Mr. W. H." lived. Ben Jonson was a visitor, also Vandyck and probably Inigo Jones. The Wilton Diptych is the only piece of fourteenth century English painting in existence. On the way back to Salisbury at Netherhampton you pass the home of Sir Henry Newbolt.

One obvious excursion to be made from Salisbury is north-west to the Pheasant Inn, and then down to the village of Winterslow, where Hazlitt settled in 1808 with his wife who had inherited property there. Even after 1819, when he lived apart from his wife, he could not bring himself to leave Winterslow and much of his writing was done in the Pheasant Inn. But before Winterslow the average man will go north to Amesbury, where Guinevere took the veil after King Arthur's death. It was at Amesbury that Launcelot found her dead and bore her over the Plain to Glastonbury to place her body by the side of her husband. It was at Amesbury that the convent was refounded in 980 by Queen Ethelfrida, who murdered her son-in-law, St. Edward, at Corfe Castle, in order to clear the way

to the throne for her son Ethelred. In 1179 the evil lives of the abbess and nuns led to its dissolution, and it was given to the King's favourite abbey of Fontrevault in Anjou, whence came a prioress to rule over the double monastery which became one of the favourite retreats of the ladies of the English nobility. The "humble nuns of Fontrevault" included Eleanor Queen Dowager of Henry III, Princess Mary, daughter of Edward I, and Eleanor of Brittany, daughter of Geoffrey Plantagenet. It flourished until Henry VIII gave it to Edward Seymour. It was in this house, on the spot on which Guinevere died, that Gay wrote the "Beggar's Opera." Two miles to the west of Amesbury lies Stonehenge, the oldest and most majestic of our sanctuaries, the most lonely of all our monuments. Once, they say, it consisted of two circles and two ellipses of huge upright stones having a common centre, the circles outside the ellipses, the whole enclosed by a great bank and ditch. Outside the earthwork stood a vast single stone and a hippodrome. It is altogether inhuman. There is nothing to measure it by or compare it with except the rolling plain and the sky. It is the end of all the English hills. They all converge on to it, the South Downs, Chilterns, Cotswolds, North Downs, Mendips, and the Downs of Dorset. The block of stone, seventeen feet high outside the earthwork is known as the Friar's Hell. Just inside the earthwork lying flat is the Slaughter Stone. It is seventy yards from the Friar's Hell to the outer circle of upright stones, which consisted of thirty Sarsen stones about three and a half feet apart and about sixteen feet high. Nine feet inside this outer circle, which is thirty yards in diameter, was an inner circle of thirty or forty Syenite monoliths. Inside this was the great ellipse

of five enormous trilithons of Sarsen stones of different heights rising from north-east to south-west, the tallest about twenty-five feet high. Within this was the inner ellipse of nineteen upright Syenite monoliths. Inmost of all stood the Altar Stone, that huge block of sandstone on which Tess slept on the night when she was taken to Salisbury gaol, for killing Alec Turberville. The Altar Stone is still there; of the inner ellipse six monoliths and of the outer ellipse two perfect trilithons and two uprights remain. Of the inner circle only seven stones and of the outer circle only sixteen uprights and six imposts are left. " God knows what their use was," wrote Pepys. " As prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them and worth this journey to see." Dr. Johnson describes them as " probably the most ancient work of man upon the island." While you are in this neighbourhood, it is worth going to Durrington, where was a British village and where still is a huge Sarsen stone called the Cuckoo Stone. Two old green tracks, called " Wiltway " and the " Packway " can also be traced here. We are now on the way to Netheravon, where Sydney Smith was once curate and William Cobbett coursed an acre of hares. It is now busy with the hum of aeroplanes. Lovers of Addison will doubtless want to go to Milston where the author of " Cato " and creator of Sir Roger de Coverley was born in the rectory. For those who get easily depressed at the loneliness of the Downs there is the exquisite Wylye Valley, which boasts thirty-one villages between Salisbury and Warminster. At Great Wishford there once hung a sieve on the church wall, which had been used to carry the seven babies of Sir Thomas Bonham, all born at one birth on his return from the Crusades, to be christened. The manor houses in this valley, particu-

larly Stockton and Boyton, which are gabled with stone mullioned windows, are exquisite.

The long low manor-house at Sutton Veney is the home of William Nicholson, the artist. After seeing these places of quiet beauty and the simple austerity of the manor house at Knook, one re-echoes Cobbett's wish that the men of the north country should come down. "If they could but go up from that city of Salisbury, up the valley of the Wylye to Warminster, and there see one and thirty churches in the space of twenty-seven miles; if they could but go up on the top of the down . . . and there have under the eye in the valley below ten parish churches within the distance of eight miles, see the Downs covered with innumerable flocks of sheep, water meadows running down the middle of the valley," if they could but do that they would, I imagine, leave all their work and possessions and settle in the England that is green. North of Tisbury lies Fonthill, the home of William Beckford, author of "Vathek." His father, the friend of William Pitt, was twice Lord Mayor of London and very rich. The fantastic boy was born in 1759 and his father dying when he was eleven, he was educated at home instead of at Westminster. He was taught music by Mozart, and warned by Chatham not to read the "Arabian Nights." He was capricious and extravagant, travelled abroad and wrote in French at a single sitting of three days and two nights the book that secured for him his fame. He married Lady Margaret Gordon, bought Gibbons' library at Lausanne, and having built himself a paradise at Cintra returned to Fonthill and immediately encompassed it with a wall seven miles long and twelve feet high, and hired Wyatt, who destroyed Salisbury Cathedral, to build him a sham convent

half in ruins. Hazlitt called it "a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy shop." After entertaining Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, Beckford sold the place for £300,000 to a self-made man, and retired to Lansdowne Hill, Bath, where he died in 1844. Near Tisbury is that grange of the Abbess of Shaston, which provides a series of mediæval domestic buildings in their original state, the finest of which is the tithe barn, 188 feet long with thirteen buttressed bays. It is known as Place House. Up the valley of the Ebble in Norrington Manor House, rebuilt in the time of Richard II, lived the Gawens, one of the oldest of English families, being descended from Sir Gawaine. Close by are the ruins of Wardour Castle, which was gallantly defended by Blanche Lady Arundell with fifty men in 1643 against 1,300 Roundheads, led by Sir Edward Hungerford; she did not surrender for five days. The castle was then plundered. The new eighteenth-century castle contains a most exquisite collection of old masters. At East Knoyle, Sir Christopher Wren, like Addison, a parson's son, was born, and "Clouds" close by is the home of the Wyndhams. On the way from here over the hills to the home of the Thynnes most people will find time to stop at Mere, where William Barnes, the Dorset dialect poet, once kept school; there is a fine inn called the "Ship" with a sign all of iron, and a church that contains characteristic work of all the best periods in mediæval architecture. In the grounds of the Hoares of Stourton stands the beautiful fourteenth-century Cross of Bristol, given by a parson who certainly had no right to it, to one of the Hoare family in 1766. Here too are Alfred's Tower and Jack Straw's Castle, a

great earthwork looking westward over Bruton. Longleat on the north is one of the favourite places of the Bath visitors. That stately house of Wren and Castle Combe, the home of the Gorsts, are the most often visited by the charabancs. There are four great names in this part of the west country:

> "Horner, Paget, Portman, Thynne,
> When the monks stepped out you stepped in."

Longleat was first granted on its dissolution to Sir John Horsey, but he sold it in 1540 to Sir John Thynne, and it has been in the possession of that family ever since. One of the Thynnes entertained Monmouth here in 1680 on his western tour, and was shot dead in Pall Mall. Warminster, the nearest town, is very quiet and sleepy; "solid and good" was Cobbett's description. "There are no villainous ginger-bread houses running up and no nasty shabby-genteel people; no women trapesing about with showy gowns and dirty necks, no Jew-looking fellows with dandy coats, dirty shirts and half heels to their shoes." To the east lie the last ridges of Salisbury Plain, and we skirt these to reach the White Horse at Westbury, which every traveller on the Cornish Riviera express knows. The last time I was there I had been running all day with the Trowbridge beagles, and at nightfall, after a heart-breaking and leg-killing run we got on to a fox which took us south straight over the main railway line, where two couples were nearly run over by a passing train, and then straight up the steep bare hill to Edington. We scoured the desolate country as far as Lavington and rescued all but a couple and a half. We were the object of a good deal of interest as we arrived on the platform of Westbury station about ten o'clock on this bitter

December night, with hounds that almost fell asleep as we shoved them into the train. In the very spacious church at Westbury lies Sir James Ley, first Earl of Marlborough, who lived according to Milton "unstain'd with gold or fee," but was accused of borrowing money from the judges when he was Lord Chief Justice. He was a friend of Milton and yet he was made a peer by Charles the Second. One scents a mystery here. Perhaps the word "trimmer" might apply. The White Horse at Westbury is the monument celebrating King Alfred's victory over the Danes at Ethandune. The sight of it ought to send readers back to re-read what is one of the most noble poems of our time, G. K. Chesterton's "Ballad of White Horse." It should be read or rather shouted aloud as you stand in a high wind on Bratton Down. It was at Easter in 878 that the fugitive Alfred looked eastward from the marshes of Athelney and saw his people wholly enslaved by the pagans, and all his churches in ruins. He called together his men at Egbert's Stone, which is at Penselwood, where Wiltshire, Dorset and Somerset meet, and set out with them on the day after Whit-Sunday up the Wylye Valley, and after besieging them for fourteen days in their earthworks on Bratton Hill, forced the Danes to surrender. Guthrum, the pagan king, was made a convert under compulsion to Christianity. Ethandune is Edington, bequeathed by Alfred to Ealhswith, his wife. Except for the White Horse at Uffington this is the only one that is at all old. The church at Edington is a perfect example of the Transitional period as it remains practically unaltered from the date of its building in 1352. There is a peculiarly fine altar tomb to a Bonhomme, decorated with the Tudor rose. During Jack Cade's rebellion, Bishop

Ayscough took refuge at Edington, but the peasants dragged him from the altar in the middle of Mass, and stoned him to death on the ground that he was an absentee and neglected his people. The villages in this district are altogether lovely. There is Erlestoke all thatch and eaves and hedges and white-wash, Urchpont Green all shaped yews and box hedges, and Potterne all half-timbered with projecting upper storeys. The way to Potterne Church is a flagged stone path with broad trodden uneven steps and high hedges. The church is a gorgeous cruciform Early English building with fourteenth century tower, not unlike that at Magdalen. Potterne is only just outside Devizes, the great corn market-town, that stands five hundred feet up on a great peninsula. For narrow picturesque alleys it has no equal in the county and few in the country, St. John's Alley with its overhanging timbered houses and uneven cobbles being the most noteworthy. It is a quiet enough town now, but it has had its full meed of battles. Bishop Roger of Salisbury, who controlled the whole county, built the castle and held Robert of Normandy prisoner in it. Stephen, alarmed at his strength, called for him to go to Oxford, where his men quarrelled with the retainers of Earl de Dinan and the King seized upon this as an excuse to demand the keys of Devizes. Hesitating, he was arrested, whereupon his nephew, Nigel, Bishop of Ely, rode away post-haste for Devizes with Stephen hot on his heels, carrying Roger as his prisoner. Roger and the Bishop of Lincoln were imprisoned in cow-sheds and threatened with death unless the castle was surrendered. Then and only then did Matilda of Ramsbury, Roger's mistress, give it up. In the struggle for supremacy between Matilda and Stephen, it had

an exciting history. In 1140 Robert Fitzherbert scaled it and won it for her ; again it was won for the King and surrendered, and in 1142 it became her headquarters. John seized it while Richard was away on the Crusades and in Henry III's time it was Hubert de Burgh's prison. He had four earls for gaolers who let him escape when his arch-enemy, the Bishop of Winchester, begged for the governorship of the castle. It was besieged by the Roundheads, surrendered and dismantled. There is very little of it left. Sir Thomas Lawrence was the son of the landlord of the Bear Inn, a hostelry famous for warm rooms, soft beds and the fact that the innkeeper read Milton, so Madame D'Arblay and Mrs. Thrale noticed, with the hostess, who seemed something above her station. She was in point of fact the parson of Tenbury's daughter. The village of Bishops Cannings, just outside Devizes, was in Aubrey's day so versatile that it could have challenged all England at football, singing and music. James I and Anne of Bohemia halted there on their way to Bath in 1613 to hear the vicar sing a four-part song composed by himself. Cobbett called the vale of Pewsey, which lies to the east of the town, the land of promise. On each side are bare rolling downs with huge arable fields running steeply down. There are places where these fields run a mile or two back into little cross valleys. Then there are huge meadows by the side of the Kennet and Avon canal, where herons collect in great numbers, and before you have had time even to get accustomed to the glory of the villages, you find yourself suddenly in Savernake Forest, which really is a forest of ash and oak and thorn and beech, about sixteen miles in circumference, containing about 4,000 acres of woodland that is all yours to roam in. From

Wulfhall to the south of it came Jane Seymour, wife of Henry VIII and mother of Edward VI, and Thomas Lord Sudeley who married Katherine Parr, Henry VIII's widow. In this home of the Seymours there were many gardens, two of them known as My Old Lady's Garden and My Young Lady's Garden. Henry VIII was a frequent visitor at Wulfhall, and the barn still stands in which he feasted. In the middle of Chisbury Camp you will find a flint thirteenth-century chapel of very great beauty, and at Littlecote, embedded in a deep valley in a park, a long low Elizabethan manor with gables and mullioned windows and tall chimneys. There is a queer story in connection with Littlecote. One Darell, having got his lady's waiting-woman with child, murdered it and burnt it as soon as it was born. It has been said that the story was a fabrication invented by the first Earl of Pembroke, but there are in existence letters which give colour to its truth. William of Orange dined with James II's commissioners in Littlecote Hall and the old armour and buff coats of the retainers are still to be seen. The Darells are buried in Ramsbury. Marlborough is best known for its modern school, but Pepys described it in his day as "pretty fair." The castle mound is older than Stonehenge and for a long time it was associated with Merlin. The castle itself was built by Bishop Roger and was held for Matilda. John spent much time here and its attraction was obvious with Savernake Forest so close for hunting. Richard II gave it to Scrope, but on his execution it reverted to the Crown. In Henry VI's time it was held by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. The Seymours, of course, had it, and it was held in the Civil War for the King, in spite of the fact that the town was Roundhead and had to be

stormed and burnt by Wilmot in 1642. In 1653 it was again burnt.

Frances, Countess of Hertford, who managed to secure the release of the poet Richard Savage, whose life was so magnificently told by Dr. Johnson, lived in the new castle built on Inigo Jones' design. An amazing woman this, with her love of spurious architecture, and manufactured ruins, a sort of feminine Beckford. She built horrible grottoes in imitation of Pope's terrible place at Twickenham. James Thomson of "The Seasons," dedicated "Spring" to his "blooming and benevolent Hertford," who in point of fact got tired of his drinking bouts and turned him out. Cardinal Wolsey was ordained priest in St. Peter's Church. North of Marlborough on the way to Swindon is Aldbourne Chase, a wild hunting country, very popular with John of Gaunt, but the principal place of interest near Marlborough lies to the west and not the north. Avebury is probably the oldest and the largest stone circle we possess. It is north of the vast conical shaped Silbury Hill, and in such a state of ruin that no traveller would imagine that he was in the presence of a much greater affair than Stonehenge. Over 650 of the vast megaliths have been destroyed. There is still the great earthwork and stones lie all over the place within the twenty-eight acres enclosed by the ramparts, which is nearly a mile in circumference. The dimensions of some of the existing stones are quite remarkable. One is nearly fourteen feet high, eighteen feet wide and five and a half feet thick. The outer circle of monoliths enclosed two concentric circles, each containing thirty stones and within each of these was another concentric circle of twelve stones. Avebury was not discovered till 1048. In Aubrey's day thirty-

one stones were standing. To-day there are only nine. The Sarsens of Avebury were unhewn, those of Stonehenge hewn. The date of Stonehenge is presumed to be 1800 B.C., that of Avebury 2000 B.C. Six skeletons in a crouching position have been unearthed at the Long Barrow, which is 335 feet long. North of Avebury lies Winterbourne Bassett, which possesses a fourteenth century church of extraordinary beauty with a tomb containing the effigies of two Bassetts lying hand in hand. Wootton Bassett on the Great Western line to Bath, has a town hall curiously timbered, standing on stone columns. At Lydiard Tregoze, a name that the unwary would associate with Cornwall, live the family of St. John who have had the place uninterruptedly since the fifteenth century. The house lies on one of the sources of the Thames, and indeed as one wanders by the waterside into Cricklade, it is of Oxford that one begins to think, for we are now next door to Lechlade and on the Roman road to Cirencester, down which in 905 the Danes came plundering. In 1016 Canute himself returned to do more damage. St. Sampson's church has a fine tower and there is an old cross on a tall stone shaft in front of the three gabled school that is as fine as the cross at St. Mawgan. In order to keep within the bounds of Wiltshire you have to turn west along the stripling Thames, and then south to Malmesbury, which is on the Bristol Avon. Quite imperceptibly does one pass from a river that flows out into the North Sea to one which flows into the Atlantic. Malmesbury's outstanding glory is its high Norman abbey standing on a precipice above the Avon. It was founded by Aldhelm, the champion of the Roman system, bishop of Sherborne, who was buried here in a silver shrine. The abbey was continually being burnt

down. The great church was built by Bishop Roger and in 1142 it was considered in size and beauty the finest religious building in England. It was 326 feet long and 160 feet wide when Henry VIII suppressed it and gave it to Sir Edward Baynton of Bromham, who sold the church, cloister and chapel to a rich clothier for £1,117 15s. 11d. The quite peerless library was destroyed. The exquisite octagonal Market Cross of Henry VII's reign remains a very richly decorated monument; and behind it stands a fourteenth century inn; the almshouses are picturesque, but it is the wonderful great Norman church, with its deep rounded south-porch and massive flying buttresses, that draws one to Malmesbury, that and the fact that Hobbes, who wrote "Leviathian," was born here in 1538. Dryden, when the plague broke out in London, retired to Charlton, close by, with his wife, and wrote the "Annus Mirabilis" there. His eldest son was born there. South of Malmesbury lies Chippenham, a Saxon town, once the home of King Alfred, until he was driven by the Danes into the marshes of Athelney. Cromwell lodged at the White Hart and his soldiers in the church. From Chippenham one should pay a visit to Bradenstoke, founded in 1142 by Walter D'Evreux, the great-grandfather of Ela, the wife of Longespée. For six hundred years until the Dissolution the Black Canons lived and ruled in all holiness from their lonely fastness up on these heights. We hear of the Bayntons again at Stanley Abbey. After them the Marquis of Lansdowne came into the property now known as Bowood, among the visitors to which were Dr. Johnson, Crabbe, Priestley and Jeremy Bentham. Having destroyed Stanley Abbey to make Bromham, the Bayntons lost that by fire and set up the

embattled gatehouse again at Spye Park, another house that perished. All the Bayntons lie buried at Bromham and with them Tom Moore, who wrote his poetry in this village from the age of thirty-eight till he died thirty-four years later. Stanley Abbey is no more, but Lacock still stands on the banks of the Avon, a perfect building in a perfect setting. This is the home of Ela, countess in her own right of Salisbury, who was given in marriage to the royal bastard Longespée in whose honour she founded her Abbey in 1232. Six years later, at the age of fifty, she became a nun and later the first abbess. In 1261 she was buried there. Henry VIII, of course, suppressed it, but luckily Sir William Sharington, who succeeded to it, remodelled it with exquisite taste. Olivia, his daughter, fell in love with John Talbot to the great anger of her father. One night she said to her lover as she leant over the battlements, "I will leap down to you." She did so and Talbot caught her in his arms, but she struck him apparently dead with her weight. He was with some difficulty restored to life, whereupon her father told her that since she had made such a leap she should marry him. The Talbots still live there. Everything about Laycock is beautiful from its octagonal tower to its machicolated turrets and high Tudor chimneys, and tracery windowed cloisters. The houses in the village are timbered and gabled; there is a wonderful tithe barn right on the narrow village street, the Angle Inn is fifteenth century and the Nurses' Home possesses a fourteenth century hall. Trowbridge is famous for the fact that George Crabbe was the parson there for eighteen years, but it is not comparable in beauty with Bradford-on-Avon, where Ceanwealh, King of Wessex,

defeated the Britons in 652. A monastery was founded here in 705 by Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherborne, and its fame and wealth increased as its woollen manufactures grew in the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. To-day the wool trade has gone to another Bradford, which perhaps takes its name from it, and visitors come not for wool but to see the Saxon church of St. Laurence, one of the earliest churches in stone to be built in England. The marvel is that it should have come down to us practically complete. One of the best seventeenth-century houses, with a square parapet between two semicircular ones, is Kingston Hall. On the Bridge there stand the remains of a desecrated chapel, and the Barton Barn, 170 feet long, is probably the best bit of fourteenth century stonework of its kind left. It is pleasant to take one's leave of Wiltshire with the memory of three of its loveliest villages still fresh and fragrant in the mind. After Lacock and Bradford go to Castle Combe, the great castle of which was built by the Dunstanvilles, passed on to the Scropes, who lived here for 500 years, and then to the Gorsts. It is only just off the Fosseway and a Roman villa has been discovered close by, but visitors linger at Castle Combe because of its woods, its gabled houses, and cottages wreathed with flowers. And when you are tired of tea gardens there is always at the end of the road the thought of Bath, with all the hallowed associations of Beau Nash and Jane Austen to lighten your footsteps, but Bath, alas, is just not in Wiltshire.

XIII

HUNTING THE OTTER

Look! Look! You may see all busy, men and dogs, dogs and men, all busy . . . I can tell you there is brave hunting this water-dog in Cornwall. Izaak Walton.

IN view of the fact that otter-hunting begins in the middle of April, when fox-hunting ends, and ends in the middle of September, when cub-hunting begins, one would expect to see the same faces and equal numbers of followers in each of the two varieties of the chase. One is for ever hearing fox-hunters enquire what in the world they are to do with themselves between spring and autumn. There is of course polo, there is the London Season; Ascot and Goodwood, cricket and tennis, Deauville and Cowes, bathing and shooting, all keep the keen hunting-man from brooding too much, but none of them really compensates him for the loss of hunting. Why, then, does he not hunt the otter? The reason is partly that there is no danger attached to it, partly that one does not ride to otter-hounds, partly that the moments of excitement are few. The country-lover, on the other hand, is, or ought to be, an ardent follower, because this is his only chance of being able to continue his practice of trespassing throughout the year with impunity. In the winter he is made free of the plough and the woodland, he can tear his way through hedges and farmyards without any man's leave; in the summer he may

wander to his heart's content through the longest grass on the banks of all the remotest streams, just where a walker in the heat would wish to be, for water is almost an essential to one's happiness if one walks in the leafy month of June. You will notice that I speak of seizing otter-hunting solely as an excuse for seeing the countryside. Fishermen of course loathe the otter, who wantonly bites fish and leaves them half consumed, but when good Master Izaak Walton dilates on otter-hunting it is noticeable that it is the picturesque scene that captivates him, not the chase itself. There is no more lovely passage in "The Compleat Angler" than that in which Venator and Piscator run at sunrise over that meadow "checkered with water-lilies and lady-smocks" to join the gentleman huntsman and his tuneful Sweetlips and Ringwood in their quest for the "dog-fisher." It is worthy of comment that it is sunrise when they start, and night-time when the huntsman makes this valorous suggestion: "Now let's go to an honest ale-house, where we may have a cup of good barley-wine, and sing 'Old Rose,' and all of us rejoice together." If otter-hunting were like that to-day all would be well. Its honourable antiquity is unquestioned. King John was the first Master of Otter-hounds, and Edward I, Edward II, Henry VIII, Elizabeth and James I all patronised the sport to the extent of keeping and breeding otter-hounds, yet to-day there are not thirty packs in the whole of Great Britain, the shaggy hound is seldom to be found except in Dumfries, and to see a field of fifty is an exception. To suit the lazy modern habit the meet does not take place till 10.30, when scent is already fading, only too often a halt is called for lunch, and one witnesses the surprising sight of

a field settling down for two hours to picnic luncheons as full of delicacies as those spread under the trees at Lord's during the Eton and Harrow match. No wonder the newcomer's first comment is about the corpulence of the otter-hunter. His uniform is pleasing. A grey bowler, bright blue or green tunic, white knickerbockers, stockings to match the tunic, and tall pole notched to commemorate ancient kills are becoming to even the fattest of men. There is interest to be gained in watching hounds work a water, and more interest in watching the birds and flowers disturbed by our progress. Most of all is there interest in exploring the countryside solely on its river-banks. The otter is hunted from the very estuary mouth right up to the tiniest trickle at the source, and however much you pride yourself on knowing your own country, you are sure to light on an unknown pond or tributary or bridge or farm out with the otter.

The first meet I attended was of the Crowhurst, who cover an enormous area, the master living at Slinfold, on the borders of Hampshire and Surrey, and the hounds kennelled almost in Kent. The meet was at Ashurst (in Kent), and the drive on a May morning over Ashdown Forest was not an event that one quickly forgets. The day itself was not so memorable. After wandering very slowly along the banks of a stream one hound gave tongue and a dash was made for the sides of the muddy river to view if possible the "chain" of beads that betray the passage of the hunted animal. About four or five of the field take post and form what is called a "stickle" by standing in a line in midstream thrashing the water with their long poles to prevent the otter from escaping down stream to deeper and wider water. The object is to

force him into narrower and shallower passages, and harry him until he is too tired to practise his wiles and then worry him to death. The marvel to the beginner is how the wretched beast keeps his end up so long. One agrees that it is pleasanter to hunt him than to spear him or net him, as was the fashion a hundred years ago ; one agrees that the odds on his getting away are about three to one, but the death of an otter is a nasty sight and not one to which children should be subjected too often. On this particular morning the otter gave us an hour's " play " before making his final fatal mistake, and I, for some reason, was given the brush or rudder. I had enjoyed my day of unclouded sunshine among the irises and campion, and I was interested to watch the hounds swimming to and fro across the stream and exploring the holts. I was more interested in watching the otter's snout rising periodically as it came up for air and the hounds' rather inadequate attempts to mark it down. It was extraordinary to see the animal swim right underneath the swimming hounds on the very bed of the river. There was an irresistible excitement in hearing the view-hollas get steadily quicker, and in watching its limit of action narrowed. But it was not interesting, but utterly horrible to watch the final rush of a dozen couple of hounds tearing and tugging at the exhausted beast until the huntsman rushed in finally to drown it and kill it. One walked away to the pleasanter sights of the wild flowers while it was being weighed, cut up and thrown to hounds. Eventually the human cries of triumph and the animal cries of anger as hounds indulged in breathless tugs-of-war for portions of otter died down and we began again. I was so struck with the courtesy and good-fellowship of the rest of

the field towards a newcomer that I willingly accepted an invitation to join them in a week's tour to the West Country, where there was to be hunting every day with the joint packs of the Cheriton, Courtenay Tracey, and the Culmstock. We made our headquarters at the Imperial Hotel, Barnstaple, and spent the week on the reaches of the Taw and Torridge. I was immediately struck by the difference in the water. On my first hunt we had spent the day on streams that were quite easily jumpable. On my second, near Wear Gifford, the Torridge was shallow, it is true, but as broad as the Thames at Wallingford. There was a huge field of extremely pleasant people from decrepit old generals from Instow to musical comedy actresses "resting" at Ilfracombe. The day was so hot that there was a rush to join the stickle when the otter was found and everyone seized every excuse for walking in the water. Unlike the Kent stream, the Torridge was so clear that it was possible to see the animal almost all the time. There was no need to look out for the "chain." What was surprising was the ease with which the beast defeated the sticklers and escaped down-stream. I don't know how long the hunt lasted. After some hours we sank on the grass and let the noises rise and fall without undue excitement. The fact that we were in at the death was just luck. We were sauntering more or less aimlessly, when the otter, tired of the main water, leaped up a narrow ditch overhung with nettles into an overgrown orchard, and after an abrupt and evil battle, which laid waste a cottage garden, was defeated, and everyone began to bellow with delight. My third meet was a year later, at Bines Bridge in Sussex. Again it was a May morning, and we were an hour late, so late in

fact that a farmer protested as we climbed his fences in our efforts to get after the field up the tiny tributary of the Adur. The magic word " otter " mollified him, and we were allowed to proceed unmolested. It was a day of bluebells under the trees, of finches singing in every tree, and in the distance we could hear the horn. That did not mean that we had to accelerate our speed. The horn would be going all day. There were couples dotted about in the fields on both sides of the water, obviously in no hurry. For three hours we meandered past Dayland Farm and the woody country round Frenchlands close to East Wolves Farm, where we left them for a time in order to explore the even more secluded and quite exquisite timbered and red-brick house of West Wolves, now turned into a week-end cottage. When we reached them again they had reached Hole Street and adjourned for lunch. We were warned that the hunt would be started again at Eaton's Farm, a good three miles away, in a couple of hours, so we walked along the winding wooded lane that leads to Horsebridge Common, and had lunch at the Fountain Inn, Ashurst, made memorable by Hilaire Belloc in " The Four Men," and because the authoress of " The Roadmender " lies buried in the tiny churchyard close by. The proprietress of this inn is a fine type of Sussex woman, bravely carrying on after the death of her soldier husband, gassed in the War. She takes her customers into her confidence, and has a genial laugh for them all. About three o'clock we were on the Henfield-Mock Bridge road waiting for the pack to draw east. We put up herons and curlew and wild duck as we wandered towards the railway line to meet them, but it was not until we reached Woolfly Farm on the east side of the road

that we found. We killed close to Park Farm at six o'clock, owing to the miller letting the water down. The animal was driven to try a deceptive ditch, in which there was no water. He had already leaped a weir and given us two hours' running up and down the narrow stream.

My next hunt was on the Rother, from Coultershaw Bridge, near Petworth station. Beyond the fact that a fisherman who told me that his licence only cost him half a crown a year also informed me that no otters would ever be caught in so overgrown a water I can remember little about it. There were gaudy dragon-flies hovering over the water and irises and marsh marigolds everywhere. I soon tired of the hunt and wandered south-east by way of the reedy large lake of Burton Park, down the fern-fringed road that leads to Sutton, where lives E. T. Holding, perhaps the best of all the artists of the South Downs. Almost within a stone's throw, perched on a knoll, is Bignor, famous for its Roman villa. While my hostess at Woodbine Cottage, opposite the timbered and flint general stores, which is surely the most ancient and picturesque shop in all England, prepared tea, I wandered down to Mr. Tupper's bungalow, where the caretaker was just finishing her meal, and was escorted across an open mangold field to the five thatched flint huts that preserve the tessellated pavements of Bignor's Roman villa. There was a high wind blowing and shadows were chasing across the junipers and elderberry trees on the north slopes of the Downs. It had been raining at intervals and all the world, particularly the fine ash tree with seven trunks standing guard over the frigidarium, was a vivid blend of all the greens there are. The woman unlocked a door, loosened shutters, letting

in a flood of sunlight, and we stood peering down inside an English barn on to that peculiar terra-cotta which always connotes Rome. We saw the central heating arrangements by means of hot-water pipes, the figures of Ganymede and Medusa, the head of Winter, of Juno, whose eyes follow you all round the room, dancing nymphs, cupids fighting as gladiators, Retiarii, with their tridents and nets, Samnites with their shields and crested helmets, and Rudiarii beating their rods. We saw the Triclinium where they dined, the corridor down which they went to their plunges and their baths, and were able easily to visualise the sort of life lived in this spacious building,which covers a space of 650 feet by 350 feet. Nettles and convolvulus are growing up the sides of the huts, but inside the decorated pavements are kept scrupulously clean owing to the good offices of Mr. Tupper, who is the principal landlord in the village. We saw him in his white overall going off to feed the pheasants under the lee of the Downs.

The next meet of the Crowhurst that I attended was at the Sloop Inn, near Scaynes Hill. We were very late for the meet and met a group of stragglers at the mill by Cockhaise Farm. We followed them for a short time until our attention was drawn to a nest lying low down on a branch in mid-stream containing five lovely speckled dabchicks' eggs. We sat and surveyed them, and waited for the hounds. Our own spaniel being eyed with disfavour, we withdrew by way of Freshfield Crossways, and went down to the Sloop for biscuits and beer. There we met a most entertaining water-diviner, in whose presence we all made experiments with varying success, and a young man who won my heart by professing admiration for

H. M. Tomlinson. He told me that he had bought Lady Wolseley's house at Massetts, and invited us up to look at it. Abandoning the otter hounds without a qualm we went up to the red-brick timbered house and found an amazing outfit of the most modern wireless, rooms furnished to resemble ships' cabins, with ships' bells and port and starboard lights. Everything was spotlessly polished and shipshape. This youth told us that he divided his time between a house near Rouen and this Sussex home facing the Downs and the sea. He had run up an 86 foot flagstaff. On our way back to East Mascalls we ran into the otter-hounds just being put into the hound-van. They had had a blank day. We hadn't.

The next occasion on which I saw a pack of otter-hounds was on the Camel in Cornwall, at a bridge aptly named Merry Meeting. They were the Dartmoor hounds paying a visit. It was a drenching day. We let them go. The last time I was out was in North Devon with the Cheriton. We spent the morning by Horsey Island, putting up wild duck, red shanks, curlew and oyster catchers. We found no otter, but there was plenty to occupy the mind and eye in the Pill, with its tarred barques and the great hedgeless fields. After bread and cheese in an inn at Braunton we went in to inspect the old church and were delighted to find one of the field in hunt uniform dilating on the history of the old pews, explaining the carved signs on the pew ends, showing the Bourchill brass palimpsest, reviling the desecration done by the Roundheads. In the midst of his discourse we heard hounds giving tongue wildly just outside the church door. Half his flock turned tail and ran, but his enthusiasm over architecture and archæology was greater than his

enthusiasm for hunting. Deliberately he went on explaining to us this and that rarity, and when we did emerge we found the pack harrying an otter in the shallow water that runs through the rectory garden. It was a hideous kill. Children on holiday were blooded, and a great number of tourists hearing the rumpus turned up to have a look. Many turned away at the sight.

I have, I think, made it clear that there are moments in otter-hunting of which I do not altogether approve. Its great merit is that it gives one an opportunity of getting off the beaten track and of discovering an England that cannot be seen in any other way. To those who really want to see their own country I would advise a few days every summer with the red Culmstock, the blue Crowhurst, the grey Cumberland, the green Courtenay Tracey, the navy-blue Dumfries, the blue Cheriton, or the dark-blue Dartmoor. At first you will perhaps be contemptuous of the corpulence or opulence of the field, but attach yourself to some enthusiast who knows the ropes, and you may enter into the zest of the chase. The main thing that keeps one from enjoying it more is that it entails so little exercise, but I am grateful for the many peeps I have been privileged to get into unknown England while lagging behind at an otter hunt.

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